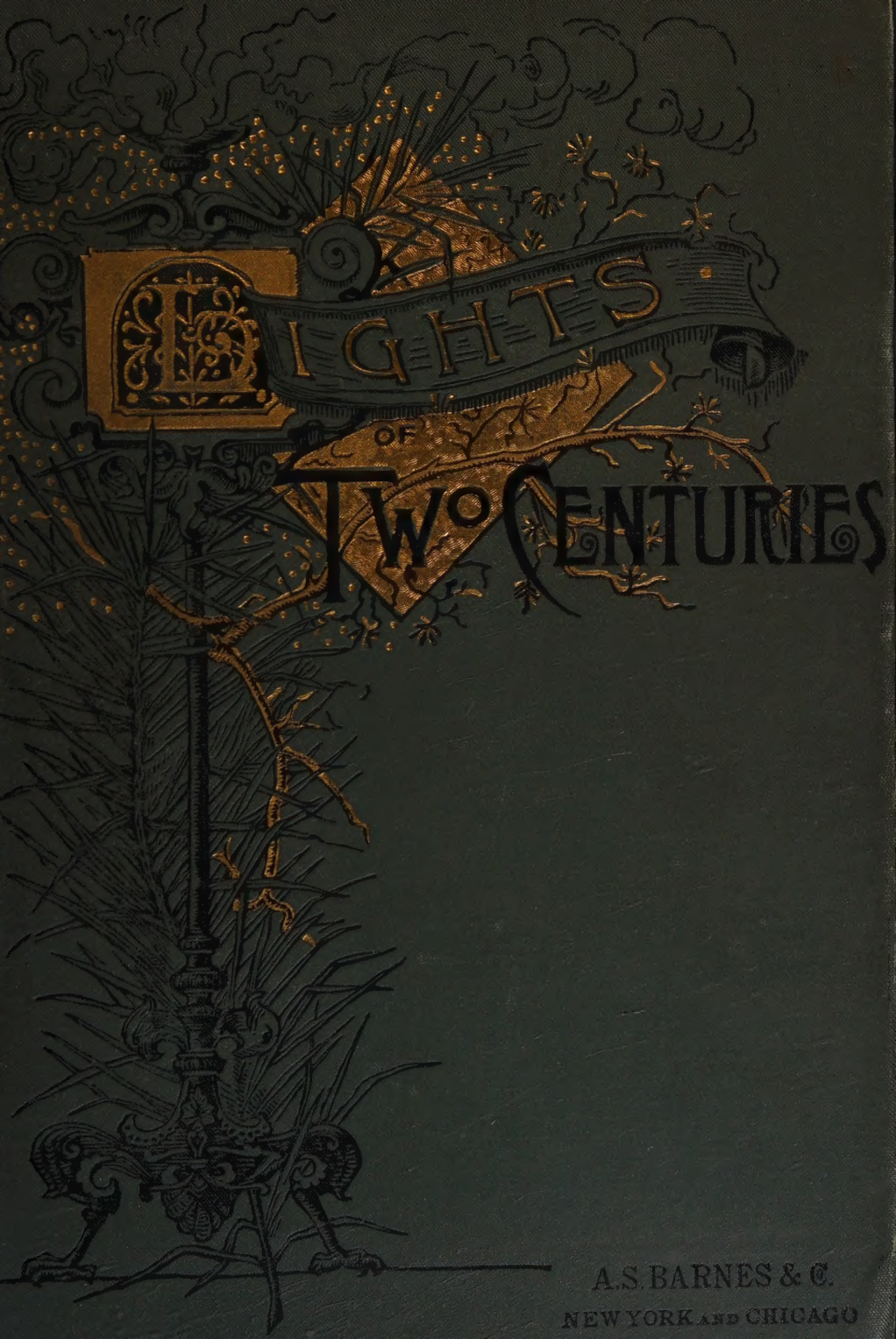

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Bastien-Lepage.

STANDARD BIOGRAPHIES

LIGHTS

OF

TWO CENTURIES

EDITED BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY PORTRAITS

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

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THE selection of the names of the master-minds of the last two centuries in the world's progress, is in itself a task of no small difficulty. Many of the noble workers whose objects have been the enlightenment and the happiness of the human race have been so bound together in their labors that they have in a measure ceased to exist as individuals. All the honors that were theirs have been merged in the common stock of praise due to their profession.

Any great movement either seeks its leaders, or is itself caused by the energy and determination of one or more master spirits; and it is to those *master spirits* that posterity joins in doing honor. If in these pages the reader fails to find the name of some favorite writer, composer, artist, or inventor, let him feel sure that the omission was made with reluctance on the part of the editors of this book. For example, we all know the great influence of Italy upon the musical standards of to-day; but that influence belongs rather to a school of composers than to individuals. So that while no names have been made prominent, the excellence of Italian music and its world-wide influence have received repeated acknowledgment.

The demand for books upon special subjects is too well known to need statement. Many times have we found ourselves hampered by want of information such as is contained in the following pages. At first, it was proposed to give a brief sketch of all the great names in literature and art; but such a work proved impracticable; and it was decided to cull out only such names as might be considered representative in their nature.

The lives and works of master-minds are of an educational value, and it is especially for those devoted to the great cause of education that this book has been prepared. At the same time, we trust that the general reader may find it possible to glean valuable information from its pages.

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WATTEAU.

1684-1721.

JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU (zhŏn ŏng twän′ vät tō′) was the first and greatest of the French painters of the eighteenth century. He originated a style of painting entirely his own. Before his day the French artists in vogue were painters of enormous and stately historical subjects, which the taste of to-day finds somewhat dreary; or else they painted equally stately portraits of noblemen and gentlemen, splendid in curling wigs, and full of what used to be called the *grand air*. Watteau never seems to have occupied himself about grandeur at all; the young people he paints, singing and dancing under the tall dark trees on bright summer afternoons, have nothing better to think about than youth and love and gayety; they are living in a fairy-land of their own, and are too happy to be classical, like the heroes and heroines of Le Brun (lĕh brŭng) and Rigaud (rē gō′). The painters Watteau loved to study were not the men whom Paris most admired in his time; he liked better to shut himself up with a fine collection of the great masters than to join in the attempts of the day in a direction which must have been indifferent to him. He was much admired by his contemporaries, but with an admiration which had a trifle of contempt in it; to-day his is the only name among the artists of the day which most of us remember, and the only one which has any pretensions to a place among the great painters of the world.

He was born in 1684, in Valenciennes (vä lŏng sē ĕn′).* The town had only been French since Louis XIV., in person, had besieged it and taken it in 1677. We must therefore remember that Antoine Watteau, though born a Frenchman, was of that Flemish blood which has given the world so many great painters, and that he was much more a countryman of Van Eyck (vän īk′), Rubens (rōō′-bĕnz), and Vandyck (văn dīk′) than of Le Brun or Le Sueur (lĕh sū ûr′). Fine Flemish pictures were owned in Valenciennes, and much was to be seen there which must have delighted an artist; for the Flemish towns were then constantly, as they are still, celebrating festivals of all kinds, which Rubens painted in his day, and Watteau, after a different fashion, not so very long afterward.

His father was a slater and tiler; he had considerable contracts for work, and seems to have been well off. A story is told—we hope it is true—that when Antoine was a boy of sixteen, he was never tired of watching the strolling players and mountebanks on an open space in front of his father's house; that when they were gone, he used to draw them on the broad margins of his father's copy of the "Lives of the Saints"; and that old Monsieur (mō seer′) Watteau, struck by his fondness for this religious work, thought he intended to become a monk.

* No comments on the life of Watteau can be more interesting than extracts from Mr. Walter Pater's sketch called "A Prince of Court Painters," lately published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, from which many of our notes on Watteau are extracted. It is supposed to be made up of extracts from the journal of a sister of that other Pater who was Watteau's pupil:

"VALENCIENNES, September, 1701.

"They have been renovating my father's large work-room. That delightful, tumble-down old place has lost its moss-grown tiles and the green weather-stains we have known all our lives on the high whitewashed wall, opposite which we sit, in the little sculptor's yard, for the coolness, in the summer-time. Among old Watteau's work-people came his son, 'the genius,' my father's godson and namesake, a dark-haired youth, whose large, unquiet eyes seemed perpetually wandering to the various drawings which lie exposed here. My father will have it that he is a genius indeed, and a painter born."

"When, however," says Mr. Mollett (mŏl′ lĕt), in his valuable "Life of Watteau," "he discovered the illustrations that Antoine had made in his book, he took them at once to a local painter, who found in them so much merit that he immediately asked to be allowed to instruct the boy in the principles of his art."*

Whether this were the case or not, it seems very probable that Antoine did receive some artistic education in Valenciennes. His family was intimate with that of Pater, the engraver. His cousin, Julien (zhū lē ăng′) Watteau, was a historical painter. Antoine's master was a certain Gerin (zhŭ răng′), of considerable local reputation. On his death, Watteau, then eighteen years old, went to Paris. He appears to have gone there with a scene-painter, who was employed on the decorations of the Opera House, and to have worked under him.† The Opera was at that

* We have had our September fair in the Grande Place (*grŏng plăs*), a wonderful stir of sound and color in the wide open space beneath our windows. And just where the crowd was busiest, young Antony was found, hoisted into one of those empty niches of the old Hotel de Ville (*vĕl*), sketching the scene to the life, but with a kind of grace (a marvelous tact of omission, as my father pointed out to us, in dealing with the vulgar reality seen from one's own window) which has made trite old Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine seem like people in some fairy-land; or like infinitely clever tragic actors, who, for the humor of the thing, have put on motley for once, and are able to throw a world of serious *innuendo* into their burlesque looks, with a sort of comedy which shall be but tragedy seen from the other side. He brought his sketch to our house to-day, and I was present when my father questioned him and commended his work. But the lad seemed not greatly pleased, and left untasted the glass of old Malaga (*măl′ a ga*) which was offered to him. His father is a somewhat stern man, and will hear nothing of educating him as a painter. Yet he is not ill-to-do, and has lately built himself a new stone house, big, and gray, and cold. Their old plastered house with the black timbers, in the Rue des Cardinaux (*rū dā kār dĭ nō′*), was prettier, dating from the time of the Spaniards, and one of the oldest in Valenciennes.

† *December, 1702.*—Antony Watteau left us for Paris this morning. It came upon us quite suddenly. They amuse themselves in Paris. A scene-painter we have here, well known in Flanders, has been engaged to work in one of the Parisian play-houses; and young Watteau, of whom he has some slight knowledge, has departed in his company. He doesn't know it was I who persuaded the scene-painter to take him—that he would find the lad useful. We offered him our little presents—fine thread lace of our own making for his ruffles, and the like—for one

time much in fashion, and one of his biographers imagines Watteau to have led a gay life there, and to have been much petted and admired. It is certain that, not long after coming to Paris, he was so poor as to engage himself in a picture factory on the Pont Neuf (pŏng nŭf), where small portraits and pictures of saints were turned out in great quantities. A number of painters were employed there; the work was divided up among them, and one man would paint skies, one heads, and one draperies; the only quality required was great rapidity. "Watteau," says Mr. Mollett, "was an 'all-round' genius at this work, and remarkably rapid." He was particularly strong upon Saint Nicholas, who was a very popular saint. "I knew my Saint Nicholas by heart," said he, "and used to do him without the copy." Whenever he had any time, he used to draw from Nature; and some of his work fell under the eye of Gillot (zhĭl ō′), an artist of some reputation. He invited Watteau to come to live with him; and this was the end of his life on the Pont Neuf, where he used to earn about three dollars a week.

Gillot had drawn and painted bacchanalian scenes, fantastical pictures, and fashionable subjects, and was now confining himself to subjects from the Italian comedy. "This kind of composition," says M. de Caylus (dĕh kā lūs′), "determined [Watteau's] taste entirely, and the pictures of his new master opened his eyes to many points of painting."

must make a figure in Paris; and he is slim and well formed. For myself, I presented him with a silken purse I had long ago embroidered for another.

March, 1713.—We have all been very happy—Jean-Baptiste (*ba tēst′*), as if in a delightful dream. Antony Watteau, being consulted with regard to the lad's training as a painter, has most generously offered to receive him for his own pupil. My father, for some reason unknown to me, seemed to hesitate at the first; but Jean-Baptiste, whose enthusiasm for Antony visibly refines and beautifies his whole nature, has won the necessary permission, and this dear young brother wil' leave us to-morrow. * * * With how small a part of my whole life shall I be really living at Valenciennes!

He and Gillot were at first intimate; they are said to have resembled each other closely in character and disposition, and this may have been the reason that they quarreled and parted. Watteau never wished to be questioned about this friendship and the break which followed it; if it be true that Gillot had become jealous of his abilities, Watteau's silence may have been caused by a delicacy in speaking of so painful an affair. However this may have been, Gillot gave up painting, in which his pupil had surpassed him, and devoted himself to engraving and etching.

Watteau made the acquaintance, at Gillot's studio, of Lancret (lŏng krā′), who followed him when he left it, and whom he advised "to form himself on nature herself, as he had done." "Lancret was entirely formed," Goncourt (gŏng kōōr′) says, "by the study of Watteau's manner and by his conversation; but his work lacks the beauty and distinction of his master's."

Watteau now went to live with Claude Audran (klawd ō drŏng′), the concierge (kŏn sârj′) or guardian of the palace of the Luxembourg (lūks ŏng bōōr′). Audran was one of a large family of painters and engravers, and he occupied himself in painting light and graceful Arabesque (ăr′a bĕsk) decorations, in this and several others of the palaces. Watteau worked with him, and inserted small figures in his designs; the experience in decoration was probably valuable to him, but the real advantages he derived from living at the Luxembourg, were his opportunities for study in the Rubens Gallery, and in the beautiful gardens of the palace. The series of pictures which Rubens painted for Marie de Medicis (mă rē′ dĕh mĕd′ē chee), and which are now in the Louvre (lōō′vr), had a strong influence upon the young Flemish painter; and the Luxembourg gardens are still so beautiful, that we can form some idea of

what they must have been when they were "wilder than those of the other royal houses." "It is here, * * *" says Mr. Mollett, "and in the gardens of M. Crozat (krō zä′), at Montmorency (mōng mō rŏng sē′), that we must look for the earliest inspiration of Watteau's idealized landscape."

He became impatient, after a time, of working for some one else, and "ventured upon a *genre* (zhŏng′r) picture, which represents a departure of troops, and which he painted in his leisure moments. He showed it to the Sieur (sē ûr′) Audran, to ask his opinion of it. The Sieur Audran, a clever man, and able to judge of a fine thing, was startled by the merit he saw in this picture," but fearing to lose Watteau, advised him not to waste his time in that way. Watteau had made up his mind to leave him; he wanted to go to see his parents at Valenciennes; and chance led him to sell his picture for sixty livres to a certain Monsieur Serois (sĕr wạ′), the father-in-law of Gervaint (zhĕr văng′), to whom we owe a life of Watteau. The painter went off with the money, a ridiculously small sum. He was always indifferent to money, and had a very low idea of the value of his work; he was an easy man to cheat, and many people cheated him. There is a story that he was once so delighted with a wig which a barber made for him,—it seemed to him so exactly like nature,—that he gave the man two beautiful little pictures for it, and contemplated painting him another. Everybody wore long curly wigs in those days; this one, says Caylus, had nothing to recommend it. "I can see it now," he says, "in all its length and all its flatness." Probably this flatness was exactly what pleased the naturalistic painter.

He did not stay long at Valenciennes. Even his going there at this time is uncertain. He probably, like all young painters who have studied at Paris, wanted to go

back there. He soon afterward applied for the Prix de Rome (pree dĕh rōm), or Prize of Rome, which then and now entitles the winner to a stay of several years at Rome at the expense of the government. Like many a good painter after him, he took the second prize, and not the first; but he did not give up the idea of going to Rome, and worked on, probably for three more years, and possibly partly at Valenciennes,—in Paris,—we do not know where or how,—with that end in view.

At last he was ready to show his work to the Academy once more. He went there, without friends or backers, and put two of his pictures in a hall where the members often passed. Every one admired them; they were so vigorous in color and so harmonious, that they were thought to be by some old master; and De la Fosse (dĕh lä fōs′), a celebrated painter of the time, was amazed to hear that they were by a young man who was trying for the Prix de Rome. He sent for Watteau, who modestly explained his wishes. "My friend," said De la Fosse, kindly, "you do not know your own talents, and you distrust your strength; believe me, you know more about it all than we do. We think you may be an honor to our Academy" (as a member of it); "take the necessary steps; we regard you as one of us." The Academy was of De la Fosse's opinion; but Watteau did not formally enter it, apparently, till some years later, as his admission-picture was not finished till that time.

Directly after his election, he seems to have entered upon a time of great success; he had more orders than he could fill; but the delight other people took in his charming new manner of painting gave him very little pleasure; he was a man with an endless capacity for being bored, and he was endlessly persecuted by con-

noisseurs (kŏn nĭs sōōrs′) and dealers. He occasionally revenged himself by painting these people as they appeared to him, but in the long run, they wearied him so that he sometimes wanted to drop every thing. The beauty of his work was no consolation to him either, for he was never contented with it; he was, probably, deeply dissatisfied with his artistic education, and had built upon that journey to Italy, which he was never to take. What did console him, and what he enjoyed more than any thing else, was to go off,—alone or with a friend or two,—to some quiet studio, where nobody could get at him, and there to draw or paint from the life. He had a collection of dresses which he made his models wear,—he never used a lay figure,—and then he would make endless drawings, without any particular object, taking the simplest and most natural action he could get. Much as he loved to paint, drawing had an especial attraction for him; and it is easy to believe this, when we look at his astonishing drawings in the Louvre, where charm and vivacity make up for the want of his magical color. He used to make these drawings in a book, which, we are told, he looked over for suitable figures, when he had a picture to paint. He was usually guided in the arrangement of his groups by his idea of the landscape background.* This is one of the most remarkable statements in Watteau's biography; for, until the present day, most

* *June, 1714.*—He has completed the ovals—the four seasons. Oh! the summer-like grace, the freedom and softness of the summer,—a hay-field such as we visited to-day, but boundless, and with touches of level Italian architecture in the hot, white, elusive distance, and wreaths of flowers, fairy hay-rakes and the like, suspended from tree to tree, with that wonderful lightness which is one of the charms of his work. I can understand through this, at last, what it is he enjoys, what he selects by preference from all that various world we pass our lives in. I am struck by the purity of the room he has refurnished for us—a sort of *moral* purity; yet in the *forms* and *colors* of things.

figure painters have made their landscapes entirely accessory to their figures, and it is only recently that important figures have been treated from a point of view of a landscapist.

He was careless, we are told, about his manual practice,—his biographer laments his rarely taking the trouble to clean his palette, and his allowing his oil-pot to get full of dust and dirt. It is easy to fancy that he disliked remonstrances on these subjects as much as on his business affairs, and on a certain restlessness which seldom allowed him to remain long in one place. When the Count de Caylus was venturing to talk to him about all this, and about the duty of his assuring his position, Watteau observed, after thanking him for his kindness, "If worst comes to worst, can't I go to the hospital? They don't refuse anybody there."

He lived in various places far more agreeable, but did not stay long in any of them. He took refuge from the bores, for a time, in the beautiful house of M. Crozat, near the Rue Richelieu (rū rēsh lĕ ûh′). One reason for his going there was M. Crozat's beautiful collection of drawings, which were of great value to him; he was particularly fond of the sketches of Rubens and Vandyck. He used to take great pleasure in finishing, in a few brilliant strokes, copies which his friends used to bring him from the drawings of the Flemish masters and of the Italian landscapists. These studies may have been one reason for his own fondness for drawing, and his stay at M. Crozat's is thought to have had an excellent effect upon his style. He left the beautiful house after a time,—he seems to have longed to go where nobody could find out where he was,—and afterward lived in various different places. It would be wrong, however, to think that he had no friends

for whom he cared; he was intimate with M. de Julienne (zhū lē ĕn′), an enlightened lover of art, and spent much time, apparently, with him and his family. Gersaint and the Count de Caylus represent themselves as having been intimate with him, but Mollett thinks that this intimacy may not have been entirely a blessing to Watteau. What strikes a reader of his life very strangely, is the thought that, after his early life, he seems to have had no personal connection with any of the gay scenes he painted, and that the Painter of Fêtes Galants (fāt gă lŏng′), as the Academy list calls him, was one of the shyest and most melancholy of men.

He went to London, as French painters of his time often did, in 1719; he worked hard there, and was well paid. But the climate was bad for him; his health seems to have always been delicate: and he came back to France about a year after, suffering from the consumption, which was soon to cause his death. There is some probability of his having made a visit at Valenciennes on his way home, and painting some portraits there. But he was not to do much more painting. A beautiful sign for his old friend Gersaint, and a portrait of the Venetian pastellist, Rosalba (rōs ăl′bà) Carriera (kà rē ā′rà), occupied him soon after his return to Paris, but not long afterward we hear of his being sick at Nogent (nō zhŏng′), just outside Paris. He had hoped to go back to Valenciennes, but it was too late. Much as he suffered, he worked hard painting, and teaching his pupil Pater,* whom he had dismissed some time before.

* *September, 1714.*—Through the driving rain, a coach, rattling across the *place*, stops at our door; and, in a moment, Jean-Baptiste is with us once again; but with bitter tears in his eyes; dismissed!

June, 1718 [a misdate, according to our chronology].—And he was allowed that Mademoiselle Rosalba—*ce bel esprit* (*sĕ bĕl ĕs prē′*)—who can discourse upon the arts

As death approached, his scrupulous conscience suggested that he had done him injustice, and perhaps even, as Gersaint says, that he had feared him as a rival. He worked hard at this reparation,—it was only for a month, but Pater said he owed all he knew to that month. Those few weeks came to an end, and Watteau died. He was only thirty-seven years old.*

like a master, to paint his portrait—has painted hers in return! She holds a lapful of white roses with her two hands. Rosa Alba! himself has inscribed it! It will be engraved, to circulate and perpetuate it the better!

July, 1721.—Our incomparable Watteau is no more! Jean Baptiste returned unexpectedly. I heard his hasty footstep on the stairs. We turned together into that room; and he told his story there. Antony Watteau departed suddenly, in the arms of M. Gersaint, on one of the late hot days of July. At the last moment he had been at work upon a crucifix for the good curé (*kū rā'*) of Nogent, liking little the very rude one he possessed. He died with all the sentiments of religion. He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all.—*From Pater's Prince of Court Painters.*

* Original Letters of Watteau.

To Monsieur Gersaint, Ind. on the Bridge Notre Dame, from Watteau.

Saturday.

Friend Gersaint,—Yes, as you wish it, I will go to dine with Antoine de la Roque (*rōk*) to-morrow, at your house. I mean to go to ten-o'clock Mass at St. Germain de L'Auxerrois (*săng zhĕr măng' dĕh lō zĕr rwą'*); and I shall certainly get to your house by noon, for I shall have only one visit to make before that, on our friend Molinet (*mō lē nā'*), who has had some little fever for the last fortnight.

In the meantime, your friend, A. Watteau.

To Monsieur de Julienne, from Watteau, by express.

From Paris, the 3d of May.

Monsieur!—I return you the large first volume of the writings of Leonardo da Vinci (*lā ō nĭr' dō dā vĭn' chee*), and beg you at the same time to receive my sincere thanks. As to the manuscript letters of P. Rubens. I will keep them with me still longer, if that is not too disagreeable to you, for I have not yet finished them. This pain on the left side of my head has not allowed me to sleep since Tuesday, and Marcotti (*măr kŏt' ĭ*) wishes me to take a purge to-morrow morning; he says this very hot weather will be of the greatest assistance to it. You will please me beyond expectation, if you will come to see me before Sunday; I will show you some trifles, like the Nogent landscapes, which you are rather fond of, because I made the sketches of them before Madame de Julienne, whose hands I kiss very respectfully.

I am not doing what I like, because the *pierre grise* (*pē ār' grēs*) and the *pierre de sanguine* (*sŏng ghēn'*) are very hard just now. I can not get any other.

A. Watteau.

To Mr. Monsieur de Julienne, from W.

MONSIEUR!—By the return of Marin (*mă răng'*), who has brought me the venison you were so kind as to send me this morning, I send you the Canvas on which I have painted the head of the boar and the head of the black fox, and you will be able to send them to M. de Losmernil (*lōs mer nēl'*), for I have done with them for the present. I can not hide it from myself but [that] this great canvas pleases me, and I am waiting for some return of satisfaction from you, and from Madame de Julienne, who is as extremely fond of this hunting subject as I am. Gersaint had to bring me the worthy la Serre (*sār*) to enlarge the canvas on the right side, where I have put the horses under the trees, for I was embarrassed there since I arranged every thing which was decided upon.

I think I shall go on with that side Monday afternoon, for in the morning I occupy myself with sketches, *a la sanguine*. I beg you not to forget me to Madame de Julienne, whose hands I kiss. A. WATTEAU.

To M. Mon Sieur de Julienne.

MONSIEUR!—It has pleased Mon Sieur the Abbé de Noisterre (*ăb bā' dĕh nwąs tār'*) to send me that picture by P. Rubens, in which there are two heads of angels, and below, on the cloud, that woman's figure plunged in contemplation. Nothing could have made me happier, certainly [even], if I were not persuaded that it is from the friendship he feels for you and for your nephew, that Monsieur de Noisterre deprived himself, in my favor, of such a rare painting as that.

Since the moment I received it, I can not rest, and my eyes are never weary of turning toward the desk where I have placed it, as if upon a tabernacle!! It is hard to persuade one's self that P. Rubens has ever made any thing more finished [achieved] than this picture. You will be so kind, Monsieur, as to send my true thanks to Monsieur l'Abbé de Noisterre, while waiting till I can address them to him myself. I will take the time of the next Orleans (*ôr lī ŏng'*) post to write to him, and to send him the picture of "The Repose of the Holy Family," which I mean for him as a mark of gratitude.

Your very attached friend and servant, Monsieur, A. WATTEAU.

Watteau had received little early education, but he talked well, though little, read a great deal,—reading, in fact, was his chief amusement,—and had a delicate appreciation of music and of intellectual things. It would not be surprising to find that his love of loneliness, and his apparently melancholy temper, were largely caused by the wish to lead an uninterrupted life of work. An artist's happiness in his work is often unintelligible to outsiders, especially if, as with Watteau, the pain it brings him be more obvious than the pleasure. His life was singularly pure; he was high-minded, perhaps too much so to suit his time; "his address," says M. de Julienne, "was cold and embarrassed, and he had no other fault." His death was a religious one; he not only tried to repair his injustice to Pater, but destroyed some of his work which he thought might do harm; and this although, De Caylus says, he never painted any objectionable picture,—in which respect he was widely different from the painters who followed him.

Watteau painted a few portraits, some allegorical, mythological, and religious pictures, and a few domestic scenes; but his most characteristic works represented dancers and singers, lovers and nymphs, in silk and rainbow fabrics, under stately trees and in wide sunny landscapes. Some fine examples of his work are to be seen in the Louvre, especially in the Lacaze (*lă kăz'*) collection; but his pictures are dispersed over the world.

HOGARTH.

1697-1764.

WILLIAM HOGARTH (hō′gärth) was born in London, on the tenth of November, 1697. His father, a North-country school-master, came to London to better himself; but the literary hack-work he found to do brought in but little, and his "pen," says his son, "did not enable him to do more than put me in the way of shifting for myself." The boy loved all sorts of shows, he says,—there were plenty of them to be seen in London then,—he had a turn for mimicry, and a stronger turn for drawing. At fifteen or sixteen he was, accordingly, apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, Mr. Ellis Gamble. If young Hogarth had been born in the Paris of that day instead of in London, he would have found plenty of good masters in the art of copper-plate engraving, in which he was to do so much later; but in London, it is to be supposed, at least among the London towns'-folk, there were no such families of engravers as the Cochins (ko shăng′), where even the wives and mothers could use the burin (bū′rin); still less, any great workroom like Lebas' (lĕh bäs′), where many a clever young fellow came to learn his trade. At Mr. Gamble's, the tankards and salvers failed to satisfy Hogarth, and "engraving on copper," he says, "was, at twenty years of age, my utmost ambition." He knew he could not draw well enough for this. Art schools were but few in London, if, in fact, any existed at the end of Hogarth's apprenticeship;

Kneller (nĕl′er) had one in his own house some years before, and Thornhill had another some years after. However, Hogarth tells us himself that he did not take much advantage of whatever opportunities he had in this direction. He wanted, he confesses, to find some way of learning which should not too much interfere with his pleasure; drawing from life he found too mechanical, copying useless; and he, therefore, devoted himself to that practice of drawing from memory which so many artists have followed from Leonardo's (lā ō när′dōz) time to ours. In this way he was able to justify his amusements, which were probably of a rather rough description, by making drawings of them afterward; and this method of study serves to explain the strange combination of spirit, fire, and effect, with childish impossibility of proportion and drawing, which often strikes us in his work.

In 1720, he seems to have set up for himself as an engraver of arms and shop-bills. This was the year in which Watteau (vät tō′), sick and melancholy, left London to go home and die. Hogarth is scarcely likely to have known the great Frenchman, though he may often have seen him in Leicester (lĕs′ter) Fields, where many of his countrymen lived, near Cranbourn alley, where stood Hogarth's master's shop and his own. The young designer soon began to make "plates for book-sellers," several of which were caricatures,—a very amusing one being the "Burlesque on Kent's Altar-piece at St. Clement's."* He

* We quote Hogarth's engraved description of it:

"This Print is exactly engraved after the celebrated Altar-piece in St. Clement's Church, which has been taken down by order of the Lord Bishop of London, (as 'tis thought,) to prevent Disputes and Laying of wagers among the Parishioners about the Artist's meaning in it, for public Satisfaction here is a particular Explanation of it humbly offered to be writ under the Original, that it may be put up again, by which means the Parish's 60 pounds, which they wisely gave for it, may not be entirely lost.

also made some illustrations to Butler's "Hudibras" (hū′dĭ brăs), by which, we are told, he "first became known in his profession." He did not confine himself to engraving and illustrating, for, beside painting many portraits and pictures, he had a commission from an upholsterer for a large design, on canvas, for the "Element of Earth." The patron having been told that Hogarth was "an engraver and no painter," refused to pay, and Hogarth was obliged to sue in order to get his money, in which he was successful. One of his witnesses was Sir James Thornhill, whose school Hogarth had been attending. He was an artist of considerable reputation, much employed in covering ceilings with the pompous allegories then in fashion; Hogarth may have been employed by him as an assistant, and certainly had pleased him by various attacks he had made upon Thornhill's enemy, Kent, the unlucky painter of the altar-piece of St. Clement's. But Hogarth did not please Sir James at all by running away with his daughter Jane, a beautiful girl of twenty, whom he married a year after his lawsuit. This was the one romantic event of his life.

Soon after his marriage, he began upon the kind of work for which he is most famous. He found that portrait-painting, conscientiously pursued, was too slow and unprofitable a trade for a married man. "I, therefore," he says, "turned my thoughts to a still more novel

"1st. 'Tis not the Pretender's Wife and Children, as our weak brethren imagine "2d. Nor St. Cecilia, as the Connoisseurs think,
But a Choir of Angels playing in Concert.

"A, an organ.
"B, an Angel playing on it.
"C, the shortest Joint of the Arm.
"D, the longest Joint.
"E, an Angel tuning an Harp.
"F, the inside of his Leg, but whether right or left is yet undiscovered.
"G, a hand Playing on a Lute.
"H, the other Leg is judiciously omitted to make room for the Harp.
"I and K, smaller Angels, as appears by their Wings."

mode, viz., painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or any age." He, therefore, first painted, and afterward engraved, the six designs of "The Harlot's Progress," a series which, as Mr. Dobson says, "either from the austerity of the moral, or the novelty of the work, gave Hogarth at once a position as a genius." Lady Thornhill and Mrs. Hogarth, when the paintings were finished, managed to place them in Sir James' dining-room; he eagerly asked the artist's name, and, on learning it, said: "Very well; the man who can furnish representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." A speech which was the precursor of a reconciliation with the Hogarths. When the subscription-book was made out for the plates, more than twelve hundred names went down; plays were written on the subject, and fans and cups and saucers covered with the designs. The refinement of our time is shocked by the rough openness of these six prints, as by many others of Hogarth's; it is, in fact, a hard task to look through them; but the coarseness is that of a man of his time, who hates the sins he draws, and who really hopes that some poor soul may be helped, by his prints, to avoid the pitfalls, of which London was full. If London is a better place now than it was then, something must be due to William Hogarth, among other good men, who loved good and hated evil.

The series was pirated; the courageous little engraver could not bear to be cheated, and managed to obtain a copyright act for the benefit of designers; a feat of which he was justly proud. He followed up the first series by "The Rake's Progress,"* which tells the history of a spend-

* Hogarth himself christened his chief character. In the first plate, "Tom Rakewell" has entered suddenly upon his inheritance; in a jumble of leases,

thrift dandy, from the first plate, where he enters upon his inheritance, through a decline from frantic fashion, through the worst company to the mad-house. This did not meet, we are told, with the success of the first series, but it is now much better known.

bonds, and the miscellaneous hoards of avarice, he is being measured for his mourning. Already his attorney plunders him; and he himself begins badly by casting off the poor girl he was engaged to at Oxford.

The next plate ("The Levee") transforms the clumsy lad to an awkward man of fashion. * * * The "dealers in dark pictures" have equipped him as a connoisseur,—witness the "Judgment of Paris" on the wall. A much-bewigged musician is trying over "The Rape of the Sabines" at a harpsichord; a French horn-player preludes noisily upon his instrument. He dabbles in Bridgeman's landscape gardening; and maintains one poet, if not two. But the majority of the visitors at his reception are professors of those sterner arts, which no gentleman (in 1735) could be without. He must have his cocks at Newmarket, and his races at Epsom, where "Silly Tom" has won a cup. * * * * He must employ the cut-throat "man-of-honor" who comes recommended by "Wm. Stab." Roistering "bloods" who finish their revels by broiling a waiter or "pinking" a chairman, sometimes require the aid of henchmen like the Captain, when their humorous exploits fall flat on the spectators.

One of these humorous exploits is depicted in Plate III. He is there seen drunk at a tavern in Drury Lane, at three in the morning, surrounded by the trophies of a street row, largely supplemented by further devastations of the apartment itself. His companions are in scarcely better case. A harper is twanging at the door; a beggar-girl sings the "Black Joke."

This is his zenith; in the next scene, he enters upon his decline. He is ignominiously arrested for debt in St. James street, as he is going to Court in a hired chair, on Queen Caroline's birthday, also St. David's day, as is indicated by a Welshman with an enormous leek in his hat. Some temporary assistance is rendered him by the unfortunate girl of Plate I.; but it is only temporary, for in the plate that follows, he is repairing his fortunes by an alliance in old Mary-le-bone (*măr′ ē bŭn*) Church, then much used for private marriages, with an elderly heiress. The bride is one-eyed, and tremulously exultant; the bridegroom nonchalant, and absorbed in the good-looking lady's-maid. The church, which has been recently repaired, is depicted, no doubt, as a fitting frame to the bride, as extremely dilapidated. The Creed has been destroyed by damp; a crack runs through the Ninth Commandment; and the poor-box is covered with a cobweb.

Henceforth Tom Rakewell "progresses" at a headlong rate. Plate VI. shows him in a Covent Garden gaming-house. He has lost all his recently acquired wealth; and flings himself upon the ground in a paroxysm of fury and execration. * * * The next scene is in "The Fleet"; the last, in "Bedlam." In the one he is a poor and distracted wretch, dunned by the jailer, pestered by the pot-boy, deafened by the rancorous virago, his wife, and crushed by Mr. Manager Rich's letter: "Sr. I have read yr Play & find it will not doe." In the other, he is an incurable maniac, fettered and dangerous, who tears himself with the heart-rending laugh of the insane.—*Hogarth, by Austin Dobson.*

Hogarth went on leading the life of a young London tradesman,* and engraving the lively and brutal scenes of his time, treating them with more of what artists call painter's than of draughtsman's qualities. The prints strike us as having much beauty and richness of light and shade, and much skill in the treatment of textures; they are full of life and expression, and they are by no means all caricature, for there are many charming types of character to be found in them. The artist had made a style of his own, doing with hearty, though rough sincerity, what Greuze (grûz) was to attempt later in a much smoother, though less effective manner,—expressing, that is, a distinct moral by pictorial means. But it would appear that he was not satisfied with his success in this direction, and longed to do large historical painting. He, accordingly, painted the "Pool of Bethesda" (be thĕs'dă) and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high, on the great staircase of Saint Bartholomew's hospital. Hogarth was made a governor of the hospital by way of return for this gift, but the pictures were not a success, in the opinion of his time or of our own.

* The following note gives some idea of his amusements:

On an evening at the close of May, 1732, it occurred to certain boon companions, at the Bedford Arms Tavern, in Covent Garden, to improvise an expedition to be entered on forthwith. The travelers were Hogarth, his brother-in-law, John Thornhill, Scott, the landscape painter, Tothall, a draper in Tavistock street, and Forrest, an attorney. They started, "each with a shirt in his pocket," down the river to Gravesend (*grāvz ĕnd'*). * * * * From Gravesend they go to Rochester, from Rochester, to Chatham, Upnor, Hov, and elsewhere; and their doings find a "faithful chronicler" in Forrest, who sets them down gravely, "as a burlesque on historical writers recording a series of insignificant events wholly uninteresting to the reader." When, after five days' wandering, they returned, the journal was promptly bound, gilt, and lettered, and read out at the Bedford Arms Club for the edification of the members then present. * * * * The drawings are by Hogarth and Scott, the maps by Thornhill. The title-page runs thus: "An Account | of what seem'd most Remarkable in the Five Days Perigrination | of the Five Following Persons Viz^{t}. Messieurs | Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill and Forrest. | Begun on Saturday May the 27th 1732 | and Finish'd | on the 31st of the Same Month."—*Hogarth, by Austin Dobson.*

Hogarth went on with his engravings; he published in 1738, the "Four Times of the Day," four street scenes of London and the suburbs; and, at the same time, the excellent print of the "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn," which is considered one of his best works; and in 1740 and 1741, the two amusing plates of "The Distrest Poet" and "The Enraged Musician."* He was at this time, says one of his biographers, "forty-three years of age, married, but childless; busy, cheerful, the foremost man among English artists, and with another kind of personal celebrity entirely and exclusively his own. He never became rich, but his gains were large; and he prospered, as he deserved, exceedingly." He was a kind soul, and seems to have taken a real interest in the establishment of the Foundling Hospital, under the lead of that excellent Captain Thomas Coram, who made himself poor in accomplishing the work. Hogarth was a "governor and guardian" of the hospital, and helped it with his money, his time, and his art. He designed its arms, he painted a fine portrait of its founder,† and of one of its vice-presidents; and he it was, who, by proposing to ornament the building with pictures, "made a visit to the Foundling the most fashionable morning

* To the years 1740 and 1741 belong two delightful single plates, "The Distrest Poet" and "The Enraged Musician." * * * * Was Goldsmith thinking of "The Distrest Poet" when, in August, 1758, he described himself as "in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score"?

† Hogarth considered Captain Coram the best of his single portraits, and posterity has ratified his opinion. "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure," says he, "and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it." The rivals referred to were Shackleton, Hudson, Reynolds (then plain Mr.), Cotes, Ramsay (the poet's son), Highmore, and Wilson.

lounge of the reign of George II." Mr. Dobson thinks that to this exhibition of English works we may, probably, trace the germ of the Royal Academy.

Hogarth held at this period the first of these ingeniously arranged picture-auctions, which count as events in his quiet life; he sold in it the paintings for his two first series, the "Four Times of the Day," and the "Strolling Actresses." The prices were quite insufficient; but "the method of sale was peculiar, and little calculated to attract or conciliate the limited public of purchasers." Hogarth, in fact, was too independent a man to be very conciliatory, even in such affairs as these.

Not long after, he published his most important series, the "Marriage a-la-Mode." He employed French engravers to work from his own excellent paintings, some of which may now be seen at the National Gallery. These pictures give a modern student, especially a foreigner, the best and most accessible idea of Hogarth as a painter; and an admirable painter he was. His work is excellent in color and execution, and its durability is such that, even in the trying climate of London, it is still fresh and brilliant, while many a later artist's pictures are fast becoming ruined. The story is one of a mercenary and loveless marriage, in which husband and wife go their own ways, and both end in ruin. "This is no three-volume novel of fashionable life, written by my lord's footman, or my lady's maid," says Mr. Sala (sä'lä), "but an actual, living drama, put on the stage by a man who had seen all his characters act their part in the great world." "From first to last," Mr. Dobson says, "it progresses steadily to its catastrophe by a gradual march of skillfully linked and developed incidents. It is like a novel of Fielding on canvas." Fielding, in fact, was

Hogarth's friend; so was Garrick; these two are those of his friendships of which we can find most certain traces. They exchanged good offices in print and on copper. But Hogarth does not seem to have had Reynolds' fondness for the society of men of letters, though he saw a good deal both of high and low life, as an artist must who paints every thing, from lords and ladies to street fights. He made acquaintance, in his capacity of portraitist, with one very remarkable lord, indeed. This was Simon, Lord Lovat (lŭv′at), who had been betraying both sides to each other in that struggle between the Highland Jacobites and the government, which the Scotch call "The Forty-five." This old villain was on his way up to London, for trial and execution, in 1746, when he had occasion, at St. Albans (ạl′bănz), to call in a physician, who was one of Hogarth's intimate friends, and who sent for the painter to come down and draw Lovat's portrait. This is one of Hogarth's finest and largest etchings. It is admirably drawn, and full of life and character. Its success with the public was immense; a book-seller offered to give its weight in gold for the copper-plate; the rolling-press could not supply impressions fast enough, and for several weeks Hogarth received payment at the rate of twelve pounds a day for them, though they were sold at a shilling apiece.

Three years after, he took a very unlucky journey to France, which seems to have been prolonged no farther than to Calais (kă lā′), and which planted still more firmly in the British painter's breast his sense of the inferiority of every thing continental. As he was making his observations of the town, he happened to make a sketch of the old English gate; he was taken into custody, on suspicion of being a spy, and confined to his lodgings till the wind

changed for England. As soon as he was safe at home, he made a caricature of the scene of his arrest.

Good Briton though he was, he had no objection, as Mr. Dobson points out, to making his own king's troops as ridiculous as he found them. The "March of the Guards towards Scotland in the year 1745," commonly called the "March to Finchley," is an extremely satirical version of the disorderly and amusing side of the departure of a body of troops. Hogarth at first thought of dedicating this plate to the king, George the Second; but the brave German sovereign loved his army so well that he was by no means pleased with this tribute to it, and Hogarth accordingly dedicated the plate to the King of Prussia as an encourager of *Arts* and *Sciences*. King George afterward forgave Hogarth so far as to appoint him sergeant-painter.

He engraved many other plates during these years, the most important series being "Industry and Idleness," which, as Hogarth says, exhibited "the conduct of two fellow 'prentices, where the one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as is expressed in the last print." This set met with a great popularity.

He could not help going back occasionally to his historical attempts, which were never successful. He resented their want of popularity, and retained a firm confidence in his own powers. He considered himself as the champion of good art and good sense against the pitchy conventionalism of the old pictures which were brought indiscriminately into London by the dealers; and this was probably one reason for his undertaking to

meet the men he called "The Black Masters" on their own ground.* His last attempt of this kind was the

* Here is an extract from one of his newspaper letters on the subject:

"There is another set of gentry more noxious to the Art than these, and those are your picture-jobbers from abroad, who are always ready to raise a great cry in the prints, whenever they think their craft is in danger; and indeed it is their interest to depreciate every English work, as hurtful to their trade, of continually importing ship-loads of dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental; on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix on us poor Englishmen the character of *universal dupes*. If a man, naturally a judge of Painting, not bigoted to those empirics, should cast his eye on one of their sham virtuoso-pieces, he would be very apt to say, 'Mr. Bubbleman, that grand Venus (as you are pleased to call it) has not beauty enough for the character of an English cook-maid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air, 'O Lord, sir, I find that you are no connoisseur; that picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldovinetto's (*ā lĕs' sō bŭl dō vēn ĕt' tōz*) second and best manner, boldly painted, and truly sublime; the contour gracious; the air of the head in the high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then spitting on an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to the other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There is an amazing touch! a man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties.' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion in judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb; gives a vast sum for the picture, very modestly confesses that he is indeed quite ignorant of Painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds on a frightful thing, without the hard name on it not worth as many farthings."—*Hogarth, by A. Dobson.*

Another of Hogarth's flings at the old masters was a caricature of Rembrandt (*rĕm' brănt*); Hogarth was making two serious designs on the subject of "Paul Before Felix," and he amused himself by treating it in what he calls "the ridiculous manner of Rembrandt." Intended only for a joke, it had a great sale.

Another of these caricatures represented Time seated in front of a large landscape, so indistinct that we can only make out that it is a very bad one. He has a tobacco-pipe in his mouth and is smoking it right at the picture, while his scythe cuts a hole through it as it stands by his side. He has by him an immense jar of oil, which is well known to turn pictures brown. The passion for a look of antiquity at the cost of beauty, and for a brown appearance which has no reference to Nature, is very fairly satirized in this picture; the caricature of Rembrandt is by no means so fair or so amusing. He did exactly what Hogarth did not; he gave his characters, who are often extremely ugly and common in themselves, a wonderful quality of his own, which makes his pictures neither ugly nor common. We may very truly say, in looking at his etchings, that this or that character shocks us; but we shall be very obtuse if we are not moved by the picture of which they form a part. He, in fact, was one of the few greatest painters of the world; Hogarth was a very good one. Rembrandt's view of character was a deep one; Hogarth's, a clear-sighted one. Hogarth's prints have amused a great many people; but I think no one has ever laughed at Rembrandt's, even after seeing Hogarth's caricature of him.

picture called "Sigismonda" (sĭġ ĭs mŭn′dă), which brought upon him an undeserved amount of ridicule and vexation. He also tried to embody his theories in a book, called "The Analysis of Beauty." The plain-spoken artist was singularly unsuccessful in saying what he meant upon the subject of his profession; a short examination of the "Analysis" leaves the reader with the vaguest ideas of the book; and this experiment of his was another great joy to Hogarth's enemies. He unfortunately became involved, two years before his death, in a quarrel with John Wilkes, then editor of the opposition *North Briton*, and Churchill, the poet. Their war had its rise in politics, but it became violently and brutally personal on both sides. Wilkes thought at one time that he had killed Hogarth,—and it would not have been surprising if his attacks had caused the old man's death, as he was weak and ill at the time; but he found himself quite able to repay his enemies in his own way—by drawing their portraits.

A few months before he died, he prepared a "tail-piece" for his works. His subject was "The End of All Things," and its treatment made it his last blow at those old masters whom he had been fighting for years. He died in his house in Leicester Fields. He never had any children; but he left a good and loving wife. He was nearly sixty-seven years old.

REYNOLDS.

1723-1792.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS (rĕn′ŭlz) was born at the old town of Plympton East, not far from Plymouth, the Devonshire town which has given its name to the Old Colony in New England. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, taught the grammar-school of Plympton. He, at first, intended his son to become a physician; but, as the boy showed a decided taste for Art,* he apprenticed him, at seventeen years of age, to Thomas Hudson, the fashionable London portrait-painter of the time. Joshua went to live with this artist, at his house in Great Queen street, and he remained with him for nearly two years.†

* His imperfect attempts at delineation were encouraged by his father, who was himself fond of drawings, and had a small collection of anatomical and other prints. The young artist's first essays were made in copying several little things done by two of his elder sisters, who had likewise a turn for the art; and he afterward (as he himself informed me) eagerly copied such prints as he found in his father's books, particularly those which were given in the translation of "Plutarch's (*plū′tärks*) Lives," published by Dryden. But his principal fund of imitation was Jacob Cats' book of Emblems, which his great grandmother by the father's side, a Dutch woman, had brought with her from Holland. When he was but eight years old, he read with great avidity and pleasure, "The Jesuits' Perspective," a book which happened to lie on the window-seat in his father's parlor; and made himself so completely master of it, that he never afterward had occasion to study any other treatise on that subject. He then attempted to draw the school at Plympton, a building elevated on stone pillars; and he did it so well, that his father said, "Now, this exemplifies what the author of the 'Perspective' asserts in his preface, that, by observing the rules laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful."—*Malone.*

Mr. Reynolds does not seem to have always regarded his son's attempts with as much approbation as this; for, on one of his very early drawings, a perspective view of a book-case, he wrote: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." It is on the back of a Latin exercise.

† Soon after young Reynolds first came to London, he was sent by his master to make a purchase for him at a sale of pictures. * * * * He soon heard the

At this time, William Hogarth (hō′gärth) was the greatest painter in England, and he could have taught the young student a direct and especially durable manner of painting, which, unfortunately, Reynolds' fine works were often to lack; but Hogarth's portrait-painting years were over, and it is probable that to the delicate fancy of the young beginner, he appeared to be only a brutally realistic satirist. Such theories as Hudson advanced to his pupil were probably of the most commonplace order, with nothing of the reckless severity of Hogarth's attacks of the "Black Masters"; and his practice was equally commonplace, consisting of what Walpole (wŏl′pōl) calls "honest similitudes, with fair tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats." While Reynolds remained with him, he had little or no opportunity for what is called life study; but we are told that Hudson caused him to make careful copies from the drawings of Guercino (gwĕr chĕ′nō), which he did with such skill that they were often mistaken for originals. He also painted various portraits, sketches, and studies. His life with Hudson seems to have been happy, on the whole, but, owing to some trifling disagreement, they parted before two years were over.

Reynolds then went back to Devonshire, where he established himself as a portrait-painter in the town of Devonport, then called Plymouth Dock. He was extremely successful at first, and painted all the notables of the neighborhood; but his success was but a short one, and

name of "Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope," whispered from every mouth, for it was Mr. Pope himself who then entered the room. Immediately every person drew back to make a passage for the distinguished poet, and all those on each side held out their hands for him to touch as he passed. Reynolds, although not in the front row, put out his hand also, under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took hold of his hand, as he likewise did to all as he passed.

he always regarded this part of his life as so much time thrown away; for, as he said, he then passed about three years in company from whom little improvement could be got. A part of this time he passed in London, where he lived on friendly terms with his old master, and was introduced by him to the Artists' Club he frequented,—an introduction which was probably a pleasure, but may not have been an advantage to him.

In December, 1746, he returned home to watch by the death-bed of his father, who seems to have had the amiability and simplicity which his son's friend, Goldsmith, was to describe later in the "Vicar (vĭk′ăr) of Wakefield."

Joshua now established himself once more in Plymouth Dock, this time with two of his sisters. Here he met a painter who had a considerable influence over him, named William Gandy. He was a man of dissipated habits, but of artistic mind; his father had been a pupil of Vandyke (văn dīk′), and he himself was a much more inspiring guide than Hudson. Reynolds' painting changed for the better on his acquaintance with Gandy and his works.

In 1749, Reynolds was invited by the famous Keppel (kĕp′ĕl), then a commodore, and but twenty-four years of age, to go to Italy with him in his own ship, the *Centurion*. They sailed in May, but Reynolds did not arrive in Italy till December, as he made a long stay at Port Mahon (mä hōn′), where he painted all the leading men on the station. He landed at Leghorn (lĕg hôrn′), and thence went to Rome.

On his arrival in the Vatican (văt′ĭ kăn), where he had expected every thing from the frescoes of Raphael (răf′ā ĕl), he met with a great disappointment. "They were," he

says himself, "executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted." It is probable, in fact, that whatever principles Reynolds had managed to get from Gandy, Hudson, and London in general, bore but little resemblance to those of Raphael; but the young fellow immediately decided that the fault was his own, made some copies from them, and eventually became a great admirer of Raphael, whom he constantly mentions in his Discourses. He remained in Rome for two years,* studying pictures, making notes of his own ideas of the methods followed by the masters, and apparently doing but little original work, and few copies. It was in the Vatican that he caught the cold which resulted in his life-long deafness, which made it necessary for him to use an ear-trumpet.

In April, 1752, he left Rome, and spent four months in visiting other Italian cities. As his works bear far more resemblance to those of the Venetian masters than to those of Raphael and Michael Angelo (mī′kă ĕl ăn′jā lō), it is to be supposed that his stay in the North of Italy had quite as great an effect upon him as the time he spent in Rome, though, perhaps, a more unconscious one. He made some stay, we are told, in Paris; he passed some months in Devonshire, with his old friends there, and in January, 1753, he once more settled in London.

* John Astley, one of Reynolds' fellow-pupils under Hudson, was also studying at Rome; he was at this time quite poor. "It was a usual custom," says Northcote, "with the English painters in Rome * * * * to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an incumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone showed great reluctance to follow this general example; this seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes, made on his singularity, at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous water-fall on his back, to the great diversion of the spectators."

His success as a portrait-painter was at once assured; his Devonshire friend, Lord Edgcumbe (ĕj′ kŭm), brought him sitters immediately, and he delighted every one by the charm and grace of his new style.* The great picture of his first year in London was the portrait of his old friend, Lord Keppel, a fine and spirited work, which brought crowds to his studio. Reynolds lived at this time in Great Newport street, with his sister Fanny, a lady of so nervous and perplexing a disposition that her companionship could hardly have been soothing to her brother. But he had not been in town a year before he made the acquaintance of a man whose friendship was to be more to him than, perhaps, any other relation of life,—the great Dr. Johnson.†

We have no list of Reynolds' sitters for 1754. In 1755, he had one hundred and twenty. He made friends on all sides, in fashionable as well as literary society; he was of a sociable disposition, and most charming and gentle manners; and "such was the serenity of his temper, that what he did not hear, he never troubled those

* Ellis, one of the few remaining pupils of Kneller (*nĕl′ lĕr*), called on Reynolds to see a picture of a Turkish boy, which was one of his first works on his return home. "Ah, Reynolds," he exclaimed, "this will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least degree in the manner of Kneller!" And on Reynolds defending his picture, Ellis cried out in a rage, "Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" and ran out of the room.

† On Reynolds' first meeting with Johnson, he attracted his interest by an ironical observation which is often quoted and was probably lightly made. The Misses Cotterell (*kŏt′ trĕl*), mutual friends of Reynolds and Johnson, were regretting the death of a friend to whom they had great obligations. "You have, however," said Reynolds, "the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." The ladies were shocked; but Johnson was amused by the directness of the remark, and went home to supper with the painter. Not long after, at the house of these ladies, the Duchess of Argyle and another great lady came in. Johnson, who was there with Reynolds, thought that their hostesses were neglecting him and his friend for their finer company; and said, in a loud voice to Reynolds, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to work as hard as we could?" So as to give the idea of their being very low people, indeed.

with whom he conversed, to repeat,"—a sacrifice which every deaf person knows to be a considerable one. We have no list of his sitters for 1756; 1757 was a very busy year with him; in the month of March alone, he had twenty-eight sitters and one hundred and six sittings. In 1758, he painted one hundred and fifty persons,—among them the Duke of Cumberland. In 1759, he painted the Prince of Wales, soon to be George the Third; he also painted, for the first time, his friend, David Garrick; the celebrated beauty, Kitty Fisher; and a picture of Venus, one of the few pictures not portraits of this time.

In 1760, George the Third came to the throne. This year was memorable to Reynolds for humbler reasons,—he removed from Newport street to Leicester (lĕs′tĕr) square, which was much more fashionable then than now; and he also set up a carriage, of the sort then known as a "chariot." This year, he sent some of his pictures to an exhibition for the first time. The English artists had united in what was called the Society of Arts, which held its first exhibition in 1760, and continued exhibiting, annually, till the foundation of the Royal Academy. This year brought Reynolds one hundred and twenty sitters.

In 1761, Reynolds exhibited an excellent portrait of Lawrence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." He also painted Admiral Rodney this year. In 1762, he painted Fox, the Princess Amelia, and Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, as well as many other portraits. This year, he went back to Devonshire with Johnson for a six-weeks visit. At Plymouth, they met the man to whom, before his acquaintance with Johnson, Reynolds owed the most as his guide

in learning to use his mind, the Reverend Zachariah Mudge. Both Reynolds and Johnson had a great veneration for this good and wise man.

In 1763, Reynolds painted, among others, that Lord Bute (būt), whose name is well known to students of the causes of the American Revolution. In 1764, he painted the Archbishops of York and Canterbury. In this year, he and Johnson founded what was called The Club. Originally, it had but nine members; they were Reynolds himself, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Langton, Beauclerk (bō′klärk), Nugent, Chamiers (shä mē ā′), and Sir John Hawkins. Garrick and other members were soon admitted, and in the year of Reynolds' death, The Club had thirty-five members. In 1764, neither Goldsmith nor Burke was famous. They both loved Reynolds, and both wrote fine descriptions of his character. Besides his literary and fashionable intimacies, Reynolds cultivated his old Devonshire friendships, and made his countrymen welcome. His table was crowded with company, and the talk was excellent, though the service may not have been elegant.

In 1766, among other sitters, Reynolds painted the portrait of Angelica Kauffmann (än gĕl′ĭ ka kowf′ män).*

* Yesterday, at Mr. Coluaglie's (*kō lwä′ lēz*), I saw a print lying on the table, the engraving of one of Sir Joshua's portraits. It was the picture of a lady, some five or six and twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate. The eyes are very charming and intelligent. The features are broadly marked; there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression The little head is charmingly set upon its frame. A few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair; two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders; the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jeweled bands, such as those people then wore. A loose scarf is tied round the waist. Being cold, perhaps, sitting in Sir Joshua's great studio, the lady has partly wrapped herself in a great fur cloak. The whole effect is very good, nor is it an inconvenient dress to sit still and be painted in.

* * * Mr. Reynolds came forward, dressed in his velvet coat and with a bag-wig; he was of middle size, and looked young for his age. He was a little

This artist was then twenty-four years of age; she had been educated in Italy, and had just been brought to England by her friend, Lady Wentworth. Her reputation was considerable there; her pictures were not without charm and grace, though painted in a falsely classical taste; her manners were fascinating, and she delighted every one she met. She has been made the heroine of a charming story, in which, as in the town talk of the time, she is supposed to have been loved, and loved in

deaf; but in those days, in private, he needed no trumpet; his clear eyes shone with placid benevolence under their falling lids. He had scarred lips, mobile and sensitive. His voice was singularly pleasant as he spoke.

"I have brought you—guess who this is that I have brought you," Lady W. said, continuing to look so charming herself, that the painter could only make another low bow, and say: "You have brought me a vision of Paradise, Madam. My poor place seems illuminated by such gracious apparitions. I am sorry," he continued, "to have been out when you arrived. I had been sent for to a friend in difficulties, who adds to mine by taking up time that might have been better spent. Was not my sister here to attend upon you?"

"Miss Reynolds was not dressed," said Marchi (*mär'chee'*), the outspoken attendant; "she begged me to make her excuses. She was in no fit state to appear."

Mr. Reynolds looked vexed, and immediately began to paint out the pictures. Angelica looked, listened, and thrilled with admiration and reverence. Once, turning round, the painter met the expressive flash of her eager eyes. How different was that language from the languid, fine-lady criticism to which he was accustomed. Something told him that this was no ordinary visitor; that one instant's glance between the two, said more than half a dozen commonplaces exchanged. He stopped short as he was walking by Lady W. "Can this be indeed Miss Kauffmann?" He looked at Angelica, curiously and kindly.

"Yes, this is Miss Kauffmann," said Lady W., with a laugh. "You have found her out at last! Did I say one word too much?" she asked, smiling. He did not answer directly, but went on talking to Lady W. for a minute, and then turned to Angelica.

"Will you honor me by permitting a visit to your studio to-morrow morning?" said the great painter to the quivering, smiling, charming little painter in her pretty, quaint dress The satin trimmings glistened in the sloping light of the window, the light just caught the turn of her white throat, and the shining pearls Mrs. Betty had looped in her hair. The man's kind glances seemed also to shine, Angelica thought, and she blushed up with innocent pleasure. Mr. Reynolds accompanied them ceremoniously to the door of the house. As they descended the pretty, old turning staircase, Angelica saw a figure wrapped in a sort of cloak appearing in a door-way; it was that of a little, middle-aged lady, who cautiously advanced toward them; then, seeing that Mr. Reynolds was there, vanished again with extraordinary celerity.—*Miss Thackeray.*

vain, by Sir Joshua. They certainly painted each other's portraits, and we know but little more about it.

In 1768, Reynolds spent some time in Paris.* It was in this year that the Royal Academy was founded. Attempts had been made to establish an Academy as early as 1711, under Kneller; Thornhill established one in his own house in 1734. After this, a life-school, under Mr. Moser (*mō′zĕr*), was held, which was joined, in 1739, by Hogarth and others, and existed in 1757. The Society of Arts, which exhibited for the first time in 1760, was incorporated in 1765 as the Society of Artists. This body quarreled with its directors and best members, and these gentlemen presented a memorial to the king praying for the establishment of a Royal Academy. The king was favorably disposed; the projectors of the Academy begged for Reynolds' assistance, and on his joining them, chose him their first president by acclamation. The king at once gave his consent, and the Academy was founded December 18, 1768.

* Can Reynolds' journey to Paris, in 1768, have had its motive in the desire to collect information to assist in founding the Royal Academy? It was probably during this visit that Boucher (*bow′ shĕr*), then First Painter to the King, and director of the Academy, in the height of his European reputation, told him he no longer found it necessary to work from a model. Reynolds thought, and very wisely, that Boucher's work would have been better if he had continued to employ one. Boucher's studio is described as being a wonderful place, full of every thing which could give suggestions to a colorist,—amethysts, malachites, jaspers, rock-crystals, all sorts of beautiful shells, on tables of Oriental alabaster; Chinese porcelain, which the æsthetics of to-day would rave over; tiny models, a little gallery, a little coach, all sorts of pastoral implements; and in the midst of all these splendors, and of his numberless drawings, Boucher would sit by his color-box with its clever drawers, his ivory-mounted maul-stick in his hand, surrounded by his admiring friends [*Messrs. de Goncourt* (*dĕh gŏng kōōr′*)]. The great Chardin (*shăr dăng′*), a much better painter, was at work, too, much admired, ill-paid, living quietly away from the world in the home he loved, painting sometimes still-life, sometimes quiet scenes among good towns'-people like himself. Greuze (*grûz*) was elected to the Academy, but had not yet finished his admission picture; and beside these greater men, there were endless good draughtsmen and engravers at work, whose names are now hardly remembered.

The names of the first Academicians are not well known to our generation. Our compatriot, West, was one of them; Wilson, the landscape-painter, was another; Bartolozzi (bär to lōt'sē), another. There were two women among them; the only two who could ever write R. A. after their names—Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser. Neither Romney's (rŏm'nĭz) nor Gainsborough's (gānz'brōz) name appears on the first list. Both were greater painters than any Academician except the president; but it may be supposed that Romney was excluded on account of his youth, while Gainsborough's omission was probably accidental, as he exhibited as an Academician in the first exhibition. Johnson was made Professor of Ancient Literature in the Academy school, and Goldsmith, Professor of Ancient History. The president was knighted by the king early in 1769. At the opening of the Academy, he delivered the first of a series of fifteen discourses to the students.* These discourses were much admired at the time, and are still of interest to artists; they contain much sound advice, though the authorities to whom Sir Joshua refers, and many of the pictures he admires, are strange and unintelligible to us at present. The first exhibition of the Royal Academy took place this year, and Reynolds was no less conspicuous in this branch of the Academy's activity than in the other—that of educating young artists.†

* Sir Joshua's manner of delivering his discourses is said to have been indistinct and difficult to follow. The Earl of C—— one evening came up to him, and said, as many persons do when it is too late to be of service, "Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone that I did not distinguish one word you said." "That was to my advantage," replied the president, with a smile.

† Miss Frances Reynolds was in Paris during the year 1769. She went to a picture-auction, where very fine pictures by Titian (*tĭsh'ăn*), Vandyke, and Rembrandt (*rĕm'brănt*), were sold for almost nothing. Poor Miss Frances, who had hardly any money, looked on with inward torture, for her brother, unluckily,

In 1770, he visited York, and his own country. In 1771, he received as his pupil a young man named Northcote, who has left us many interesting reminiscences of him. He was eager to encourage young artists, though, perhaps, not always a judicious adviser.

In 1772, Reynolds was elected alderman of his native town, an honor which gave him great pleasure. In 1773, he was elected mayor of the town, which was even more gratifying to him.* He was this year made Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford. He exhibited at the Academy his historical picture of Ugolino (ū gō lē′ nō), on which he had been at work for two or three years. He painted several historical pictures, and considered it a painter's noblest business to produce them; but it is by his portraits that he is loved and remembered far more than by these somewhat ambitious works.

He had a great disappointment at about this time; he had formed a scheme for the decoration of St. Paul's with paintings by himself and other leading artists, among them West and Angelica Kauffmann. The king, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, and the dean of the cathedral had all consented, when the Bishop of London refused, as he said, to "suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened for the introduction of Popery."

had not felt enough confidence in her judgment to give her any commissions for him; she feared she should faint away in the auction-room, but she did manage to get a few fine ones for him, at a very small price. Many a foreigner has experienced similar tortures at the Hotel Drouot (*drō̄ ō′*) in Paris; but none of us have ever seen such a collection go for such prices.

* Shortly before his election as Mayor of Plympton, he accidentally met the king and a part of the royal family in Richmond Gardens. The king entered into conversation with him, and told him that he had been informed of the office he was soon to be invested with. Reynolds thanked him, and in his reply said the honor had given him more pleasure than any other he ever received,—and then suddenly recollecting himself, he added, "except that which your Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me," meaning his knighthood.

In 1774, his friend Goldsmith died. This was a great loss to Reynolds; he did not touch his work the day he heard of it, a rare thing for him. Gainsborough moved to London this year, and Romney the year after; they were both much admired and much employed as portrait-painters, but with little injury to Reynolds' popularity. In 1775, Nathaniel Hone tried to injure him by exhibiting a printed caricature which represented him as a plagiarist, but this design was an unsuccessful one.

In 1776, Hannah More had the opportunity to see at the painter's studio that picture of the "Infant Samuel" which has been reproduced so many times. He also exhibited this year a portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and a fine portrait of his friend Garrick. In 1777, he painted a large family picture of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and six of their children. The next year he was occupied with designs for the west window of New College Chapel at Oxford. In 1779, his old master, Hudson, died, and a much dearer friend, David Garrick.

In 1780, the new rooms of the Academy in Somerset House were opened; they were decorated by many of the academicians, Sir Joshua among them. The exhibition was a great success. In 1781, he visited the Low Countries, and has left some interesting notes on the journey. On his return, his own pictures seemed to him to want force; and it is said that the portraits he painted after that time are even more animated and brilliant than his former works. He ran over again to Flanders two years after, to see pictures and to buy some of Rubens' (rōō′bĕnz) paintings which were then for sale. It was at about this time that he painted his splendid portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse." This was

exhibited in 1784; and in this year, Dr. Johnson died. His friends had hoped to restore his failing health by a journey to Italy, which Reynolds and Boswell had arranged; but it was too late.

The Empress Catherine of Russia, who had seen a portrait by Reynolds of one of her friends, ordered a historical picture of him, and left him the choice of the subject. He painted "The Infant Hercules Fighting with the Serpents," as an emblem of the Russian empire. He was at work upon this in 1786, and did not finish it till 1788.

It was in this year that he exhibited the beautiful portrait of Miss Penelope (pē nĕl′ō pē) Boothby, the sweet little girl in a mob-cap and mittens, whom we all know by the reproductions, and who was one of the most lovely of the many lovely children Reynolds painted. Gainsborough died this year; Reynolds had made advances toward becoming his friend, but the two men did not suit each other, and Gainsborough had been on bad terms with the Academy, if not with its president; on his death-bed, however, he sent for Sir Joshua, and the president paid him a noble tribute in the discourse upon him which he delivered that year.

On the 13th of July, 1789, in the note-book which contains the list of his sitters, is one of the usual entries, "10½ for Miss ——"; opposite to which is written, "Prevented, by my eye beginning to be obscured." Sir Joshua never painted again; he lost the sight of one eye in ten weeks. His life after this great affliction was not as dreary as might have been expected; he never seems to have become entirely blind: his friends loved him, and his niece, Miss Palmer, was constantly with him.

In 1790, Sir Joshua had his only quarrel with the

Academy. He had been very desirous to appoint an Italian, named Boromi (bō rō′ mē), to the chair of Perspective; the majority of the academicians preferred Fuseli (fū′ zĕ lĭ), by a vote which Reynolds considered an insult to himself, and he resigned his position as president. The minority protested, and, finally, the academicians made something of an apology, and requested Reynolds to withdraw his resignation. He did this, attended the Academy assiduously, and delivered his fifteenth and last discourse there in December, 1790.

In October of the next year he began to feel great pain in his eyes, and wrote to resign the presidency. But the academicians insisted on retaining him. During December and January he sank gradually, and on the 23d of February he died. His funeral was a splendid one, and he was buried in St. Paul's.

CANOVA.

1757–1822.

ANTONIO CANOVA (än tō′nē ō kä nō′vä) was born in the village of Possagno (pōs sän′yō), among the hills of Asolo (ä sō′lō), at the foot of the Venetian Alps, on the first of November, 1757. His father and grandfather were stone-cutters, clever at their trade; their principal business was in making church ornaments. His father, Pietro (pē ā′trō) Canova, died when his son was a child; his mother was married again, and he remained in the care of his grandfather and grandmother, Pasino (pä sē′nō) and Caterina (kä tä rē′nä) Canova.

Pasino taught his grandson his own trade, so that he had the advantage of a very early familiarity with the more mechanical parts of stone-cutting. The boy was so fortunate as to attract the attention of Giovanni Falier (zhō vä′nē fä′lē âr), a Venetian senator, who had estates in the neighborhood. The story is, that Antonio astonished Falier by making a butter lion* for a great feast at his

* Cicognara (*chē kōn yä′ rä*) does not mention, in his biography, the well-known story of the *Butter Lion;* but a little children's book, called *Le Lion de Beurre* (*lĕh lē ōn′ dĕh bûr*) *de Canova*, was printed at Tours (*tōōr*) in 1866, which gives a very pretty account of what may have happened. The Venetian senator, Giovanni Falier, who lived near Canova's native village of Possagno, was, according to this account, about to give a great feast. The cook had forgotten to provide a proper center-piece for the table; it was to have been the Lion of Saint Mark, whose festival was celebrated on that day. Antonio Canova, then only a boy with very little instruction, offered to make one, and was shut up for the purpose, with some fresh butter and a little flour.

"Soon the guests of Giovanni Falier arrived. When he had brought them into the banqueting-hall, they all admired the fine arrangement of the repast; but what struck them especially, was a magnificent lion with wings displayed, raised on a column in the center of the table, and imitating, on a small scale, with a perfect regularity of proportions, the symbolical lion on the Piazza di San Marco (*pē ät′ sä dē sän mär′ kō*) of Venice."

castle. However Falier's interest was excited, it showed itself in hearty kindness; he placed Antonio with a Venetian sculptor named Torretto (tôr rĕt′tō), and assisted him during the first part of his life in Venice, where he soon went.

He did not learn a great deal from Torretto, but he did learn from a fine gallery of casts from the antique, to which he had access; he also studied in the Venetian Academy, where, as his Italian biographer says, "the new lights which were kindling had not yet penetrated." These new lights were the beginnings of the so-called classical revival of art. Winckelmann* (wĭnk′ĕl män) had produced, by his ardent enthusiasm for antiquity, a great change in the public taste. The modern Italian art was bad; and though there had been plenty of artists and

Falier is so delighted with the boy's cleverness that he immediately takes charge of his education.

* Johann Joachim (*yō hän′ yō′ ă kĭm*) Winckelmann was born in Brandenburg (*brän′ dĕn bōōrgh*), 1717. His father was a poor tradesman; his son suffered much in his youth. He became the assistant of his old blind school-master, and hungrily read what few books he could get; the old man wished him to study theology, but he fell in love with the Greek classics; the past seemed far more beautiful and real to him than the present, and he lived in Greece while he went up and down in Brandenburg. He entered the University of Halle (*häl′ lĕh*) to study theology, and instead "became the enthusiastic translator of Herodotus." His professors did not satisfy him. After a time he became a school-master, but he did not love the business; he took time for reading from his sleep, gave up all literature but that of the arts, and was much influenced by the writings of Voltaire (*nôl tĕr′*). He sought and found a situation in a fine library, where he had easy access to the collection of antiques at Dresden, which influenced him far more. He met the papal nuncio, who held out hopes of a home in Rome, if he would but become a Roman Catholic. Religious dogmas, called Christian, were very little to Winckelmann; yet it was not without a struggle that he consented to change his religion. Soon after, he went to Rome, where he made many friendships and lived happily, keeping constantly in view his "History of Ancient Art," which appeared in 1764. In 1768, he was making a visit in Germany, when he was seized with homesickness for Rome, and hastened back. He stopped for a few days at Trieste (*trē ĕst′*), where he was robbed and murdered by a fellow-traveler. His influence upon Goethe (*gû′ tĕh*) was great, though the two never met. The reader is referred to the article on Winckelmann in Pater's "Renaissance" (*rĕh nā sŏngs′*), from which the above account is condensed.

antiquaries who talked about the classical remains, and even had possessed deep learning about them, "no one had," as Madame de Staël (mä däm′ dĕh stäl) says, "no one had, if I may say so, made himself a pagan for the purpose of penetrating antiquity." This Winckelmann had done, — not that he offered incense to Apollo or flowers to Venus; but he had carried all his thoughts and feelings back to what seemed to him a clearer and purer day. He was one of the causes,—not the only cause,— of a great revolution in public taste, both literary and artistic. It had very strange results, which would probably have amazed its forerunner. It worked both good and evil, as such changes always do. On the art of sculpture, its effects had, at least, the advantage of removing something of the false and turgid taste of the followers of Bernini (bĕr nē′nē), their swelling draperies and empty gesticulations. Men who try to copy the antique may fail in originality, but are not likely to exaggerate or to commit shocking faults of taste.

When Canova entered the Venetian Academy he was dissatisfied with the doctrines he was taught there, and left it at the end of about a year, to try to find some better way for himself, more like the way followed by the ancients. He carved several figures in marble and soft stone; an Orpheus (ôr′fē ŭs), a Eurydice (ū rĭd′ĭ sē), a group of Dædalus (dĕd′ă lŭs) and Icarus (ĭk′ă rŭs), and two statues of Esculapius (ĕs kū lā′pĭ ŭs). His patron, Falier, continued to interest himself in him, and, being on intimate terms with the Venetian ambassador to the Pope, the Cavaliere Zulian (kä vä lē ā′rā dsoo̅l′ē än), he sent Antonio to Rome. He also obtained a small pension for him from his government.

Zulian, who had received him with great friendliness

in his own house, had him make a cast of his group of "Dædalus and Icarus," and showed it to a number of his artistic friends. They were all silent for some time, to the great embarrassment of the poor young artist; finally, Gawain (gä′wĭn) Hamilton, a Scotch artist and connoisseur (kŏn nĭs sêr′) living at Rome, addressed him with a real and affectionate interest, and begged him to unite something of the antique ideal to the fine and speaking imitation of Nature which he had made.

Canova, accordingly, gave himself up to the study of the antique; but, says his biographer, without giving up the constant study of Nature. His benefactor, Zulian, after a time, gave him a fine piece of marble, to try the result of his studies upon. He chose for his subject, "Theseus (thē′sĕ ŭs) and the Minotaur (mĭn′ō tạr)." It was made in the palace of the ambassador himself. When it was finished, Zulian again assembled his artistic and learned friends, and showed them the cast of the head of the Theseus, without telling them what it was. They disagreed about its significance; but they all agreed that it was a piece of Greek sculpture, and the more learned ones were sure they had seen it, they could not recollect where. Then Zulian showed them the complete group; they were much delighted with it, and, says Cicognara, envy, as well as the Minotaur, were seen to be discomfited. The young artist was not yet twenty-five.

Before he had received his pension from Venice for three years, he received an order for the tomb of Clement XIV. At the same time he modeled a statue of Psyche (sī′kē) as a young girl; he modeled bass-reliefs as a recreation from heavier work.* More and

* These early successes appear to have brought him that patent of nobility from his old neighbors at Asolo, to which he refers in the following letter to Giuseppe (*joo sĕp′ pā*), son of his old friend, Giovanni Falier:

more orders came in, — groups of Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Adonis (ă dō′nĭs), a Hebe (hē′bē), a Penitent Magdalene (măg dă lēn′), monuments for distinguished men. In twenty years, says Cicognara, the sculptor had done more work than a laborious artist usually accomplishes in a long life. This is the more remarkable, he goes on to say, because at that time the sculptor's art was a much slower one than it is at present; the operation called pointing, which enables a mechanical copy to be made from a clay or plaster statue, was invented by Canova; before that time, the sculptor was often obliged to do the rough work on his own statue. And while Canova was young and poor, he injured himself very much by over-exerting himself at this heavy work; in fact, he used the instrument called the *trepan* (trē păn′) so much, leaning against it as he worked, that he made a depression in his chest, which predisposed him to the illness which was to end his life.

The Senator Rezzonico (rĕt sō nē′kō) took him away from his over-work for a journey through Germany, in 1799. This was of great benefit to him, and probably made him more capable of accomplishing the labors of his later life.*

"Here the Asolo people have been putting the *dog collar* (the patent of nobility) on the Faliers' dog. Will he be worth any more on this account? Why, yes; for a *dog-collar* is always worth something. In the inclosed letter, which I beg your Excellency to forward, after reading, you will find another for the noble Prorveditori and Council of Asolo. I hope that your Excellency will be pleased with what I have said, and if you are not, you will certainly excuse me, considering how unfit for such things a man is who passes nearly all his life among statues, who never require or pay compliments. I beg you to present my humble respects and reverence to your most excellent parents and brothers, and never to forget that I am, with and without the *dog-collar*, with the most tender, respectful attachment,

"Rome, June, 1789. ——."

He became, much later, Marquis of Ischia (ĭs′kē ä).

* Before this time, he had been asked to go to Russia, to make a statue of the Empress Catherine. He declined this invitation, and explains his reasons in a letter to Giuseppe Falier:

From 1792 to 1799, Canova took pleasure in painting; he executed twenty-two pictures, we are told, great and small. One was for his own village church at Possagno; he retouched it in 1821, but this was the only painting he did in the new century. His work seems to have been that of a colorist; he remembered affectionately the great Venetian masters, and sometimes deceived his Roman friends by some fine and simple head which they believed to be by an old Venetian. He was a man of regular and uniform habits. He always rose early, and began the day by drawing or modeling, afterward going to work upon the marble. His food was simple; he was accustomed to take some little rest after eating, and his friends were especially careful, at his meals, not to introduce grave or artistic topics, so easy was it to affect his nerves. He did not go much into society, doing so only early in the evening; he had extremely polite manners, without affectation.

He did not like to receive pupils in his studio; this seems to have been on account of his extreme delicacy of feeling, for he used to say that any thing good in their works would very likely be attributed to him, so that the artists would not have the credit they deserved for their own work. Whenever he noticed a remarkably

"You certainly must have believed that I was married, and had a family, if you thought I was mistaken in declining the invitation which was sent me to the Court of Russia. In my opinion, my having been invited there was as much of an honor as if I had been there. I do not see how I need to better my condition, while I do not wish to live with more luxury than I do, or to work less, free and far from the endless intrigues which being at a Court would bring upon me. Oh Heavens! perhaps your Excellency does not know what a Court is? What sort of a place is it for any one who wishes to live to himself, and do what he likes, and hear the truth? I am a poor man, but I need little, so I do not fear finding myself unprepared for whatever may happen to me. As for a wife, I hope not to marry one, or at least, if I had to do it, I would have one old enough to be able to live quietly always and attend to my art, which I love so much, and which exacts the whole of a man, without the loss of a moment."

clever young artist, or if one of the workmen he employed showed unusual ability, he would advise him to take a studio of his own, and then procure him work and commissions, sometimes at his own expense. "At any moment, when he was requested, he used to put down his own work to look at the studies of whatever artist asked him for advice; and he did it with so much discretion, that no one's pride was ever humiliated by it, but, on the contrary, always received impulse and encouragement."

He took great pains in cultivating his mind; he read, and more frequently caused to be read to him while he worked, all the best Italian, Greek, and Latin classics, more particularly Tacitus (tăs′ĭ tŭs) and Polybius (pō lĭb′-ĭ ŭs).* His style in writing was unaffected and good; his letters gained in elegance as his taste grew more refined.

His mind worked rapidly and easily in composing his works. He would first make a few lines on paper, then various little sketches in chalk or wax, till he had satis-

* The following letter to the Abate Cesarotti (*ī bā′ tā chā sĭ ŋōt′ē*), shows his interest in reading:

"What will you say to my troubling you with this letter? But you will pardon me, I am sure, when you know that it is my heart which really forces me to do it, in spite of the repugnance I have to writing. Your Homer, and your Notes, call from me the expression of the warmest gratitude; your poems captivate me with their sublimity; your Notes confirm me more and more in braving prejudices, and in only esteeming those things which really and reasonably are estimable. You will tell me that it is impossible that a man who has to work all day like a brute, should be able to read your works. It is true that I do work all day like a brute, but it is true, on the other hand, that almost all day I listen to reading, and in that way I have now heard for the third time all the eight volumes on Homer, which are to me, as it were, a Sacrament of Confirmation against prejudice. You know very well, that when great men have ideas which further those of a little man, the little man takes courage. I do not wish to waste your precious moments longer; let it suffice me to say, that I hope you will believe that my soul can not help being near you often, or making you the subject of its discourse as often as possible. And full of real admiration and respect, I do myself the honor of calling myself [CANOVA.]

"ROME, Feb. 8th, 1794."

fied himself with his conception, and finally a large model. He always took criticism good-naturedly; when friends wanted him to reply to some attacks in a German pamphlet, he told them that it was, indeed, his part to reply, but only by doing better work with his sculptor's tools. He listened with attention to all sorts of remarks on his work, even from stupid people; and sometimes he even retouched his statues because he had found something good in such corrections. He was often amused when his injudicious admirers found all sorts of ingenious and occult meanings in his works; he used to smile, and say that he had never dreamed of what they had attributed to him.

"The sympathies of love," says Cicognara, "were felt by him more than once, with all the intensity of which a noble soul is capable; he himself admitted that he had felt the force of that sensation to an extraordinary extent when he was only five years old, of which he had the clearest recollection." He did think, at two different times,* of marrying, presumably at a more advanced age; but he feared that it might be a drawback to his pursuit of art. He led a very pure life, and up to the end of his life he was a devoted and tender friend.

Fortunately for him, the unsettled times in which he

* The following extract from a letter of Canova's gives some account of the lady whom he thought of marrying on the second of these occasions. "This Spanish lady," says Cicognara, "to an infinite cultivation of mind united a golden character."

"* * * * * And I envy you the dear companionship of Alessandri (*ä lĕs sän' drē*), of Niccolini (*nēk ō lē' nē*), and especially of *Mimette* (*mēn ĕt' tā*) [the lady in question]. Oh, why did I not know it in time, for I would have begged you to study and penetrate into the most intimate recesses of that spirit of Paradise! You, who are so passionately attached to beautiful and virtuous creatures, would have been touched and astonished at obtaining an inner knowledge of the virtues and the adorable qualities of the heart, of that dearest friend of ours. I swear to you, that I have not found her equal * * * * there is not in the world a matron who surpasses her in really angelic candor and goodness."

lived, instead of interrupting his work, gave him further opportunities of distinguishing himself. He went to Paris in 1802, where he modeled the colossal statue of Napoleon; he went there again in 1810, to model a statue of Maria Louisa (mä rē′ä lo͞o ē′sä), in the character of "Concord." Beside these two journeys, he made one to Vienna, where he made a beautiful monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina (krĭs tē′nä). His work was so admired at the Austrian court that he was induced to send the Emperor his group of "Theseus and the Minotaur." During his stay at Paris, he had many conversations with Napoleon, which have been reported, and where he is supposed to have shown neither fear nor favor for the great Emperor.

He had a particular affection for delicate feminine beauty, and used to be called the Sculptor of Venus and the Graces; but he distinguished himself also in the male figure, and the various tombs he designed, with their figures of mourners, certainly have great dignity and beauty. We may mention particularly the monument of Cardinal Stuart, the last of his unfortunate family. Canova was a skillful anatomist, but never paraded his knowledge. He is frequently accused of an affectation of softness, and to a modern observer the accusation appears to have some justice; but we must remember that his subjects were frequently of too light and gay a class for a very solemn mode of rendering. He is also reproached for over-finish of surface, and for using mechanical means to bring this about; he was, in fact, extremely particular about texture, but seldom used, says his biographer, any other artifice than washing his statues with *acqua di rota* (äk wä′ dē rō′tä), after polishing them with the utmost care.

He was exceedingly benevolent, and gave away what he gained, in sums regularly assigned to the foundation of the Roman Academy of Archæology, to keeping up monthly pensions for art students, to annual prizes for the more clever among them, to the Academy of St. Luke for buying artistic books, to the Academy de' Lincei (lēn'sā ē) to assist it in its scarcity of resources, and to an annual gift to poor artists, or to their families. All these good deeds were done with the greatest modesty, but with so much good-will that it was sometimes difficult to restrain him from doing unwise things.

In 1811, a very hard year for art in Rome, the Pope being away and few strangers there, there was much suffering among the artists; Canova was of the greatest assistance to the young art-students, whose condition he considered especially pitiable; and he had his works drawn and engraved, not for his own profit, but so as to give work to a number of artists.

His last journey to Paris was a special mission from the Pope; he was sent to ask the assembled powers to give back the works of art which Napoleon had carried off from Rome. He negotiated with great courage and success, and his return was a real triumph.* This year,

* This extract from a letter, written in Paris, gives some view of the difficulties of his mission:

"If you could know the hundredth part of the annoyances and fatigues I have suffered these last days, since I first arrived in Paris, you would have considered such a delay [in writing] excusable. I will not be long in telling you the history of my mission; I will only tell you that it has been successful. And it really would have been scandalous, if all of them had got back their objects of art, and Rome alone had been excluded from such a number. So I am authorized by the Allied Powers to take back the greater and better part of our *chef d'œuvres* (*shā deuvr'*) of painting and sculpture. I say the greater and better part, because I am obliged to leave some of them here, making my own selection, however. I have the comfort of telling you, that our Venetian pictures have been got back, and are already being packed up for Italy. The famous Supper of Paolo (*pä ō' lō*) [Veronese] remains here. You will hear it said that H. M. the

he planned making at his own expense a colossal statue of Religion, as a memorial of the Pope's return to Rome. It was to be his gift to the Church he loved. But, unfortunately, the design met with obstacles; no place was assigned for it; and, after wearisome delays, it was executed for an English lord.

He was anxious to spend for some religious purpose the money he had meant for this gift; and he decided to build a great church in his native town, which was to be embellished with his works, and might enrich the inhabitants by attracting strangers there. He laid the first stone in 1819, on the 11th of July. But the building cost eight times as much as his statue would have cost; so that he found himself obliged to constantly undertake new labors in order to meet the expenses it gave him.

His work is thought to have improved at this period of his life, through his seeing the Elgin marbles in the British Museum.

Emperor of Austria wanted to know my opinion on this point, to confirm the reasons which were brought forward for its being left here, and making an exchange; which were, in substance, that it was necessary to cut the canvas in pieces, as it could not otherwise be moved without certain ruin. I had nothing to do with it, for the thing was settled before I was told about it. The four Horses [from St. Mark's] have been taken off the Arch [of Triumph], and are going back to Venice. The Emperor told me, that he wished to have them placed where I thought best; and I replied, that they would go very well beside the entrance of the Ducal Palace, two on each side, opposite San Giorgio (*sän jôr'jō*). * * * * The *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture are in my hands, in an Austrian barrack, and are being packed with the best pictures which I could recover belonging to Rome and to the State, without having a precise list, which was necessary, and which I am expecting from Rome every moment. If any thing is left behind or lost, the fault is not mine; it is the fault of the person who sent me without a hope of success, and without a single note of what was to be reclaimed. However, the best part has been taken [back]; and all by force of the Prussian, Austrian, and English bayonets; for these three powers, particularly, are protecting us, and England pays the expenses of transporting them from Paris to Rome. A fine thing!"

[This letter, and those which precede it, are translated from a collection of Canova's correspondence, published with his memoir, by the Cavaliere Cicognara, at Venice, 1823. The authority for our biography is mainly this memoir.]

In 1821, after having inspected the progress of the Possagno church, and made some modifications in its design, he went back to Rome and modeled his group, called the "Pieta" (pē ā′tä), or "Virgin Weeping over the Dead Saviour." This was one of his finest works. He went to Naples in 1822, to see about the casting of a colossal statue, and in September he went again to Possagno. He traveled, as was his custom, too fast; he arrived a sick man, but did not go to bed, and hoped that the climate and the Recoaro (rā kō ä′rō) water would do him good; he went on to Venice, and became extremely ill. He received with great calmness the doctor's announcement that he must put his affairs in order, and spoke with the greatest sweetness to the friends who surrounded him. They were offering some restoratives,—"Give me them," he said, "that so I may prolong the pleasure of staying with you." His last words, repeated many times, were "Fair and pure spirit"; after which his face, which had been radiant for some time, astonished his friends by its expression. He died without a struggle, at sixty-five years of age.

THORWALDSEN.

1770-1844.

BERTEL* THORWALDSEN (bĕr tĕl′ tōr′väl zĕn) was born in Copenhagen (kō pĕn hā′gĕn), November 19, 1770. His father, Gottskalk (gōts′kälk) Thorwaldsen, was a poor wood-carver; he made figure-heads for merchant vessels. Bertel used to help his father at his trade,† and early showed an unusual talent for sculpture. His father sent him, at eleven years of age, to the free school of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts; and he made so much

* Bertel is said by M. Plon (*mō seer′ plŏng*) to be the Danish form of Bartholomew. The Italians changed it to Alberto. Thorwaldsen was never very particular about orthography, and used to sign himself so, and all his acquaintances in Rome knew him by this name.

† See Andersen's charming account of Bertel in his story of "What the Moon Saw." The child was very pretty and attractive. "The King's New Market" was the favorite playing ground for the town boys. Near the equestrian statue a sentry-box was placed, which was only occupied during the night. This proved an immense source of attraction to the boys. The game consisted in one of their number getting inside, while the others spun it round as fast as possible, and though the guard were constantly on the alert, and were kept pretty well employed the most of the day in chasing the boys away,—which of course enhanced their fun in no small degree,—somehow or other they always managed to escape, shouting and howling as they ran off, and returning the moment the soldiers were out of sight to the forbidden spot. One day it happened to be Bertel's turn to be swung round; when the soldiers approached as usual, the other boys scampered off, leaving him still spinning round and unable to get out. He was pounced on by the guard and led off in triumph, a prisoner, to the guard-house.—*Thiele's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

Another time his mischievous companions, surprising him in contemplation before the statue, which represents Christian V. trampling under the feet of his horse a monster called Envy, hoisted Bertel up on the horse, partly by force and partly with the boy's consent. Off they ran and left the poor, bewildered child, who kept as still as the royal cavalier himself; and a comical spectacle it must have been to see him, in his red cotton cap, mounted in such illustrious company. But the gens d'armes (*zhŏn d'ärm′*), passing that way, hastened to carry their little victim off to the police station.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen, translated by I. M. Luyster.*

progress in two years that he was soon able to be of great use to Gottskalk in his business. After six years at the Charlottenburg (shär lŏt′ ten bo͝org) school, he took his first prize—the small silver medal. Great as were his artistic abilities, he was considered as a stupid boy in other respects, and probably was so. It was only as an artist that he grew quickly.

His prize made him work harder than ever. Two years later, in 1789, he gained the large silver medal, for a bass-relief called "Love in Repose." His father now concluded that his son had learned enough to devote himself to his own profession, which was what he had always intended him to do. But the painter, Abildgaard (ä′ bĭld-gord), begged his father to let him continue his studies; and it was finally agreed that Bertel's time should be divided into two portions—one of work with his father, the other of serious study. Bertel himself appears to have made no objections to his father's plans, but it is probable that he was much better pleased with the final arrangement. Several works remain which he and his father executed together at this time. He was also beginning to make sketches in relief and to carve figures in stone. He usually worked from the designs of other artists.

The next school-honor for which he competed was the small gold medal. The competition was much dreaded, and while Thorwaldsen was going through the preliminary part of it, the competition for composition, he was so discouraged that he left his workroom, came down stairs, and was just about to leave the building. But he met one of his friends among the professors, who persuaded him to go back to his work; he made a beautiful sketch in four hours, and in the course of two months gained the medal. Two years later, he gained the great

gold medal, which was to allow him a pension for three years abroad. He was not able to take advantage of it at once, and remained for some time in Copenhagen. The Academy gave him some assistance, and he found work to do in illustrating, teaching drawing and modeling, drawing portraits, and making bass-reliefs.

At last, on the 20th of May, 1796, Thorwaldsen set sail for Naples on the Thetis. The captain, Herr Fisher, was kind to the young fellow during his long voyage, but considered him very lazy, as he cared to do nothing but sleep, eat, and play with his big dog, Hector, refusing the offers he received of being taught Italian. "But," says Captain Fisher, "everybody likes him because he is such a good fellow."* He left the frigate at Malta and went to Naples, where he fell ill. When he had somewhat recovered, he went to Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797.

In after life, he always considered this date a period of the greatest importance. He did not, however, become all at once the man he was to be. He was so much impressed by the great works he saw that he remained for some time in a sort of stupor.

* From Malta he writes: "I jump on shore, the captain shows me my lodgings, which will do very well. * * * I go to bed, and at last to sleep; my host comes to wake me—me and Hector, my dog, who embraces me affectionately. I leave the house to go on board the Spemorara (*spĕm ō rä' rä*), then back to my lodgings; on the way, Hector plays his pranks, chases the goats, which jump and caper. He trips up a little girl carrying a baby, but does no harm. Then he knocks over a little boy; everybody laughs."

The captain of the Thetis did not approve of the idleness of his young charge. He writes his wife from Malta: "Thorwaldsen is still here, but looking out at last for an opportunity to go to Rome. God knows what will become of him. He is so lazy he has no wish to write himself, and while on board he would not learn a word of Italian, though the chaplain and I both offered to teach him. He has a big dog whom he has christened Hector. He sleeps late in the morning, and thinks only about his own comforts and eating. But everybody likes him because he is such a good fellow."—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

He had received letters to Zoega* (zō ā′ gä), a countryman of his, who was a learned archæologist. He became a sincere friend to the young man. He was shocked by his utter ignorance of every thing beside art; but he was not deterred from being of great use to Bertel in giving him frank criticism and judicious encouragement.

At last, as Thorwaldsen said, "the snow that he had in his eyes began to melt away." He made a great number of copies from the antique, and did some original work. He found difficulty in living at Rome, as his pension was a very small one. The political difficulties between France and the Pope, from 1797 to the Concordat in 1801, made it difficult for him to earn any thing. Besides, he suffered frequently from malarial fever, which recurred all his life.

After staying nearly three years in Rome, he began the first model for his first important statue, the "Jason" (jā′ sŏn). It did not excite much interest, and he finally destroyed the model and began again. His pension was renewed by the Academy for three more years; a Danish lady advanced the money to cast his statue in plaster, and as soon as it was seen it made a great sensation, though the name of the artist was scarcely

* Bishop Munter had furnished him with letters to the learned archæologist, Zoega, who soon became attached to the young artist, without being blind to what was wanting in him. He writes from Genzano (*zhŏn zä′ nō*): "Our countryman, Thorwaldsen, has come to pass a week with us and see the curiosities of the neighborhood. He is an excellent artist, with a great deal of taste and sentiment, but ignorant of every thing outside of art. By the bye, the Academy shows very little judgment in sending such ignorant young fellows to Italy, where they must necessarily lose a great deal of time in acquiring that knowledge, without which they are unable to profit by their stay here, and which could have been acquired more easily and rapidly before coming. Without knowing a word of Italian or French, without the slightest acquaintance with history and mythology, how is it possible for an artist to properly pursue his studies here? I do not require him to be learned, but he should have some faint idea of the names and meanings of the things he sees."—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

known. Canova (kä nō′vä) said, "This work of that Danish youth is made in a new and grand style." And his critical friend, Zoega, was really pleased with it.

Nobody gave Thorwaldsen any more orders for this success, however. He had no more money left, his pension had come to an end, and he decided that he must leave Rome. His trunks were packed, and piled upon the carriage, when some trouble about passports obliged him to remain another day. In a few hours, the English banker, Mr. Thomas Hope, came into the studio, was struck by the "Jason," and asked how much it would cost to put it into marble. "Six hundred sequins," said the sculptor, and the bargain was agreed upon, Mr. Hope promising to increase the sum if he were satisfied with the statue. This was the beginning of constant good fortune as far as money went.

He was very unfortunate at this time, however, in forming a connection which was to have a long and hurtful influence upon his life. He had met at Zoega's country-house a beautiful Italian girl, called Anna Maria (mä rē′ä) Magnani (män yän′ē). They fell in love with each other, but she was a woman without principles or heart; she readily deserted Thorwaldsen for a richer admirer, whom she married and deserted in his turn, obliging Thorwaldsen to support her. Her jealous temper made his home very unhappy.

The friendship of the Baron von Schubart (fŏn shōō′bärt), the Danish ambassador, and of William von Humboldt (fŏn hōōm′bōlt), introduced him to excellent society, and put him in the way of receiving many orders. He made a delightful journey to Naples and to Montenero (mōng-tā nā′rō) in 1804, returning by Genoa (jĕn′ō ä). This year he received from Florence the diploma of professor in its

Academy. In 1805, he produced his first important bass-relief, the "Abduction of Briseis (brī sē′ĭs)," in which many persons thought he had surpassed Canova.

He now became more and more popular, and received more and more commissions. The "Briseis" bass-relief, and the beautiful group of "Cupid and Psyche (sī′kē)," are supposed to mark the full development of his talent. He received many visitors, and liked to go into society. It was at this time that he began his regular correspondence with that Prince Ludwig (lo͝od′vĭg) of Bavaria, who afterward became king, and who was such an enthusiastic patron of art. Thorwaldsen was of great use to him in his purchases of antiques for the Glyptothek (glĭp tō tāk′) at Munich.

In 1808, he modeled his statue of "Adonis." That year he was made honorary member of the Roman Academy of Saint Luke, and his diploma bass-relief was that well-known work called "A Genio (jĕn′ē ō) Lumen," representing a woman preparing to draw, and waiting for genius to fill her lamp. His increasing fame made his countrymen very proud of him, and he received a friendly and pressing letter from the Prince of Denmark, entreating him to return home. But he was detained in Rome by an important commission.

The Quirinal (kwĭ rī′năl) Palace was to be splendidly ornamented in preparation for a visit from Napoleon. Thorwaldsen was asked to compose a frieze for one of the halls; he chose for his subject "Alexander Entering Babylon." He executed it very rapidly; it was finished in June, 1812, and was considered a great success.

In 1813, he had another attack of fever; he was urged by his friend, the Baron von Schubart, to go with him to the Baths of Lucca (lo͝ok′kä), and his stay there was of great advantage to him. It was not long after this journey

that he modeled his two celebrated bass-reliefs, "Night" and "Morning."

In 1816, he finished his "Venus;"* while working upon this statue, he restored the Aegina (ē jī′ nȧ) marbles, a work which required a thorough knowledge of Greek Art, and which was admirably executed. His bust of Lord Byron† belongs to the same period. He was so unfortunate as to fall in love once more, or, rather, twice more, at this time; but neither affair ended in any thing serious as far as he was concerned. One of these attachments was to a well-educated Scotch woman,‡ the other

* The "Venus" has been often reproduced. The first three copies, in marble, were exposed to great risks before reaching their destination in England. The left arm of the one intended for the Duchess of Devonshire was broken when the vessel was unloading; this break was concealed, by means of a gold bracelet. This same statue was also broken at both ankles, and to conceal the breaks anklets have been placed on them. This copy is at Chatsworth. The vessel which carried that belonging to Lord Lucan (*lū′ kan*) was wrecked upon the coast of England. But "Venus" rose again from the waters. She was uninjured. The third statue, impatiently expected by its owner, Mr. Labouchere (*lā bōō shêr′*), safely arrived in port. The powerful crane was just lifting it from the vessel, when the rope broke, and the heavy box slid through the hatchways and fell to the bottom of the hold. The cargo, fortunately, was wheat; the Goddess fell lightly and was preserved. Ceres (*sē′ rēz*) had saved Venus.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

† "It was in Rome," says Thorwaldsen (1814), "that I made the bust of Lord Byron. When this nobleman came to sit to me in my atelier (*ȧt lē ā′*), he took a seat opposite me, and put on directly a strange expression entirely different from his natural one. 'My Lord,' said I to him, 'please keep perfectly still; and I beg of you do not look so disconsolate.' 'It is my natural expression,' replied Byron. 'Really!' I said, and without paying attention to this affectation, I began to work in my own way. When the bust was finished, everybody thought it a striking likeness, but my lord was dissatisfied. 'This face is not mine,' he said, 'I look far more unhappy than that,' for he was obstinately bent on looking miserable."—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

‡ In the spring of 1818, Thorwaldsen, in an excursion to Tivoli (*tē′ vo lē*) with some friends, caught a violent cold, accompanied by fever, from viewing the falls at night. He was so ill he was obliged to remain at Tivoli, and keep his bed. Growing worse, he was taken to Albano (*ȧl bā′ nō*), where it was expected he would quickly rally; but the artist had not patience to remain quiet, and insisted on returning to Rome in so weak a condition that he had a return of one of his old attacks of depression. Miss Mackenzie, deeply concerned at his dangerous condition, offered, if he went back to Albano, to go with her aunt to Genzano, which is in the neighborhood. Thorwaldsen followed the two ladies, who visited him

to a beautiful and ardent Viennese (vē ĕn ēs′). They caused considerable perplexity to Thorwaldsen, who appears to have been a man with the faults and virtues of a child; and they hastened him in leaving Italy for a visit to Denmark. He left Rome July 14, 1819.

On his way home he stopped in Lucerne (lo͝o sĕrn′) to make arrangements for the monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards who died in the defense of the Tuileries (twē′lĕr ĭz) on the 10th of August, 1792. One of the officers, who had escaped, had retired to Lucerne, and had the idea of erecting a monument in his garden to his companions in arms. There was a great subscription for the purpose throughout Switzerland, and Thorwaldsen was asked to execute the monument. The conception is one of his noblest; nothing could be finer than the dying lion, protecting the French escutcheon till the last. One of his pupils began the work from the sketch, and Thorwaldsen finished it; the plaster was sent to Lucerne, where it had been intended to cast it in bronze; instead, it was decided, apparently on Thorwaldsen's advice, to cut it out of the solid rock; and there it stands, one of the finest and most fortunately placed monuments in Europe.

After traveling through many German cities, he arrived in Copenhagen and went at once to the Academy, where he was to live. The first person he saw there was the old janitor, who had been a model in Bertel's student days. He was much overcome by this meeting, and embraced the old man. He was warmly welcomed by all sorts of people; a great banquet was given him at the Academy;

frequently, and who even came to live at Albano to give him the care his health required. Such affectionate attention, together with the pure air, produced a happy change; and Miss Mackenzie's joy at this result, together with his tender gratitude, and the influences of spring in beautiful Italy, created a close bond between them.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

he was made Counselor of State, so as to be invited to dine with the King; he received commissions from the royal family and was consulted about public artistic works. The Cathedral, or Frue Kirke (frōō′ĕ kēr′kĕ) [Our Lady's Church] had just been rebuilt, and Thorwaldsen planned for it a great series of sculptural decoration which was to embrace nearly all his works on religious subjects. He executed the groups of the "Preaching of St. John" and the "Christ and the Apostles" during his stay at Copenhagen.

He left it in August, 1820. On his way back to Rome he went to Warsaw, where he had some negotiations pending about work; and here he met the Emperor Alexander of Russia. The Emperor willingly consented to allow Thorwaldsen to make his bust, and finding that the artist was embarrassed by his stiff, military coat, he at once uncovered not only his throat, but his chest. Thorwaldsen was recommended by him to the Emperor Francis of Austria, whom he met at Troppau (trŏp′pau), where the Congress of Powers was sitting. While the sculptor was in Vienna, he heard that the floor of one of his studios in Rome had broken down; but, fortunately, little of his work was injured. This news, however, decided him to go back to Rome at once. Not long after his return there, he became intimate with Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, with whom he had long kept up a correspondence.*

* The King of Bavaria (then Prince Louis or Ludwig), writes thus to Thorwaldsen, after a farewell banquet given in his honor by the sculptor:

"*Herr Counselor of State,*—

"No, not that,—Dear, good, and great Thorwaldsen!—Kings are indeed powerless to bestow what is signified by that name. Long after military glory has ceased its din, the name of the great artist still lives, pure, sublime, blessed of Heaven, and his immortal works forever engender others. My last hours in Rome were made pleasant by the banquet kindly given me by my excellent Thorwaldsen. But to say good-bye was all the more painful. Adieu, till we meet again.

"Louis, Prince Royal, who sets great store by his Thorwaldsen."

—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

He was an interesting man, and entirely devoted to the arts; it is to him that Munich owes its newer galleries of painting and sculpture.

Thorwaldsen gave much thought, after his return from Copenhagen, to his great plans for church decoration. He never could have carried on so much work at the same time had it not been for the pupils he employed, for he was also occupied with some of the orders he had received in Poland. In 1822, when he was at the height of his fame, he was accidentally wounded by a pistol-ball, but the injury was a very slight one.

He was much pleased at receiving a commission from Cardinal Consalvi (kōn säl′vē) for a tomb, to be erected in St. Peters, to the memory of Pius VII., for whom Consalvi had a great affection. Thorwaldsen, who was no Catholic, though not a very devout Protestant, was justly proud of being chosen for this work. Before it was finished, he was asked to design a tomb for Consalvi himself; other interruptions occurred, caused by the difficulties in the arrangement of the composition, and by the immense amount of other work which the sculptor had on hand. Then it was discovered that a wrong estimate had been made of the length of the mausoleum; and it was seven years after Cardinal Consalvi had given the commission that the tomb was finally erected, in 1831.

Thorwaldsen was so evidently the first sculptor in Rome, that he was elected President of the Academy of St. Luke, while the monument was in progress, though here also his Protestantism counted against him.* In

* The honorable post of President of the Academy of St. Luke was to be filled by some sculptor. Thorwaldsen's superiority made him the proper person to take the chair, and his enemies, who had no strong candidate to oppose to him,

this position he was the object of so much jealousy, that he was delighted to lay it down at the end of his term of office. He was elected Vice-President of the Department of Sculpture; but he never could be induced to attend any more sittings of the Academy.

In 1830, he made another journey; he went to Munich to attend to the erection of his monument to Prince Eugene Beauharnais (ū zhān′ bō är nā′). On his return to Rome he found considerable excitement in the city; as soon as the French ambassador heard of the French Revolution, he had left the city and gone to Naples, and Horace Vernet (vĕr nā′), the director of the French Academy, had become the only representative of France in Rome. There was a great deal of feeling against the French, and though they were more specially threatened, all strangers in Rome were uneasy, and Thorwaldsen, who was of a peaceful temper, much disliked this state of things, and thought of leaving Rome. The excitement subsided, however, and Thorwaldsen's life became rather a gay one; he saw a great deal of the Vernets, who gave delightful parties

were in a quandary. His friends declared that it would be a disgrace to the Academy to nominate any one but him, while his opponents replied that it would be a positive scandal to invest with such functions an artist who was not a Catholic. Thorwaldsen made merry with his friends over the embarrassment of the opposition. But there was a difficulty in the case, which even to his partisans looked serious. The President of the Academy, in the discharge of his duties, was, on certain solemn occasions, obliged to be present in his official character at the ceremonies of the Church, and the question now arose whether the pontifical government would be pleased that a Protestant artist should, in such cases, be called upon to represent the Academy. It was thought prudent to submit the matter to the Holy Father. "Is there any doubt that he is the greatest sculptor we have now in Rome?" asked Leo XII. "The fact is incontestable," was the reply. "Then there can be no hesitation, and he must be made President. Only, there are times when he will see the propriety of being indisposed." The words of the Sovereign Pontiff removed all scruples. December 16, 1825, Thorwaldsen was elected President of the Academy of St. Luke by a majority of votes, for the usual term of three years. The decoration *pro merito* belonging to this title was sent him.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

at the French Academy, not far from the sculptor's own studio. He was exceedingly fond of Vernet*, and thought more seriously of leaving Rome after his friend had left it. They made portraits of each other, and were always friends.

Before Vernet departed, Thorwaldsen had finished many important works, as well as his beautiful series of the "Exploits of Love." He made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott in 1831; but, with great good-will on both sides, it could not go far, as they had no common language.†

In 1837, he left Rome; but as the cholera was raging there, he and his companions were sent back by the inhabitants of the surrounding towns; he did not succeed in getting away till 1838, when he sailed from

* The two masters, Thorwaldsen and Vernet, who met every evening in society, often visited each other, also, in their ateliers. Mendelssohn (*měn' dĕl sōn*) saw them constantly. He thus described the painter's studio: "Among alleys of evergreen, now in blossom, exhaling a delicious perfume, in the midst of the shrubbery of the Medici (*měd' ĕ chē*) garden, is a small house, from which invariably issues some noise which can be heard from afar,—shouting or quarreling, or maybe an air played on the trumpet, or the barking of dogs,—that is the studio. The most admirable disorder reigns throughout. Guns, a hunting horn, a monkey, palettes, a brace of dead hares or rabbits—every-where pictures finished or half finished."

Thorwaldsen lived in Rome, in the Plazzo Fomati (*plăt' zō fō măt' tē*), on the Pincian (*pēn' chē ăn*) Hill. When you knocked at the door, the great sculptor opened it himself. The furniture was simple, but a multitude of fine paintings ornamented the walls.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

† In 1831, Thorwaldsen received a visit from Sir Walter Scott. It is reputed of this celebrated novelist, that he did not manifest much interest in works of art while in Rome; at all events, he desired to be presented to the sculptor. Walter Scott, well versed as he was in the tongues of the North, could only speak his own; as to Thorwaldsen, it was impossible for him to follow a conversation in English. These two illustrious men accosted each other with touching cordiality, but their conversation was fragmentary, consisting of interjections and monosyllables, and such words as: conoscenza -charmé—plaisir—happy—connaissance -piacere—delighted—heureux. Very concise language, but the two new friends were so pleased, that they seemed to understand each other wonderfully. They shook hands with the greatest friendliness, they clapped each other on the shoulder, and when they parted, followed each other with their eyes, making all the time the most demonstrative gestures.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

Leghorn in a government frigate which the King of Denmark had put at his disposal.

The welcome with which he was received at Copenhagen was one of the most enthusiastic and hearty ever given, and one of the most elaborate. Splendid festivities were held for him, and afterward he was besieged by visitors. After some time, he found that he could do no work if he remained in Copenhagen, and sought refuge in the family of Baron von Stampe (stäm′pĕ), at their estate of Nysoe, where a studio was now arranged for him.* After this, he divided his time between Nysoe and the city. He was much liked and admired, and retained to the last his simplicity of character.

He made one more journey to Rome, where he staid about a year. On his return to Copenhagen, he was received by the city council in the museum, which was to contain his works, which he had left to the nation. He continued working to the very end of his life; he had been occupied on a bust on the morning of the day he died. In the evening, he went to the theater, and was taken suddenly ill. He was hastily carried to his

* Christian VIII. was anxious to have a statue of his ancestor, Christian IV., a prince who had distinguished himself in the Thirty Years' War. Thorwaldsen readily consented to execute this statue, but, according to his custom, did not hurry himself. One evening, at a ball, the king begged the Baroness von Stampe to use her influence with the artist in his behalf. One day, when the sculptor had gone to walk, she took possession of the atelier, and began to model as well as she could a sketch in clay, intended to represent the monarch. Upon Thorwaldsen's return, he was astonished to find the baroness hard at work. "What are you about there?" he asked. "The statue of the king," replied the baroness. "Since I have pledged my word, and you will not do it, I must do it myself." The artist laughed heartily, and began to criticise her work. "Do it better yourself, then," said the baroness, pretending to be piqued. Thorwaldsen could not help taking the clay to correct the proportions. When he had once begun, he finished the sketch, and afterward modeled the statue. It was cast in bronze, and is now in the little garden of the Rosenberg palace.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

own house, but he was already dead. It was such a death as he had most wished.*

* One year, precisely, before Thorwaldsen's death, the poet Andersen came to relate to him the news of a recent tragic occurrence. Admiral Wulff (*woolf*) was taken ill at the theater, was driven home, but upon arriving at his door, was found dead in the carriage by his driver. "Well," exclaimed the sculptor, "is not that an admirable way to die, and one to be envied?" Just a year from that time Andersen met the artist on the way to the theater. Thorwaldsen entered alone, and took his usual seat in the parquet. A lady, coming in afterward, was obliged to pass before him. In order to make room, he rose; and the lady, turning to thank him, saw him stooping down. "Have you lost any thing, sir?" she asked. Thorwaldsen did not reply. It was now seen that he was ill, and people ran to his assistance. He was carried in great haste to the Charlottenburg Palace, which adjoins the theater, and laid on his sofa. A physician hastened to open a vein, but no blood came. He had ceased to live.—*Plon's Life of Thorwaldsen.*

TURNER.

1775-1851.

JOSEPH MALLARD WILLIAM TURNER was born in London, on the 23d of April, in the year 1775. He was to become the most celebrated of English landscapists,—a man for whose genius it is as hard to account, as it is to find any direct influence of his on other painters. He was also a man of two natures,—of a high and glorious artistic personality, acutely sensitive to new forms of beauty, and at times of a low and degraded personality, not only tolerant of what is not morally beautiful, but taking pleasure in it. Strangely silent, reserved, and incapable of expressing himself in spoken or written language, he has had the advantage of a champion in the world of letters who has spoken for him with an eloquence which in our time has been one of the glories of English speech. No one who has read what Ruskin (rŭs′kin) has written of Turner, can ever see his pictures with an indifferent eye; and upon many and many readers of English, Turner unseen is a more powerful influence than he could be, seen in the place where he left his work and his fame to his country.

His father was a barber, a man of honesty, industry, and economy. His mother became insane toward the end of her life; their home can not have been a happy one.*

* Near the south-west corner of Covent (*kŏv′ent*) Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough

But the child was fortunate in having his talent early recognized by his father, who used to exhibit his draw-

under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860) with a row of bottles, connected in some defunct manner, with a brewer's shop. A more fashionable neighborhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoe-buckles and wigs; impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

"Bello ovile doi is dormii agrello" (Fair fold where I slept, a little lamb), of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings, deep-furrowed cabbage-leaves at the green-grocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift; who, such as they are, loves them never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of green-grocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Garden of the Hesperides (*hes pĕr′ ĭ dēz*); and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' (*tĕmz*) shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne (*lū sĕrn′*) Lake or Venetian (*vĕ nē′shan*) lagoon,—by Thames' shore we will die. * * *

He attaches himself with the faithfulest child-love to every thing that bears an image of the place he was born in. * * * Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure uglinesses which no one else of the same sensibility could have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity—any thing fishy or muddy like Billingsgate (*bĭl′ lingz gāt*) or Hungerford market, had great attractions for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog. * * *

The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved—understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew in good and evil, what both classes thought of and how they dealt with each other.

Reynolds (*rĕn′olz*) and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country boy's reverential theory of "the Squire," and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centers of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived the younger squire in other aspects

ings in the shop window, marked with low prices. The boy had a little schooling, which never taught him to write intelligible English, or even to spell, and he had a

about his lane. * * * He also saw the working of city commerce, from endless warehouses, towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane with its stale herrings—highly interesting these last; one of his father's best friends, whom he often afterward visited affectionately at Bristol, being a fish-monger and glue-boiler, which gives us a friendly turn of mind toward herring-fishing, whaling, Calais (*kā lā'*) poissardes (*pwa sārd'*), and many other of our choicest subjects in after life, all this being connected with that mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side,—and, on the other, with these masses of human power and national wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden here, with strange compression, and crush us into narrow Hand Court.

"That mysterious forest below London Bridge," better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring and clambering;—these the only beautiful things he can see in the world, except the sky; but there, when the sun is in their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships are also inhabited by glorious creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights over their castle parapets—the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London World. And Trafalgar (*trăf ăl gär'*), happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames, and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice in pensive farewell to the old Temeraire, and, with it, to all that order of things. * * *

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him, peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here, then, among these deserted vales. Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces;—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on unmeasurable hills. * * *

So taught, and prepared for his life's labor, sat the boy at last alone among his fair English hills; and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft, white clouds of heaven.—*Modern Painters.*

good deal of miscellaneous instruction from various drawing masters. He also studied for a while in the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he was apprenticed to an architect, who advised his entering the Royal Academy school. His entrance there was the beginning of a long and close connection with the Academy, which he loved all his life. When he first exhibited there, he was but twelve years old. While his education, such as it was, was in progress, the boy did not find it difficult to get artistic employment of more than one sort, which not only brought him in a little money, but was of some advantage to him as regarded theory and practice. He not only made drawings to sell, but colored prints for a dealer, washed in water-color backgrounds for an architect's drawings, and made drawings of his own, for half a crown and a supper, for Dr. Monro (mŭn rō′). He had the great advantage, in the last named occupation, of the society of a congenial friend of his own age. This was Thomas Girten (gûr′tĕn), a boy two years older than he, who seems to have possessed at least equal talent as a youth; he was already an accomplished water-colorist, and Turner had a great admiration for him. "Had Tom Girten lived, I should have starved," is one of his reputed sayings; and another, of a certain golden effect of Girten's which he much admired, "I never in my whole life could make a drawing like that; I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to make such a one." The evenings the two boys passed at Dr. Monro's were of great advantage to them; for not only was the master of the house a lover of art, but they seem to have had the opportunity of meeting Wilson, Gainsborough (gānz′b'ro), Paul Sandby (sănd′bĭ), Cozens (kŭz′ĕnz), and other landscapists there. Girten

died at twenty-seven years old, eleven years after his friendship with Turner is supposed to have begun. He may very fairly be reckoned among Turner's masters.

All these masters appear to have been encouraging to the young fellow, with the exception of his perspective teacher, who sent him back to his father as a hopeless pupil.* "But he learnt more," says Mr. Monkhouse (mŭnk′hows), "from the dead—from Claude (klawd) and Vandervelde (văn′dĕr vĕl dĕh), from Titian (tĭsh′ăn) and Cavaletto (käv ä lĕt′tō), from Cuyp (koip) and Wilson. * * * There is scarcely one of his predecessors or contemporaries of any character in water-color painting that he did not copy, whose style and method he did not study, and in part adopt." He seems to have studied, in fact, more from art than from nature, and to have early felt that spirit of rivalry which never relinquished him, of pitting himself against all sorts of artists, living and dead.

Most of this early work of his was in water-colors, the coloring sober, the technical power great. He was all his life a better and safer executant with water-colors than with oils.

As he grew older, he was a good deal employed in making topographical drawings; and, as he approached the age of twenty, he began upon that long series of sketching journeys which was to be the principal outward feature of his life. He had commissions for engravers' designs which sent him traveling over England, Wales, and the Isle of Wight (wīt). These journeys were of great advantage to him as a "good and thorough discipline in the study of nature." In the meantime he frequently exhibited in the Academy, and was early noticed as a man of promise.

* Turner subsequently became Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy, and was a painstaking but uninteresting teacher.

So far, we have had to tell the story of a life which, though arduous, was by no means wanting in encouragement or opportunity. One great misfortune, however, seems to have come to Turner in these early years,—an unfortunate love affair. It is said,—though the whole affair is involved in the mystery which Turner loved,—that he engaged himself to the sister of one of his old school-fellows,—that their letters were intercepted, that after waiting two years she accepted another man, and that on her old lover's re-appearance she considered herself too far bound in honor to the new one to break off her engagement. There are improbabilities in this story; Turner was too sturdy a pedestrian to leave such an affair to itself for two years, wherever his occupations may have called him. "What we positively know is," says Mr. Hamerton (hăm′ĕr tŏn), "that Turner remained a bachelor;" and he remained one all his life. He never seems to have had any intimate friendship with any woman whose society could have done him any good; and to this and to his early disappointment, we may probably trace, in part, his morbidly secretive way of life and his want of confidence in the world in general.

His journey to Yorkshire and farther North in 1797, was that one of his early tours which seems to have had most effect upon him. The pictures he exhibited soon after show a great change; Yorkshire and Cumberland had turned him, as Mr. Monkhouse says, from a toilsome student into a triumphant master. His work began to show that power of dealing with light in which he was to excel. He now painted landscape both in water-colors and in oils; and it was probably in part owing to the latter fact, that at twenty-four years of age, he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy.

He was already superior to all living English landscapists, who were, in fact, an inferior set of men just then. Even his friend Girten had no chance for Academy honors, as he exhibited no paintings in oil. "From the time that Turner became an Associate his struggles, if he can ever be said to have had any, were over. * * * He ceased almost entirely from making topographical drawings for the engravers. * * * He had, in effect, emancipated himself from 'hack-work,' * * * and he showed the improvement in his position by moving from Hand Court, Maiden Lane, to 64 Harley street."* For his advances in his profession were often marked by a change of dwelling.

He now began to paint oil pictures, in more or less rivalry with other painters. He tried his hand in competition with Vandervelde, the Poussins (pōō săng′), and Titian; his most famous battle, however, was with Claude Lorraine (lŏr rān′). This was carried on by the publication of the series of engravings called the *Liber Studiorum* (lī′ber stū dĭ ō′rŭm). He issued it in competition with Claude's *Liber Veritatis* (vĕr ĭ tā′tĭs), a book of memoranda of the effects of his pictures; but the

* Two ladies, Mrs. R. and Mrs. H., once paid him a visit in Harley street, an extremely rare (if not the only) occasion of such an occurrence, for it must be known that he was not fond of parties prying, as he fancied, into the secrets of his menage (*mĕn ăzh′*). On sending in their names, after having ascertained that he was at home, they were politely requested to walk in, and were shown into a large sitting-room without a fire. This was in the depth of winter; and lying about in various places were several cats without tails. In a short time our talented friend made his appearance, and asked the ladies if they felt cold. The youngest replied in the negative; her companion, more curious, wished she had stated otherwise, as she hoped they might have been shown into his sanctum (*săngk′ tŭm*), or studio. After a little conversation, he offered them wine and biscuits, which they partook of for the novelty, such an event being almost unprecedented in his house. One of the ladies bestowing some notice upon the cats, he was induced to make remark that he had seven, and that they came from the Isle of Man.—*Monkhouse* (*quoted*).

competition was an unfair one, for Turner's book is no such simple affair as Claude's. It is really a collection of black-and-white, or rather brown-and-white pictures, engraved in a new combination of etching and mezzotint (mĕd′zō tĭnt), and giving a very fair idea of the scope of the artist's mind and the range of his power. His skill in rendering atmospherical effects, and the structure and growth of things, the results of his architectural study, and his fondness for the Bible and Ovid (ŏv′ĭd), are all to be found in the *Liber Studiorum.*

Turner was made a Royal Academician in 1802. He made his first tour on the Continent about this time, exhibiting six foreign subjects in 1803. While carrying on his rivalry with other artists, he was constantly and severely studying Nature. His memoranda on his journeys were mostly made with the pencil-point, and as he worked he altered every thing he drew, so that when his pictures are compared with the places they are supposed to represent, whatever resemblance there is proves very inexact. Mr. Hamerton says that Turner's studies were of general laws and general effects, and this seems to have been the case.

"When Turner became an Academician," Mr. Hamerton goes on, "he took his old father away from the business of barber, and gave him a home in his own house. It is said that he was kind and respectful to the old man, invariably;" and his father was helpful to his son in whatever little ways occurred to him; he stretched his canvases for him, and showed visitors over the private gallery of pictures which was already called the Turner Gallery in 1809.

Turner went to visit some of his relatives in Devonshire, about 1811, and he seems to have been a much

more agreeable companion than usual upon this expedition.* In 1812, he removed from Harley street to Queen Anne (ăn) street. Not long after, in 1814, he built himself a lodge at Twickenham (twĭk'ĕn ăm), where he had some intercourse with the family of the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, the Vicar (vĭk'ar) of Heston, and is supposed to have wished to marry that gentleman's sister,—a wish which proved fruitless.†

It was by two pictures in the Exhibition of 1815 that

* He was looking at a seventy-four gun-ship, which lay in the shadow under Saltash (*sawl' tăsh*). The ship seemed one dark mass.

"I told you that would be the effect," said Turner, referring to some previous conversation. "Now, as you observe, it is all shade."

"Yes, I perceive it, and yet the ports are there."

"We can only take what is visible—no matter what may be there. There are people in the ship. We do not see them through the planks."—*Monkhouse (quoted).*

† Tuesday, August 1, 1815. *Queen Anne street.*

My dear Sir:—I lament that all hope of the pleasure of seeing you, or getting to Heston, must for the present wholly vanish. My father told me on Saturday last when I was, as usual, compelled to return to town the same day, that you and Mrs. Trimmer would leave Heston for Suffolk on to-morrow, Wednesday.

In the first place, I am glad to hear that her health is so far established as to be equal to the journey, and believe me that your utmost hope for her benefiting by the sea air being realized, will give me great pleasure to hear and the earlier the better.

After next Tuesday—if you have a moment's time to spare, a line will reach me at Farnley Hall, near Otley, Yorkshire, and for some time, as Mr. Fawkes talks of keeping me in the north by a trip to the Lakes, &c., until November, therefore I suspect I am not to see Sandycomb. Sandycomb sounds just now in my ears as an act of folly, when I reflect how little I have been able to be there this year, and less chance (perhaps), for the next in looking forward to a Continental excursion, as poor daddy seems as much plagued with the weeds as I am with disappointments, that if Miss —— would waive bashfulness, or in other words—make an offer instead of expecting one—the same might change occupiers—but not to bore you further, allow me, with most sincere respects to Mrs. Trimmer and family, to conclude myself

Your most truly (or sincerely) obliged J. N. W. Turner.

But for the assurance of the present Mr. Trimmer, of Heston, that this attachment of Turner to Miss Trimmer was undoubted, and that this letter has always been considered in the family as a declaration thereof, we should have thought the offer was one for Sandycomb Lodge and not for his hand. It is, however, past doubt, that Turner was violently smitten, and, though forty years old, felt it much.—*Monkhouse.*

Turner showed, more than ever before, that he was not only a draughtsman and a skillful painter of effect, but a great and original colorist. There were "Crossing the Brook" and "Dido (dī′dō) Building Carthage" (kär′thāj), both of which he bequeathed to the nation, and both of which may be seen in the National Gallery. He went to Italy in 1819, and the journey seems to have confirmed him in his new style; for after some hesitation, he painted, in 1823, "The Bay of Baise" (bĕz), with "Apollo" (ă pŏl′lō) and the "Sibyl" (sĭb′ĭl), which Monkhouse calls "the first of those magnificent dreams of landscape loveliness with which his name will always be specially associated." It is singular that Turner, who, during the middle and later part of his life, was something of what is now called an Impressionist,—that is, a painter preferring general effects of color and light and shade, to cover even ordinary exactness in the form and placing of real objects,—should have been as fond as he was of choosing poetical and mythological names for his pictures, and making them the expression of ideas of his own,—sadly fatalistic ones usually,—which most of us would have great difficulty in making out for ourselves. He tried to obviate the difficulty by placing in the Academy Catalogue, with the names of his pictures, longer or shorter extracts from a manuscript poem by himself, called "The Fallacies of Hope." Whether the whole of this poem ever existed, or whether it merely exists in the Academy Catalogues and in scattered fragments among the artist's papers, we can not tell.

Turner's strongest and finest period of painting did not begin to draw toward a close till about 1836. During this time, his truest and best life may be seen in his pictures; the events of his outer life were very

few. His "Coligny" (kō lēn′yē) of 1826, his "Ulysses (ū lĭs′sēz) Deriding Polyphemus" (pŏl ĭ fē′mus) of 1829, "Caligula's (ka lĭg′ū lăz) Palace and Bridge" of 1831, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" of 1832, his beautiful paintings of "Venice," the first of which he exhibited in 1883, are among the finest of his pictures. The fine series of water-color drawings, called "The Rivers of France," belong to the years 1834–5. They have been well engraved. Turner had previously made a series of drawings, called "The Rivers of England," as well as the illustrations to Rogers' Italy and his Poems, and many other water-colors for the engravers. He drove hard bargains with these artists, and occasionally, there is ground to fear, tried to cheat them; but this may have been owing to a combination of his passion for saving money, with his capacity for being entirely puzzled in regard to ideas and incapable of expressing himself in intelligent language.

His old father died in 1830; his death was a great loss to his son, and so was Sir Thomas Lawrence's. Turner made many Continental journeys between 1820 and 1836; their records are vague and few; he did not write many letters, and those he wrote are uninteresting. The most lovable stories of this period which are told of him are those which describe his kindness, at various Academy Exhibitions, to painters who were not well hung, or whose pictures he could help to look their best, even at the sacrifice of his own.

"The Fighting Temeraire" (tā mā rār′), of 1839, is one of his most celebrated pictures; it was his "last picture," says Mr. Monkhouse, "at which no stone was thrown." The picture represents the old Temeraire, which had led the van at Trafalgar (trăf ăl gär′), being towed

to her last moorings by a fiery little steam-tug, in a wild sunset light. Turner had seen the incident and made it the subject of a picture. Mr. Ruskin says that the period of Turner's central power, "entirely developed and entirely unabated, begins with the Ulysses and closes with the Temeraire." "This decade," says Mr. Hamerton, "had been a time of immense industry for Turner. In that space he had made more than four hundred drawings for the engraver, had exhibited more than fifty pictures in the Royal Academy, and had executed besides some thousands of sketches, and probably many private commissions which can not easily be ascertained."

As Turner grew older, he sought for an expression of blinding sunshine with such exclusive eagerness that he neglected every thing else for it. His pictures grew more and more incomprehensible to the world in general; and it was in answer to criticisms which now seem almost childish that Ruskin published the noble defense which was to become the book we know as "Modern Painters."

Turner painted a few more pictures, which were fine and unique; the "Snow-storm at Sea," the "Burial at Sea," the "Rain," "Steam and Speed," and the "Slaver Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying," which has been brought to America. But the proportion of fine works grew smaller, and of unintelligible ones greater. "He appears to us, in these last days," says Mr. Monkhouse, "like a great ship, rudderless, but still grand and with all sails set, at the mercy of the wind, which played with it a little while and then cast it on the rocks."

His life was shipwrecked as well as his work. Many of his friends were dead; his home could not have been a cheerful one, and he had no pursuits which interested him beside his work. Not long before his death, he dis-

appeared. As Mrs. Danby, his old housekeeper, was "brushing an old coat of Turner's, in turning out a pocket, she found and pounced on a letter directed to him, and written by a friend who lived at Chelsea (chĕl'sē). Mrs. Danby, it appears, came to the conclusion that Turner himself was probably at Chelsea."

He was living there, in fact, under the name of Mr. Booth, in a small lodging near the river. He had been living there occasionally for some time. Mrs. Danby and another infirm old woman went there to look for him. "From inquiries in a place by the river-side, where gingerbread was sold, they came to the conclusion that Turner was living in a certain small house close by, and informed a Mr. Harper, whom she and Turner knew. He went to the place and found the painter sinking. This was on the 18th of December, 1851, and on the following day Turner died."

He left a singular will, which, though it was not carried out, is worth mentioning. He left most of his property to found a charity for decayed artists; he left all his pictures and drawings to the nation; he founded a Turner medal, desired to be buried in St. Paul's, and to have a thousand pounds expended upon his monument. He also left some small legacies. The will and its codicils, like most of Turner's literary productions, were so confused, that after years of litigation, his principal object, the charity for old artists, was not carried out. In his first will, he had only left two pictures to the nation,—the "Sun Rising through Mist," and the "Carthage," on condition that they should always be hung next to two pictures of Claude's, whose rival he had been so long; and they hang as he wished in the National Gallery.

Constable (kŭn′stă bl), a contemporary of Turner's, was an artist of much less scope; but his direct influence on art has been, as far as we can see, greater. It is easy to see the effect which Constable and his friend Bonington (bŏn′ĭng tŏn) had on French art, and the share which they had in founding that "glorious school of Fontainebleau" (fōng tāng blō′), which carried landscape art so high in the middle of the century. It is too soon to see Turner's direct effect. But it is most certain that sooner or later, that effect will be discernible.

INGRES.

1780–1867.

JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES (zhŏn ō güst′ dŏ mĭn ēk′ ăngg̃r) was born on the 29th of August, 1780, in the little town of Montauban (mōn tō bŏng′), in the south of France. His father was a respectable artist, who devoted himself both to painting and sculpture, and who had a decided musical talent.*

He sent his son to study at the provincial Academy of Art at Toulouse; the boy studied not only with the professors of the figure, but with a landscape painter of the old school, and gave a considerable part of his time to music; for he was a good enough violinist, at thirteen years old, to play a concerto at the theater of the town.

In 1796, Ingres went to Paris, and became a pupil of David. This singular man had already exercised an immense power upon French art. He had found it given over to what he considered the childish folly of Boucher and Vanloo (vŏng lō′), the imitators of Watteau,

* "I was brought up," says Ingres himself, "in red chalk; my father, a musician and painter, intended me for painting while teaching me music as a pastime. This excellent man, after having given me a great portfolio which contained three or four hundred prints after Raphael (*răf′ a ĕl*), Titian (*tĭsh′ an*), Correggio (*kor ĕd′ jō*), Rubens (*rōō′ bĕnz*), Teniers (*tĕn′ yĕrz*), Watteau (*vät tō′*), and Boucher (*bōō shā′*),—there were all sorts,—gave me for a master M. (*mō seer′*) Roques (*rŏk*), a pupil of Vien" (*ve ăng′*) [Vien was David's (*dā vĕdz′*) master] "living at Toulouse (*too looz′*). * * * My progress in painting was rapid, a copy of the Virgin in the Chair, brought from Italy by my master, made the veil drop from my eyes. Raphael was revealed to me; I burst into tears."—*Sketch of Ingres, by Silvestre* (*sēl vĕstr′*).

Ingres' tears came easily, all his life long. Long after, when he was painting M. Bertin's (*bĕrr tăngz′*) portrait, he was so dissatisfied with it that he really saddened his model. "He used to weep," says M. Bertin, "and I passed my time in consoling him."

and the remote echoes of the old French historical style, which, in its turn, was little better than an imitation of the dreary late Italian schools, the Caracci (kär rät'chee) and Guido (gwee'do). David did not feel the charm which, at this distance, all of us can feel in much of the eighteenth century work, and its best painters, Watteau and Chardin (shärr dăng'), were both dead. He was a man of considerable ability as a draughtsman, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the study of classical art, in which a new interest had lately arisen. He acknowledged no masters nearer our time than the Romans, who appear to have influenced him more than the Greeks. His republican sentiments, which he shared with half France, made him long to express the simple and noble life of the early republics in the simple and noble manner of the classical artists; and archæology had not made sufficient progress to teach him that the models he admired were most of them more or less clever copies, made under the deadening influence of an often tasteless despotism. What David thought, he taught; and as his tendency toward classicism was shared by revolutionary France, he became an excessively popular teacher. It was the proper thing, in those days, to wear antique robes, sandals, and curly crops of hair named after Brutus, to sit in chairs of antique pattern and to kindle altars to the Fatherland, or whatever other divinity seemed sufficiently classical. The women were most daring in their experiments on costume; but the men occasionally risked a dress but little adapted to the Paris climate. When France was in such a ferment about the mere externals of antiquity, what wonder that a man like David, who had proved himself sternly in earnest as a Regicide judge, who took the Revolution

with the utmost seriousness, should have attracted to himself a great following of enthusiastic young men?

David's atelier (ăt lĭ ā′), or work-room, as the French call a studio, must have been like the great Paris class-rooms of the present day, but even noisier and far more exciting.*

Into such a studio as this the young southerner came. He is not supposed to have been one of the celebrities of the class; his manner of working is thought to have had too much exactness and unaffectedness to satisfy the Roman ideas of his master. However, he gained first the second "Prix de Rome" (prē dĕh rōm′), and then the first, which would ordinarily have entitled him to some years' residence abroad. The government was too poor at this time to give him the necessary pension, and he remained in Paris from 1800 till 1806, living as he could, illustrating books, making drawings from the antique for a collection of prints, painting a few portraits, and already making those beautiful pencil drawings for which he was to gain so much reputation.†

* For interesting references to David and his students, see the novel of "Noblesse Oblige" (*no blĕss′ o blēzh′*), by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" (*mădmwa zĕl′ mo rē′*). Such class-rooms nowadays, the art students tell us, are full not only of hard work, but of endless jokes, good and bad, singing various in quality, but always loud, and constant discussion on all subjects, occasionally ending in an appeal to fists. These different elements are now harmonized by a great deal of tobacco-smoke; whether that existed in David's time, we are unable to say. On the appearance of the master, when he comes to criticise the class, all the noise ceases; the liveliest and most daring theoricians become as docile as children of six, and nothing is heard but the low voice of the professor, occasionally rising to a still more awful harangue, and the suppressed acquiescence of the pupils.

† One of these represents a bourgeois (*bōōr zhwaw′*) parlor, with a father, a mother, a visitor, and a young girl, whose hand is on the keys of the harpsichord. "They had a great deal of music at that house," said Ingres; "I used to pass the evening there; the young lady played at these home concerts; I had an inclination for her, which she shared. As I was just about to start for Italy, the parents decided that the marriage must be put off till I came back; but one fine evening, the evening of my farewell, the young lady contradicted my ideas on painting, and held to her own opinion. That was a warning to me; I left her forever."—*Silvestre.*

He had two intimate friends at this time, Bartolini (bärr to lē′ nē) and Fetis (fā tēs′), the former a sculptor, the latter a musician. Ingres and Bartolini agreed in their half-unconscious resistance to the classicism of the day, and with Fetis, Ingres had the common ground of a life-long love for music. The three lived together, and Fetis conceived the idea of giving a concert for the benefit of their very uncertain finances. They made twelve dollars by it, and Fetis said, long afterward, that he had retained the most delightful recollections of the rejoicings and festivities which the three had owed to this modest sum.

At last, thanks to M. Amaury-Duval (ä mō rē′-dū väl′), the head of the direction of the Fine Arts, the necessary money was paid to Ingres, and he started for Rome. The record of his journey, which we find in his sketches, shows that he was by no means indifferent to landscape beauty. On reaching Rome, he gave himself up to the admiration of Raphael, who was to become his favorite master. As M. Blanc (blŏng) observes, David had gone back to the antique without stopping at any of the masters of the Renaissance (rūh nā sŏngs′); Raphael, whom Ingres had admired as a child, had scarcely been pointed out to him by his master; and it is not surprising that years after, recollecting that first Roman enthusiasm for a painter whose genius really did bear some relation to his own, Ingres should have exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I had been deceived!"

His first "envoi" (án vwaw′), or picture required by the regulations to be sent to Paris, was a copy from Raphael, "The Mercury of the Farnesina" (fär nĕ sē′ nä). In the second year of his stay, he painted the beautiful

portrait of Mme. Devauçay (dĕh vō′sā), now in the Louvre* (lōō′vr).

He was all his life a consummate portraitist, combining expression and character with great beauty of rendering in form. His drawing in this work, and in all his work, is his strongest point; his sense of form is exquisite in its delicacy and completeness. His idea of art, in fact, was almost entirely limited to drawing and modeling; he went little further, in coloring, than an unmodified representation of a general tone, and paid almost no attention to the slight gradations and subtle harmonies in which colorists take pleasure. His small black and white portraits, usually in lead-pencil, by which he had to live for two years during his first stay in Italy, are therefore the finest examples of his genius which we have;† for it is impossible

* Long years after Ingres painted this portrait, he received a visit from an old lady, poorly dressed. "You do not recognize me," she said to M. Ingres, whose face visibly showed embarrassment; "and yet you have painted my portrait. But I was young then, and—they said—pretty. I am Madame Devauçay." * * * When M. Ingres had asked her the motive of her visit, she confessed to him simply that being in want of almost every thing, she was really obliged, to her great regret, to sell the portrait which he had painted of her. Persuaded that he would be more interested than any one else in doing her this service, she had thought of going to him. * * * He assured her of his zeal * * * and told me that he had soon succeeded in selling the portrait * * * for a sum which would put her at least out of reach of want.—*Amaury-Duval, L'atelier d'Ingres.*

† He used to receive four dollars apiece for these beautiful portraits during his early life in Rome. He had no idea of confining himself to such work. He once received a visit from a gentleman who, after having rung timidly, asked, "Is this where the artist who draws little portraits lives?" Ingres was furious, and shut the door in his face. He was vexed when Gericault (*zhā rē kō′*), who came to see him in Rome in 1817, was so fascinated by his drawings that he continually returned to them while praising his paintings. Long after, when Amaury-Duval begged him to hang some drawings in the exhibition of his pictures in 1855, his face grew dark. "No," he replied, "they would only look at those."

When he was quite old, he made one of these admirable sketches, which his friends were admiring. "It's a very slight thing," said Ingres; "I can't see to do it,—I haven't my hand any longer;" then, suddenly drawing himself up, "Well," he said, "every thing has been taken from me, gentlemen, every thing;" then, pointing at the drawing, "I have that still!"

not to feel some disappointment before a painting which gives little pleasure to our sense of color. Ingres painted, after this portrait, the picture called "Œdipus (ĕd′ĭ pŭs) Answering the Riddle," which may also be seen in the Louvre.*

It is considered a great advance on David's attempt at classicism; but the biographers take pleasure in remarking that Ingres has sought and found in this picture an ideal of his own, suggested by Nature, Raphael or the Greeks, but exactly following none of the three. In a realistic time like ours, we are certainly not struck by the realism of the "Œdipus"; but Ingres' constant directions to his pupils not to improve upon Nature as they saw her, and his wrath when he was once supposed to have flattered a model, make us count him, on the whole, more of a realist than an idealist; and he certainly shines more as a portraitist than as a historical painter.

In 1812 he made a large painting in distemper for the Quirinal (kwĭ rī′nal) palace, of Romulus with the Spolia Opima (spō′lĭ ȧ ō pī′mä). Not long after, he began a small interior of the Sistine (sĭs′tĭn) Chapel, which is

* Long after, one of his fellow-students was congratulating him upon his picture. It was Granger (*grŏng zhā′*), who had been given the Prix de Rome the year Ingres had the second prize. "I recognize your model," said he. "Ah, you do? It is really he, is it not?" "Yes, but you've improved him immensely!" "What do you mean? Improved? Why, I copied him—copied him servilely." "Perhaps you did, but he wasn't as handsome as that."

Nothing was more curious than to see M. Ingres, who, before his pupils, heard himself accused of not following his own doctrines. How angry he was!

"Why, look here, since you remember him, it is his portrait!" "Idealized." This was the last blow, especially as Granger said all this very politely, as if it were a compliment.

"Well," said M. Ingres, "think what you please of it; but I suppose myself to copy my model, to be its very humble servant, and I don't idealize it."

This discussion threatened to have no end; Granger finished it by saying, "Idealized or not, it is very fine." And they went no further.—*Amaury-Duval.*

described as far more attractive in color than most of his work.

In 1814 he was married. Some of his friends had thought it well for him to have a wife, and decided upon a young lady from Champagne (shŏng pän′), who came out to Rome for the purpose.*

Ingres saw her, liked her, and the marriage was decided upon. His choice, if it may be called so, was a most fortunate one. Madame Ingres, a woman of great practical ability, made her husband very comfortable at once, and through years of poverty she encouraged him in faithfulness to what he considered his highest calling, and in resignation to disappointments and privations. She was very economical, and only too anxious to keep from her husband any thing which might distress him.†

Ingres painted a number of small historical paintings at about this time; these are not his finest works; his hand does not seem to have felt at ease upon a small

* Some one had been speaking of the Tomb of Nero, near Rome. "Ah!" he said, "you speak of a place which has always left a strong and sweet recollection in my mind * * * for it was there," he added, "that I saw Madame Ingres for the first time. It's the truth, gentlemen, I didn't know her. She was sent out to me from France," he said, laughing, "and she didn't know me either; that is, I had sent her a little sketch which I had made of myself."

"And you had flattered yourself nicely too," said Madame Ingres, without stopping her knitting. * * * Then he related to us in a few words the history of his marriage. He was melancholy and lonely at Rome; he told one of his friends how out of spirits he was; this friend happened to have in his family a young lady endowed with all the qualities which could assure his happiness; every thing was arranged by correspondence. One day he was informed that his fiancee (*fē ŏng sā′*) was to start for Rome, and that he was to expect her. The date was precise. M. Ingres went to meet her at the Tomb of Nero, and there he saw getting out of a vettura (*vĕt tōō′ rà*) the woman who was to be his wife. "And who has kept," he added, looking at her, "all her friend's promises, and more."—*Amaury-Duval.*

† While he was director of the Academy at Rome, the cholera was raging in the city without his knowing any thing about it. His wife had kept it from him, and had hidden the newspapers which gave accounts of it.

canvas. In 1820 he went to live at Florence, where he was warmly welcomed by his old friend Bartolini, who was established there as a successful sculptor. Life was hard both at Florence and Rome. Ingres, as he said, painted as if he had ten thousand livres income, and elaborated his pictures with a most disinterested regard of time and money. The principal pictures which belong to this period are the "Ruggiero (rōōd jā′ro) and Angelica" (ăn jĕl′ĭ kä), now in the Louvre,—it met with some adverse criticism on its first exhibition; the "Odalisque" (ō dăl ĭsk′); the "Virgil Reading the Æneid (ē nē′ĭd) to the Mother of Marcellus" (mär sĕl′lus); and the "Vow of Louis XIII." This last, representing the king devoting the Kingdom of France to the glorified Virgin, was to be one of his most important pictures, and he studied it with the greatest care.* Composition was never very easy to him, and he changed his arrangements again and again. The painting of it, too, was, as usual with him, a long operation. At last it was done, and this

* A friend of his named Constantin (*kŏng stŏng tăng′*), an artist and a very handsome and well-made man, came to see him at this time. Ingres was hard at work on his composition, and begged Constantin to pose for the Virgin. As she was to be seen from below, he went up on the ladder Ingres used, and sat there holding in his arms a bundle of linen. Ingres could not satisfy himself with the pose, and as he knew exactly what he wanted, he mounted the ladder in his turn, half dressed, "and posed himself for Constantin, who drew, as a Virgin, this little thick-set man, holding with majesty his bundle of linen (*Ingres, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres par Charles Blanc*). He did not always have even a ladder for his work. "At the time he was painting his 'Vow of Louis XIII.,'" said Madame Ingres, "not having the money to buy or hire a ladder to work at the upper part of his picture, he had been obliged to arrange a chair on some boards himself, and it was so uncertain that when any one came to see him, I was obliged to tell him gently, for fear that too sudden a movement to receive the guest might make him fall down with all his scaffolding. Yes, my friend, that was the way [as regarded poverty] that we passed twenty years in Italy, and at the time of our greatest distress, he refused to make an engagement which would have given him a fortune on condition of going to London to draw pencil portraits; and I agreed with him; he had something else to do."—*Amaury-Duval.*

time, instead of sending his picture to Paris, he took it there himself. This was in 1824.

It was immediately exhibited in the Salon (sä lŏng′), and much admired, and the most difficult part of Ingres' life had now come to an end. He at once received a great number of orders, both public and private, and took hearty pleasure in all the marks of sympathy and admiration he received. Art in Paris was at this time no tranquil pursuit, but a battle in which there were arrayed two entirely different factions. The painters called classicists,—the old pupils of David and their followers,—had been for some time the ruling power in the exhibitions, and in the artistic section of the Institute. Their works were generally considered examples of the only proper and desirable style of art, and for many years no principles were taught which were not theirs. The pupils of a revolutionary master, they had established themselves so firmly in public positions and in private taste, that a new revolution was required to keep French Art from falling into a new set of rules and conventions. And the new revolution had come. A number of young artists, among whom Eugene Delacroix (ū zhĕn′ dĕh lä krwä′) was the leader, and of whom Gericault had been the forerunner, charmed by the recent literary revival of an interest in the middle ages, lovers of color and light and shade, and finding poetry and art in all sorts of things outside the antique, had applied themselves to putting their thoughts and feelings on canvas. They admired Rembrandt (rĕm′ brănt), the great colorists of Venice and Flanders, the recent excellent English landscapists, and found that none of these admirable artists drew in the manner recommended by the Institute. Some of them, therefore, committed the not unnatural mistake of paying

very little attention to drawing at all; and others of them, with really noble motives to represent, carried them out with what their enemies considered intolerable eccentricities of execution. Interesting and charming as their coloring is, it often appears to a modern too overcharged and exaggerated for the subtle simplicity of Nature. But Nature is a goddess who is worshiped under many different forms, and she may be supposed to be tolerant for all her adorers; and the Romanticists (ro măn′tĭ sists), as the new men were called, certainly had a much wider and far more interesting view of Nature and of Art, too, than their classical opponents. It was to them, or to their principles in some form, that we owe the admirable painters of the middle of the century — Rousseau (rōō sō′), Corot (kō rō′), Dupre (dū prā′), Dias (dē′äs), Decamps (dĕh kŏng′), and the great Millet (mē yā′) himself. Eugene Delacroix himself was an artist of great abilities and great nobility of sentiment; his works are splendid in color and tremendous in movement and fervor, and some of them are among the brightest ornaments of the French school. He and his followers were to enlarge the horizons of art; they accomplished not perhaps exactly what they meant to accomplish, but what has been of immense value to France and to the world. They kindled the enthusiasm of their own generation and of the next, as no classicist could ever have done.

These painters welcomed Ingres and his great picture, which they could see was a new step in Art. Delacroix always spoke of him and his work with great respect.*

* Before the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1855, Delacroix was delighted to have an opportunity of examining Ingres' Apotheosis (*ăp o thē′o sis*) of Homer. "I never saw such execution," said he; "it is made, as the masters painted, out of nothing; and from a distance, every thing is there."

"That reminds me," said Amaury-Duval, "of the speech which was attributed

Ingres returned his kind feelings by a hearty detestation which the new school, and all its works, seldom failed to inspire in him. The classicists, too, welcomed him; they could not fail to admire the purity of his drawing, while they distrusted his originality; they admitted him to the Institute, where he was of great value to them for his effect upon outsiders, though in their interior councils Girodet (zhē rō dā′) was more powerful.

Not long after his return from Rome, a very young man named Amaury-Duval, the son of his old benefactor, begged to be received as his pupil. Ingres had not thought of teaching, but consented to take Amaury-Duval, and a class was formed, of which the most distinguished members were later to be the brothers Flandrin (flŏng drăn′). Ingres was an excellent and conscientious teacher, though a very dogmatic one. He imposed his personality upon his pupils rather too much for their welfare, and expected from them even more than the ordinary submission given by French pupils to their professor. But much of the advice he gave them is most excellent, dictated, as it was, by a hearty respect for Nature as he saw it. Nothing infuriated him more than to see a pupil try to show cleverness by improving upon the model.*

to M. Ingres, and which must be true, for Delacroix told me, while describing this visit to the hall of Ingres, that he was surprised there by the master himself, and that he had received rather a cool bow from him. Hardly had Delacroix gone out, when M. Ingres, calling an attendant, cried, 'Open all the windows; it smells of sulphur here.'"

* M. Amaury-Duval's own account of Ingres' class is delightful, and we wish we could copy the whole of it. He was an enthusiastic pupil of the master; "for me, and we were all, I think, alike in this," says he, "when I felt M. Ingres touch me with his coat, as he stooped down to look at my drawing, when I thought of the condescension of this man, of this great artist, occupying himself with a bad outline, made by me on paper, I confess, even if I make my young fellow-artists laugh, I was taken with such a violent emotion that all my

He painted his great picture of "The Apotheosis of Homer," now in the Louvre, during the earlier days of his stay in Paris. Later he painted another great picture, "The Martyrdom of St. Symphorian" (sĭm fō′ rĭ ăn), for the Cathedral of Autun (ō tŭng′). This picture he intended to strike a great blow against the new school. But its success was not what he had anticipated, in spite of its very noble qualities.

The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1834. Ingres was disappointed and displeased at its want of success, and was probably not soon to become the director of the French Academy at Rome. This Academy is sit-

blood went to my heart, so that you could hear it beat, and it would have been impossible for me to conceal what I felt, if this position had been prolonged."

They were a remarkably well-bred set of students, and though they had plenty of life and gayety, they did not play the usual studio tricks on each other. One of them once heard this scrap of conversation between two pupils of a rival studio: "Just imagine! the Ingres fellows, when they come to the class in the morning, they say 'How do you do' to each other!" This seemed to them astonishingly funny.

"One young fellow had been obliged to leave the class for some time. One day, on the Pont des Arts (*pŏng dĕh zăr′*), he found himself face to face with M. Ingres; he tried to avoid him, but the master went straight up to him. "Well, Lefore (*lĕh fōr′*), we don't see you any longer; have you been sick?" "No, sir," stammered Lefore, blushing. "Then why are you not at work? You are no longer very young. You have no time to lose." Pressed in his defense: "I confess, Monsieur," said Lefore, "that I am a little behindhand with the class treasurer,—I owe him two months." He had not finished, when M. Ingres started violently: "What, sir, do you want to insult me? Have I given you the right to speak to me in this way? Am I a merchant? Do I sell my advice, sir?" (At these times M. Ingres would grow excited as he spoke, and his head, as in artistic discussions, would grow admirable in expression). "You will come to the class tomorrow, or I shall consider your conduct as a personal insult—and never let this question rise between us again!" * * * Since that day, by M. Ingres' orders, Lefore was charged nothing for his class fee. Many others were not charged for it.

This sort of generosity is by no means rare among the French professors. It would be easy to mention the names of well-known Frenchmen and Americans in Paris to-day, who are of the mind, in this respect at least, of M. Ingres. A long list could be made of very distinguished men who give their services, week after week, to large classes of young men and women, without receiving any compensation but the affection, respect, and gratitude of their pupils, and the slight acknowledgment which every Parisian pupil makes to his professor, by writing that professor's name after his own in the Salon catalogue.

uated at the Villa Medici (mĕd′ĭ chē), on the Pincian (pĭn′chē an) Hill, which was long ago bought by the French government as a dwelling for the young artists who obtained the Prix de Rome for painting, sculpture, engraving, and music. It is not really a school at all. Ingres made it more of a school than it was under his predecessor, Horace Vernet (vĕr nā′); but the young men who underwent his rather tyrannous but simple and good-hearted rule, retained very kindly recollections of their director. Ingres had not the time for many paintings during his stay in Rome, for he fulfilled his duties as director very conscientiously. He painted his second "Odalisque," a subject which he treated with a singular grace and purity, and a small picture called "Stratonice" (străt ō nē′chā), which is one of his finest works.

He returned to France in 1841, full of a project for decorating the Chateau (shă tō′) of Dampierre (däm pe âr′) with mural paintings. Before going there he painted his fine portrait of "Cherubine Crowned by the Muse." He lived at Dampierre for several years; he had apartments of his own in the Chateau, and began with enthusiasm on a great decoration called "The Golden Age." Neither this composition nor another which Ingres had projected, called "The Iron Age," was ever finished. Ingres, who was usually long in painting a picture, was longer than ever about these. Various circumstances annoyed him; his good and faithful wife died, and he could not bear to live at Dampierre without her, and finally the paintings were left unfinished, and both parties agreed to breaking off the bargain in 1850.

In the meantime, Ingres had finished some fine designs for colored windows for chapels for the Orleans (ôr lĕh ŏng′) family. He was especially fitted for work

of this kind. He much regretted the loss of his wife; his work was not sufficient for him, and his friends arranged a second marriage for him, which proved a very happy one, especially as the lady had musical tastes and could give him great pleasure by playing to him.

In the Universal Exhibition of 1855, thirty-two of his pictures were exhibited together. He was the only artist who had this honor. The last of his fine works, and except his portraits perhaps the very finest, was "La Source" (sōōrs), or "The Spring," now in the Louvre. The picture was begun when Ingres was a young man. He lived some years longer, working and loving music to the last, and died January 14, 1867.

BARYE.

1795-1875.

NO class of artists deserves more of our time, while receiving less from it, than the French sculptors of the present day. A painter of any unusual merit, even if he has to undergo hardships and struggles in early life, often acquires ease, and sometimes considerable fortune, before approaching old age. It is seldom that he does not produce a considerable number of pictures, many of which are paid for. Though he is forced to incur many and heavy expenses in producing them, far more and heavier than is generally supposed; still, after the first struggles of life are over, a not unreasonable amount of uncongenial drudgery and a strict attention to economy, often make it possible for him to make a living which is a safe, though not a brilliant one. With the sculptors, it is a different affair. Their education, like that of the painters, is a long one; they, like the painters, are obliged to meet the constant and wearing expense of studio and model,—for no artist can work well without these two costly necessities,—and they are obliged, as the painters are not, to work in an enormously expensive material, and unless they waste their physical strength with insane recklessness, they are obliged to use assistants for the mechanical part of any considerable work. To all these disadvantages, the French sculptor adds this, that the government commissions, on which he must depend in part, are very unprofitable ones. This is

true, also, in regard to pictures; but the government is by no means the young painter's only patron for his important works. Plenty of people buy pictures; very few buy statues. A young painter's life must necessarily be harder than is usually supposed; a young sculptor's is a great deal worse than that.

When this is the case in regard to the generality of the profession,—a profession to which France owes, some people think, even more than to her painters,—it is hard to exaggerate the difficulties which must have come in the way of a man who, to the disadvantage of being a sculptor, joined that of being a very original sculptor, not unconnected with a new and heretical artistic movement.

Barye (bä rē′), the first great sculptor of animals since the Panathenaic (păn ăth e nā′ĭk) frieze (frēz), the first modern to treat most of them as they really look without referring to classical models, was not likely to be treated at first with any great favor by the taste of his time, or by the Institute, which affected to lead it. He admired Gericault (zhā rē kō′) and Delacroix (dĕh lä krwä′), the two great leaders of their opponents, called the Romanticists (rō măn′tĭ sists); he was the friend of Corot (kō rō′), Dias (dē äz′), Rousseau (rōō sō′), and the great Millet (mē yā′); and as Mr. Eckford (ĕk′fŭrd) has wisely pointed out, he was much influenced and impressed by that spirit of our age, in its scientific development, one of whose forms is called Darwinism * (där′ wĭn ĭzm).

* Not that Barye was a scientific man, but that Barye sympathetically expressed in art, or forecast if you will, the idea of a gradually unrolling creation in which the Maker sits sublime, with folded arms, needing to give but one first impulse to matter, and no more. It was the artistic form of Science that turned him toward the study of wild beasts; him, the respectable, hard-working citizen of a town whose sons were renowned for their ignorance of field-sports

Antoine Louis (ŏng twän′ loō ē′) Barye was born at Paris in 1795. His parents were poor, his father a silversmith; he had little education, and was apprenticed at thirteen or fourteen to an engraver named Fourier (foō rē ā′), who made dies for buttons and military ornaments. But Fourier sometimes did very fine repousse (rŭh poōs sā′) work; he was employed upon some of the gold snuff-boxes Napoleon used to send to other sovereigns, and Barye had seen him make five or six of them, one of which represented an interview between the emperors Napoleon and Alexander.

After three years' apprenticeship, during which he learned a great deal about fine chiseling and working in gold and silver, Barye was drawn in the conscription, which at that time took effect at a cruelly early age. He was employed among the topographical engineers in making relief maps for the emperor to study and mark with points of fortification. "I worked night and day," he said, "at the reliefs of Mont Cenis (mōng se nē′), Cherbourg (shĕr′burg), and Coblentz" (kob′lents). At seventeen, he was placed in the second battalion of Sapeurs du Genie (sä pû′ dū zhā nē′); but he still seems to have been employed in more or less independent work. "One evening," he says,—"it was March 30th, 1814,—as I was

and of foreign lands. It was Science that bade him examine animals near at hand, becoming intimate with them, instead of accepting the conventions decreed by the Art of the past. Science made him haunt the Jardin des Plantes (*zhär-dăng′ dā plŏng′*) and tabulate the measures of all beasts he could lay his hands on; Science urged him to lecture to empty benches; Science upheld him in penury; Science allowed him to stay content, though he was leaving to his family little more than a great name. He felt himself in the stir of new views of the world of men and beasts, in the current of a great age, and foresaw that what he had done would some day, and that not far off, be recognized at its full worth.—*Antoine Louis Barye, an article by Henry Eckford in the "Century" for February*, 1886.

All this unconventional intelligence made him very unlikely to become popular immediately.

returning very tired from a long expedition for study across the fields of Montrouge (mōng trūzh′), the porter of the military depot cried out through the railing to me, 'The army has gone; make haste and join it on the banks of the Loire' (lwärr)! As I had not a cent to undertake this retreat, which has since become so celebrated, on my own account, I went back to my father's house.

"* * * After the capitulation of Paris, I took up once more my profession of chiseler; but I was much disturbed by my desire to be a sculptor. I applied myself with the greatest effort to drawing and modeling; but as I was not a stirring fellow, I knew neither how to find a master nor how to live while I was studying."

He managed, however, to enter the studio of the sculptor Bosio (bō′sē ō) in 1816, and the studio of the painter Gros (grō), the master of Delacroix and Gericault, a few months later.*

After a year of rapid progress, he entered the competition for the Prix de Rome (prē dĕh rōm), in the section of engraving in medals and precious stones. Here he gained either an honorable mention or a third prize; it is difficult to decide which. The next year he tried again, in the section of sculpture, and obtained the sec-

* He succeeded, at the end of 1816, in entering the studio of Bosio. But he seems soon to have become convinced that, apart from the mere material processes of the art, this master's example could only teach him what to avoid,—namely, conventionality, pomposity, and false grandeur; and so, in the spring of 1817, we find Barye studying painting in the studio of Gros. The painter of the "Battle of Aboukir" (*ä bōō kēr′*) and of the "Plague of Jaffa" (*yäf′ fä*) can not but have had a good influence over Barye. There is a spirit, a sentiment of life, a dramatic accent, in Gros' work, combined with a knowledge of masses, of harmony and of expression, which certainly made a profound impression upon his pupil, and served him afterward in his sculpture even better than in his painting.—*Antoine Louis Barye, an article by Theodore Child in "Harper's Magazine" for September*, 1885.

ond prize, — the frequent fate of men of genius in this competition. He competed two or three more years in the same section, but did not even receive honorable mention; and the last time he was not admitted after the preliminary trial. All his attempts to go to Italy proving in vain, he began once more to work at his trade as a goldsmith. He entered the establishment of a master-workman named Faucennier (fō sĕn nē ā′), who had a great reputation and was patronized by the Court, but who was entirely ignorant of his own business, and lived on the talents of the young men he employed. He used to keep them in little dens in his house, send out their work in his name, and try to find out what their opinions were of each other. Barye would never tell him any thing. Poor Faucennier died, says Silvestre (sēl vĕstr′), in consequence of reading Benvenuto Cellini's (bĕn vā nōō′tō chĕl lē′nē) "Treatise on Goldsmith's Work"; he was so amazed and puzzled at finding out the true scope of his profession that it was too much for his head.

Barye, in the meantime, had married, and settled near Faucennier. He took as much time as possible from his day's work for drawing, sculpture, and painting.*

In 1827 he exhibited in the Salon (sä lŏng′) for the

* The daily hours of leisure left by his work for the daily bread of himself and his family were zealously devoted to attending lectures at the Jardin des Plantes, to studying human and animal anatomy in the dissecting rooms, to taking measurements of lengths and proportions, and to drawing from nature and after the masters in the Louvre (*lōō′vr*). At the same time he carefully studied all the processes and details of casting in various metals, and thus acquired a mass of observations and documents, and a knowledge of all the branches of the sculptor's art, which enabled him finally to come forth with almost a masterpiece, and thereafter to continue his career without hesitation or uncertainty. But we must not imagine that Barye destined himself merely to the sculpture of animals, or even to sculpture alone. — *Antoine Louis Barye, an article by Theodore Child in "Harper's Magazine" for September*, 1885.

first time; he sent some medallion portraits and busts which went unnoticed. In 1829, according to Silvestre, "his talent revealed itself by two busts (of a young man and woman) of a fineness of modeling which is still celebrated (1855) in the memory of artists and connoisseurs" (kŏn nĭs sûr′).

In 1831 he had his first great success, which followed upon the exhibition of his "Tiger Devouring a Crocodile." The public was delighted with it; so were the critics. It was entirely new, and every one declared it "the strongest and most original work in the exhibition." Barye exhibited a "Saint Sebastian" (săn se băst′yăn) at the same time; it was not so unconventional, though a fine statue. For one of these two works, — Mr. Child thinks the "St. Sebastian," — Barye received a second medal.

The next year, beside water-colors and medallions, he exhibited eleven pieces of sculpture, among them the "Lion and Serpent," which now stands on the river-side terrace of the Tuileries (twēl′rē) gardens. Its purchase by the government, and the decoration of its author with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, seemed to open up for Barye the road to success and glory. He had an order for a bass-relief for the Bastile (băs tēl′) Column.

The Duke of Orleans (ôr′lē ănz) and his brothers were interested in him, and there were plans for his decorating the Pont de la Concorde (pōn dĕh lă kōng′kôrd) with groups of animals and adorning the top of the Arch of Triumph. Thiers (tē ār′), who was an admirer of his genius, had devised the last two projects. Barye was to make a colossal eagle, grasping the thunder-bolts, and hovering over the emblems of the nations which the

empire had brought low. But both projects fell through. Barye received an order for a colossal lion, and nothing more, at that time, was wanted of him for the public works. In 1837, to the lasting disgrace of the Institute, which at that time acted as jury for the Salon, his bronzes were refused, as not being sculpture, but goldsmith's work.

For ten years, justly offended, he sent nothing to the Salon. He kept his feelings to himself, and produced a quantity of small bronzes, mostly animals, which he himself made, published, and sold at his studio. He had paid much attention to the casting of metals, and at one period had come very near going into business as a silversmith. He would probably have been glad to cast his own bronzes; but he was obliged to have recourse to professional founders, who have all retained a lively remembrance of his exacting criticism. "Whenever a bad lot of castings came in from the foundry," said one of his workmen, "it made him ill, and he would not be seen again in the shop for a week." He was anxious to get perfect castings, so as to leave as little as possible to the finishing by chisel; so that he tried various experiments, and especially the very costly process called *à cire perdue** (ä sēr pĕr dū′).

He sold his work at prices which seem astonishingly low to us now. In a catalogue published as late as 1855,

* Casting *à cire perdue* is one of the most difficult feats of the founder's art. In principle the operation is threefold: the artist first makes his model in pure wax; over this model the mold is formed of a clay composition, and the wax model is melted out by heat; the liquid metal is then poured into the matrix thus formed, and when the whole mass is cold, the mold is broken off, and the mold appears reproduced in bronze with the utmost fidelity, and furthermore with the additional quality of rarity; for a model reproduced *à cire perdue* is unique by the very fact that the model disappears in the making of the mold, and the mold disappears in the birth of the bronze.—*Article by Theodore Child in "Harper's."*

the cheapest pieces,—rabbits and turtles,—are marked at sixty or seventy cents; while the most expensive one, a luster with thirty lights, ornamented with ten small figures, sold at two hundred and eighty dollars. He did not sell a great deal; his processes were very expensive, the influence of the Institute seems to have kept away public orders, and he was too modest and too proud to assert himself in the least.*

It is therefore not surprising that in the troubles of 1848, on being called upon to return some money he had borrowed, Barye should have been obliged to deposit

* The ordinary impression conveyed by Barye's bearing and manner was that of a man cold, melancholy, and not easy to get on with. His look was hard and slightly disdainful, and his rare utterances were made in a dry and curt tone, each word issuing from his lips with clean and trenchant enunciation. When he smiled his lips parted just sufficiently to show two canine teeth, which gave him literally a mordant (*môr′ dant*) air, and the older he grew the more mordant and caustic he became, but only in the intimate society of tried friends, for in general company he remained invariably a silent listener. But Barye was by no means a recluse. * * * His society was much sought after, and he was always surrounded by a select circle of friends and connoisseurs, for whom he worked, and among whom were the Duke of Orleans and his brothers and the Duc de Luynes (*dŭk lōō ēn′*). Delacroix, the great romantic painter, was one of his earliest friends, and his frequent companion in study before the cages at the wild-beast shows in the Jardin des Plantes. Corot, Diaz, and Theodore Rousseau were also very intimate with Barye, and also the great Millet, whose neighbor at Barbizon (*bär bē zŏn′*) he afterward became. * * * Barye was fond of the theater too, and his desire to study types of humanity led him into all kinds of queer places of popular amusement. On Saturdays he used regularly to visit the horse market; on Sundays he would often go to visit animal life at the dog market, and he was even a frequent spectator of the ignoble dog fights which were then to be seen in the outskirts of Paris. A rule and a sketch-book were his inseparable companions in these excursions, and he would frequently stop in the street to measure a horse or to note a movement. * * * One of the apprentices (in Barye's studio) had reared a very fine cat to live in the workshop with the chasers (*chās′ ers*) and mounters (*mount′ ers*), and often of an afternoon Barye would come in, sit down on a stool, and entice the cat to his knees. "Hullo! there's the boss doing his studying!" one of the boys would say; and there the great artist sometimes sat for an hour at a time, stroking the cat, tickling her feet, in order to make her push out her talons, pulling her legs, and feeling the play of the muscles and tendons as he induced her by caresses and playful ruses to take all kinds of positions and to execute the most diverse movements.—*Theodore Child, in "Harper's Magazine."*

his models as a guarantee for the debt, which he was unable to pay in full till 1857.

The revolution, however, brought Barye comfort as well as annoyance. This year there was no Institute in charge of the Salon; the artists at once elected him a member of the jury in the section of sculpture, and he was made keeper of the gallery of casts at the Louvre, and director of the plaster-casting shop there. He was an excellent officer, and "introduced many improvements in the reproduction of the antique statues" in plaster. But public events prevented his stay at the Louvre from being a long one.

In 1854, he was made Professor of Drawing at the Jardin des Plantes, a position he held at the time of his death, though he appears to have had but few scholars there. It probably was of very little pecuniary profit to him, but with the honorable feeling which is almost a matter of course among French artists, he was ready to teach what he knew.

Monsieur Fremiet (mō sēr′ frā mē ā′) is now instructor in the drawing of animals in the Jardin des Plantes. His course, which is free both to men and women every spring, is a most valuable and interesting one; and one of his pupils is glad of this opportunity of expressing her obligations to her professor. Women have so few opportunities for the study of sculpture in Paris that it is worth while to mention this chance of becoming the pupil of one of the best sculptors of animals of the present day.

Another opportunity which might be very useful to women who wish to learn sculpture, is that recently given by certain courses in anatomy at the École de Médecine (ā kōl′ dĕh mād ĕ sēn′) on Sunday mornings.

These lessons are especially for the benefit of women students.

In 1855, at the Universal Exposition, he received the grand medal of honor in the section of artistic bronzes, and was promoted to the rank of officer of the Legion of Honor. At last, orders for public works began to come; Lefuel (lĕh fōō ĕl′), the architect in charge of the completion of the Palace of the Louvre, was prevailed upon by Francais (frŏng′sā) and Matout (mä tōō′) to give Barye an order. They told the sculptor, but he was so little used to good fortune that he would not believe them. They told him again, but this time he grew angry. The next morning he received the official order. It was for a figure group representing War. Lefuel was so much pleased with the sketch, that he immediately ordered of Barye the three other groups, Peace, Order, and Strength, which now adorn the pavilions Richelieu (rēsh lē ŭh′) and Denon* (dĕh nōn′).

* No sooner had Lefuel seen the group than he exclaimed, enthusiastically: "I congratulate you heartily, Monsieur Barye; the composition is admirable—admirable. But you have placed me in a very embarrassing position."

"How so?" said Barye, springing forward with an expression of mingled fear and irritation.

"Mon Dieu (*mŏn dēuh*), Monsieur Barye, your group could not be finer; it is so admirable that really I am very much embarrassed."

"Monsieur, I beg you be good enough to explain yourself," said Barye, more and more impatiently, and fearing some catastrophe.

"Why, I shall simply be obliged to commission you to execute the three other groups."

* * * The original models of these groups, reproduced in bronze, form part of the admirable Barye monument recently presented to the town of Baltimore by a great admirer of the sculptor's genius, Mr. W. T. Walters.—*Article by Theodore Child, in "Harper's Magazine."*

Mr. Walters' collection of the works of Barye is the finest which exists; most of the examples in it are either the original models, or proofs finished by Barye himself. "The Tiger Hunt," one of the finest works in the collection, modeled for the Duke of Orleans, is unique, being an example of the process *à cire perdue*. There is also a fine collection of Barye's works in the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington. Both of the collections are much larger than that of the Luxembourg (*looks ŏng boor′*) Museum, in Paris.

Barye also designed one of the pediments of the Louvre, representing "Napoleon dominating History and the Arts," and "over the triple archway of the Quai (kā) du Louvre," says Mr. Child, "he designed two recumbent figures of youths, which served as supporters for the slab in which was inserted his bronze bass-relief equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. in the costume of a Roman Emperor, his brow circled with a laurel crown."

After the Revolution of September 4, 1870, this bass-relief was hidden with plaster; now, like most emblems of the Bonaparte family, it has been taken down; but the recumbent youths remain. There is also a "Seated Lion," by Barye, at one of the doors of the palace on the Quai du Louvre.

Barye also received various public orders from the provinces. The town of Ajaccio (ä yät′chō), in Corsica (kôr′sĭ kȧ), ordered an equestrian statue of Napoleon from him; four groups were ordered from Marseilles (mär sālz′). Another equestrian statue was projected for the town of Grenoble (grĕn ŏbl′). The emperor was to be represented in modern dress, and Barye not only hired a costume, at great expense, but made the greatest efforts to find a model who was of exactly Napoleon's size and shape.*

* Barye was always strictly conscientious about these preliminary studies. As Silvestre says, he admired the great sculptors who had gone before him; but he could not follow blindly any conventional standard of measurement. * * * He was so sure of himself, that he could dictate his compositions from memory to any one; he could lay out the lengths, thicknesses, and directions of the different parts of a drawing by arithmetical figures so that a child could have made an irreproachable drawing by following it.

Sculptors usually, in starting the wire skeletons on which they model the clay, arrange them in such a manner that the action and proportion are settled once for all. Barye kept his work in such a state that it was in entire subjection to him, and this probably has something to do with the nobility of the action of his statues. "Barye," says Silvestre, "did not imitate the Greeks, but he resembles them naturally."

When the clay sketch was finished, the Mayor of Grenoble came to see it. He had unfortunately seen the emperor when he was a boy, and he made a suggestion to Barye about the attitude of an arm. Barye replied with politeness, but never touched the model again. Some time after, he was told that ten thousand francs (two thousand dollars) had been waiting for him several months at the Ministry of the Interior.

"Yes, I know," said Barye. "It is for the Napoleon. I shall not take it. The order is not regular."

"But the fact of the order having been given to pay you the money?"

"No matter," replied Barye, impatiently; "I shall not touch the money. Besides, I have had enough of making statues of Napoleon. I shall not execute the order."

In 1866, Barye was persuaded by his friends to present himself as a candidate for the Institute. He had nine votes, and vowed never to try again. In 1868, thanks to a friendly stratagem of Lefuel's, he was once more induced to make the necessary visits, and this time he was elected. Nobody is elected to any one of the five Academies which make up the Institute of France, unless he first pays a visit to each member of that Academy. Barye could not be persuaded to go through with this again. His friend had invited him to breakfast, and afterward prevailed upon him to continue their talk in his carriage. They stopped at the house of a member of the Institute, and Barye unsuspectingly went up with Lefuel to see him. As they were coming down-stairs, Lefuel said, "There! you have made your first visit; now go and make the others—it's no harder than that."

Barye's home in the latter part of his life was on the

Quai des Celestins (sā lĕs tăn′). He had lost his first wife and her children; he married again and had another family. He had a cottage at Barbizon, the home of Millet and Rousseau, where he made landscape studies in oil and water-colors. He was a painter of considerable merit, and a strong colorist. Long before, in 1828, he had called himself a "sculptor landscapist," and he took pleasure in painting the animals he loved, among appropriate and noble scenery. During the last few years of his life, he spent most of his time in this way. He had already begun to suffer from gout, and handled his modeling tools but little. At last he became seriously ill. "His wife dared not tell him," says Mr. Eckford, "that Corot was dead, and that * * * Millet * * * was dangerously ill." It was not long after that Barye too died, on the 25th of June, 1875.

Great artists and members of the Legion of Honor came to his funeral. As it passed through the quarter where he lived, workmen hastened out from the factories to do honor to a man who, as well as being one of the greatest sculptors in Paris, was one of the best workmen. For no man in Paris could cast bronze like Barye.*

* The exhibition of Barye's work, after his death, comprised 350 bronzes and plaster models, 100 oil paintings, 70 water-colors, and upward of 100 drawings and sketches. These were only what he had in his studio at the time of his death. * * * Theseus (*thē′ sē ŭs*) was seen on the point of plunging his poniard into the stupid brow of the Minotaur (*mĭn′ o tawr*); in another group, Theseus, his knees firmly grasping the flanks of the Centaur Bienor (*sĕn′ tawr bī′ ē′ nor*), is dealing a death-blow upon the human head of the strange antique monster; here is the hippogriff, half bird, half horse, straining forward over the waves in mid air, and bearing on his back the romantic hero of Ariosto's (*ăr ē ŏs′ tōz*) story, who holds in his stalwart arms the graceful form of Angelica (*ăn gĕl′ ē kă*); here are equestrian statues that remind you of the precious bronzes of the Renaissance (*rŭh nā sŏngs′*)—Gaston de Foix (*găs tōng′ dĕh fwä*), Charles VII., Tartar and Arab Cavaliers, and the great Cæsar of our century, General Bonaparte (*bō′ na pärt′*); here are the goddesses of Olympus (*ō lĭm′ pus*), Venus (*vē′ nus*), Juno (*jū′ nō*), and

Minerva (*mĭ nĕr′ vȧ*). Seated beneath a triple-faced chimera (*kĭ mē′ ra*), from which spring the twelve floriated (*flō′ rĭ ā ted*) branches of a candelabrum (*kăn de lā′ brŭm*), around a crowning group composed of the three Graces; here are the plaster models of the groups of "War," "Peace," "Order," and "Strength," and the "Lion of the Bastile Column," that splendid bass-relief in which Barye has solved the great problem of reconciling the ideal with the real and achieving sublimity without abandoning truth. — *Article by Theodore Child, in "Harper's Magazine."*

MILLET.

1814-1875.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (zhŏn frŏng swä′ mē yā′) was born October 4, 1814, in the village of Gruchy (grōō′shē), not far from Cherbourg (shĕr′bûrg), in Normandy. His father was a farmer, an excellent man, of singularly refined tastes, with a great love for music and for the Nature he saw around him. His mother was an industrious and pious woman, of a family of rich farmers, which had had some pretensions to gentle blood. François as a child was brought up by his grandmother, who, according to the country custom, took care of the family while the mother was busy with farm-work.* She was a remarkable woman, full of wisdom and religious fervor; she threw her whole heart into her duties, and exerted the strongest influence over her grandson, through his whole life. Her family was an unusually clever one;

* His grandmother was his godmother. She called him Jean after his father, and François after a saint whom she loved, and whose protection she constantly invoked. St. Francis of Assisi, the faithful observer of the things of Nature, was a happy choice of a saint for the man who, later, was to be the passionate lover of the works of God. Proud of having a boy to rear, the grandmother tended him as her own child and her heart's favorite. In the vague recollections of his babyhood, Millet could always see her busy about him, rocking him, warming him in her bosom, and singing all day long songs which delighted him. I have lived more than thirty years in Millet's intimacy, and I know that the thought of her face, as nurse and comforter, was an ever-recurring image in the heart of her grandson. While he was still a little child, she would come to his bedside in the morning, and say, gently: "Wake up, my little François; you don't know how long the birds have been singing the glory of God!" Her religion, as Millet told me later, was mixed with her love of Nature. "It was a beautiful religion," he added, "for it gave her strength to love deeply and unselfishly. She was always ready to work for others, to pity and help them."

they were energetic and reading people. One of her brothers was a chemist of some note; one, though only a miller by occupation, spent his time in reading Montaigne (mōn tān′), Pascal (päs käl′), and the writers of Port Royal; another was a great traveler; another was a monk. Millet had another great-uncle who was in orders; this was Charles Millet, his grandfather's brother. When the Revolution sent him back to his village, he refused, at the risk of his life, to take the constitutional oath then offered to priests; he would not even give up his clerical dress, in spite of the danger, but plowed the fields in his cassock and wooden shoes. He was very fond of little François, and took him all about with him.

After twelve years of life among such good and high-minded people as Millet's relations, it is not surprising that, when he was sent to prepare for his first communion, the clergyman was struck by his answers, and proposed his coming to the parsonage to learn Latin.* He was much delighted with Virgil (vĕr′ gĭl), which made him think of the country he lived in. His schooling was

* "This I remember hearing about my great-uncle; he was brother of my father's father. He had been a laborer all his life, and had become a priest rather late. I think he had a little church in the time of the Revolution. I know that he was persecuted, for I have heard that men came to search the house of my grandfather, to whom he had returned, and that they made their search in the most brutal manner. He was very inventive, and had contrived a hiding-place which communicated into his bed, and into which he threw himself if any one came. One day they entered so suddenly that the bed had not had time to cool, and although they were told he was not there, they cried:

"'Yes, yes, he is here; the bed is still warm, but he has found some way of getting off.'

"He heard them. They turned the house upside down in their fury, and went away.

"He said mass whenever he could in the house. After breakfast he went to work in the fields, taking off his soutane (*sōō tān′*), and working in shirt-sleeves and breeches. He had the strength of a Hercules (*hĕr′ kū lēz*). Some great walls which he built with his own strength still exist, made of immense stones and very high."

often interrupted by farm-work, and at last he had to leave the good priests altogether, and give himself up to his duty as eldest son. He became very expert in all sorts of work, and all his life was proud of being a strong and dexterous laborer. He read a great deal, for his father's house was by no means empty of books; they seem to have owned the "Lives of the Saints," "Saint Augustine's (sānt aw′gŭs tēnz) Confessions," Saint Francis de Sales (dĕh săl), Saint Jerome, Bossuet (bō sū ā′), Fenelon (fā nā lōng′), and the Port Royal men. Millet's religion, which was sincere all his life, drew plenty of nourishment from these good books. He was a constant reader of the Bible, always in the Latin; that and the Latin Virgil were his familiar friends.

During the noonday rest, which every French workman and laborer takes, the boy tried to draw the things which surrounded him. He wanted to make something like the old prints in the Bible. One day, coming home from church, he met an old man walking as if he were tired, with his back bent. He was struck by the figure, and something in it made him understand how to express the retreating and advancing of its different parts. As soon as he came home, he managed to express what he had seen with a lump of charcoal.

His father was much struck by the sketch. He talked the matter over with François, now eighteen years old, and the boy "admitted that he had some desire to become a painter." "My poor François," said his father, "I see you are troubled by the idea. I should gladly have sent you to have the trade of painting taught to you, which they say is so fine, but I could not spare you; now that your brothers are older, I do not wish to prevent you from learning that which you are so anxious

to know. We will soon go to Cherbourg and find out whether you have talent enough to earn your living by this business."

They went to Cherbourg, to a painter called Mouchel (mo͞o shĕl′), an old pupil of David (dä vēd′), but not at all like him. He refused to believe that the boy had made the drawings they showed him, and finally said, "Well, you will go to perdition for having kept him so long, for your child has the stuff of a great painter!"

Millet stayed some time with Mouchel. He was called back to Gruchy by the death of his good father,—tried to carry on the farm for a while, and then went back again to Cherbourg, to the studio of a painter named Langlois (lŏng glwä′). He read a great deal at Cherbourg. His work was admired there, and his master, who felt he could teach him nothing, petitioned the municipal council for a little pension for his education. The Council of the Department added something to it later, and the young fellow went to Paris in 1837.*

* "I never studied systematically. At school, when writing from dictation, my task was better written than the others, probably because I read constantly, and the words and phrases were pictured rather in my eyes than in my mind, and I instinctively reproduced them. I never followed programmes; I never learned a lesson by heart; all my time was spent in writing capital letters and drawing. I never could get beyond addition in mathematics, and I do not understand subtraction and the rules following. My reckoning is always in my head, and by ways that I could not explain. I came to Paris with all my ideas of art fixed, and I have not found it necessary to change them. I have been more or less in love with this master, or that method of art, but I have not modified any fundamental opinions. You have seen my first drawing made at home without a master, without a model, without a guide. I have never done any thing different since. You have never seen me paint except in a low tone; demi-tint (*dĕm′ĭ-tĭnt*) is necessary to me in order to sharpen my eyes and clear my thoughts; it has been my best teacher.

"I got to Paris one Saturday evening in January, in the snow. The light of the street lamps, almost put out by the fog, the immense quantities of horses and wagons passing and repassing, the narrow streets, the smell and the air of Paris, went to my head and my heart so that I was almost suffocated. I was seized with a sobbing which I could not control. I wanted to get the better of

He was in no hurry, at first, to go to any of the classes of the day. He wanted to go to the Louvre (lōō′ vr), but was too shy to ask his way. At last he found it, and he was not disappointed. He went nowhere else for a month. Long after he used to say proudly, "I know my Louvre well," and from that one gallery he learned more than most travelers get from five or six. He loved Michael Angelo (mī′ kā ĕl ăn′ jĕl ō) and Mantegna (măn-tān′ yä) and Fra Angelico (frä än jĕl′ ē kō), Murillo's (mōō rē′ lyōz) portraits, and some of Ribera's (rē bā′ räz) pictures, Poussin (pōō săng′) and Lesueur (lĕh sū ûr′), and especially the "Concert in the Fields" by Giorgione (jôr jōn′ ā), in front of which he once spent a whole day. He did not care much for Watteau (vät tō′), still less for Boucher (bōō shā′), though he was to unwillingly imitate them later; Delacroix (dĕh lä krwä′) was the only modern painter he liked in the Luxembourg (lūks ŏng-bōōr′). At last he made up his mind to leave his dear museums, and entered the studio of Paul Delaroche (pōl d'lä rōsh′).

The reception of a new student, or *nouveau* (nōō vō′), in a Paris studio is apt to be a rough affair. Millet, who was a strongly-built fellow, replied either by silence or by his fists to the advances of his fellow-students, and

my feelings, but they overcame me with their violence. I could only stop my tears by washing my face with water which I took from a street fountain. The coolness gave me courage. A print-seller was there,—I looked at his prints and munched my last apple. The lithographs displeased me very much; the subjects were of an unrefined character, after the style such artists as Deveria (*dā vā′ rē ä*) and Maurin (*mō răng′*), then drew; they seemed to me signs of perfumery and fashion-plates. Paris seemed to me dismal and tasteless. For the first, I went to a little hotel, where I spent the night in a sort of nightmare, in which I saw my home, full of melancholy, with my mother, grandmother, and sister spinning in the evening, weeping and thinking of me. Then the evil demon drove me on before wonderful pictures, so beautiful and brilliant that they appeared to take fire and vanish in a heavenly cloud."

they decided to let him alone.* Delaroche gave him some criticism, which he found hardly satisfactory; but he took an interest in the young painter, and when he was too poor to remain in the studio, asked him to stay on for nothing. Millet finally left the class on account of Delaroche's conduct in regard to the "Prix de Rome" (prē dĕh rōm), for which he was competing. Delaroche told him his figure was good, but that he wanted another man to get the prize, and that next year he would use

* Paul Delaroche was the fashionable painter of the day. His atelier (*ăt lē ā′*) was divided into two classes,—the cast for beginners, and that of the life-models. Millet found a group of young men, not unknown later: Couture (*kōō tūr′*), Hebert (*ā bêr′*), Cavalier (*kă vă lyā′*), the sculptor, Gendron (*zhŏng drŏng′*), Edouard Frere (*ā dōō ăr′ frār*), Yvon (*ē vŏng′*), etc., etc.

In entering this new world, Millet imposed upon himself the strictest silence and circumspection. Like a true peasant, he let others approach him and answered little. They tried to make out this puzzling countryman; they apostrophized, joked, and teased him, but Millet answered nothing, or, with his fists, threatened those who went too far, and as he was built like a Hercules, they let him alone, giving him the nickname of "man of the woods."

His first drawing was from the Germanicus (*jĕr măn′ ĭ kus*). On Monday, the drawing was begun; it had to be finished by Saturday. On Thursday, Millet had finished his figure. Delaroche came, looked at the drawing a long time, and said: "You are a new-comer; well, you know too much, and not enough." That was all he said. Couture, who was in the life-class, came in to see the antique class, and said to him: "Hello, nouveau! Do you know that your drawing is good?" Some time after, he was severely criticised. The originality of his studies, in which knowledge was wanting while the spirit was every thing, surprised the studio, but did not make them understand him. All but one or two pupils considered him as a curious being, without a future; an obstinate fellow, who took the pose of eccentric drawing, a mutineer in the academic camp. When he passed into the life-school, he had the same trial. His first figure, nevertheless, was a success. Delaroche said: "It is easy to see that you have painted a great deal." He had, in fact, never touched a palette before. "I only tried," he said, "to express as simply as possible the attachments of the muscles without occupying myself with the color-medium, of which I was entirely ignorant." All wished to see the figure, and did not fail to find it "insolently natural." Boisseau (*bwă sō′*), one of the master's pets, used to say, "Eh! Are you coming here to give us some more of your fine figures? Are you going to make men and women on your own plan? You know the master does not like this Caen cookery!"

"What do I care!" answered Millet. "I do not come here to please anybody. I come here because there are antiques and models to teach me, that is all. Do I object to your figures made of butter and honey?"

his influence for him. Millet was shocked at what seemed to him double-dealing, left the studio, and went on studying at Suisse's (swē′sĕz) life-class, where most of the great painters of his day worked at one time or another. He set up a studio of his own with a friend called Marolle (mä rōl′).

Millet's pension came irregularly, and he had not enough to live on. His friend advised him to make imitations from Watteau and Boucher. Much against his will, he did this, and was glad when he could get twenty francs apiece for them.

He still read and studied; and in 1840, he first exhibited in the Salon (sä lōng′). The admission of pictures was at that time in the hands of the Institute, and the "new lights" of the day, Delacroix, Rousseau (rōō sō′), Decamps (dĕh kŏng′), Jules Dupre (zhūl dū prā′), and Corot (kō rō′), had either all or a part of the pictures they sent there refused. Millet sent two portraits, one of which was admitted.

Almost every year, during his early Paris life, he went back to visit his mother and grandmother. He managed to get some commissions in Cherbourg,—some of them for portraits, some less profitable ones, for signs. In 1841, he was married. His wife was a Cherbourg girl, whose portrait he had painted. Her health was very delicate, and she died in little more than two years. He went back to Paris in 1842.

In the years which immediately followed, his work gained in charm and color. He had a great facility of execution, and lacked the strong precision which we find in his pictures later. He suffered horribly from poverty in Paris, then went back to Cherbourg, and was well received there. It was in Normandy that, some

time after his first wife's death, he married the excellent and devoted woman who was to strengthen and comfort him through his hard life. They started for Paris in 1845, stopping at Havre (ä′ vr), where Millet did a great deal of painting, and managed to get nine hundred francs together.

On getting to Paris, they established themselves very modestly in the Rue Rochechouart (rōsh shoō är′), among a colony of artists. Millet began to work at once. He was much admired as a painter of flesh, and painted a great number of nude subjects, full of a healthful beauty of their own. One picture of this sort is his "Œdipus" (ĕd′ĭ pus), exhibited in 1847,* which was praised by Theophile Gautier (tā ō fēl′ gō tē ā′). Millet was taken ill with a fever in 1848. He was very poor, but his friends managed to get enough money together to help him materially, and he recovered in time to finish two pictures for the Salon.

The Revolution, which was then going on, had abolished the jury of admission, and every thing sent was hung. One of his pictures, the "Winnower," had a

* It was in 1847 that I saw him first. I went with Troyon (*trwä yŏng′*) to his lodging in the Rue Rochechouart. He wore a strange garb, which gave his whole person an outlandish look. A brownstone-colored overcoat, a thick beard and long hair covered with a woolen cap, like those worn by coachmen, gave his face a character which made one think of the painters of the Middle Ages. His reception was kind, but almost silent. On finding that I had been brought up in the country and liked his painting, he began to be more expansive. "Every subject is good," said he, "only it must be rendered with thought and clearness. In art there must be a governing thought expressed eloquently. We must have it in ourselves and stamp it upon others, just as a model is stamped. Art is not a pleasure trip; it is a fight,—a mill that grinds. I am not a philosopher. I do not want to stop pain, or to find a formula which will make me indifferent or a Stoic. Pain is, perhaps, that which makes the artist express himself most distinctly." I saw Millet afterward in his home, beside his wife, who hid with dignity the poverty of the household,—he rocking the little children, then slowly returning to his work with the deliberation of one of the oxen of his own country.

success. But nobody bought pictures in those times, and the Millets were in the greatest distress. Once more their friends helped them,* and Ledru Rollin (lĕh drōō′ rŏl lăng′), the minister, was persuaded to give Millet a commission for eighteen hundred francs.

He had begun a fine painting of Hagar (hā′gär) and Ishmael (ĭsh′mā ĕl), almost nude figures, under a burning light. But he suddenly stopped and painted on the same canvas "Haymakers Resting Beside a Haycock." This was the reason of the change: he had been looking into Deforge's (dĕh fōrzh′ĕz) window one night, and overheard two young men talking about a picture of his which was exhibited there, "Women Bathing." "Do you know who painted that?" said one. "Yes," said the other, "a fellow called Millet, who only paints such subjects."

Millet was much shocked at what he heard. He told his wife about it. "If you consent," said he, "I will do no more of that sort of pictures. Living will be harder than ever, and you will suffer, but I shall be free to do what I have long been thinking of." Mme. Millet answered, "I am ready; do as you will."

What he had long been thinking of, was the representing country life as he saw it and had known it; not as an elegant pastoral, but as a stern though often

* The Revolution had stopped all picture-buying, and artists suffered the extremest famine. Millet and his wife did not complain; they asked for nothing, but we knew their distress. One of us went to the Museum, then to the Director of the Beaux Arts (*bōz ăr′*), and got a hundred francs, which we took immediately to the painter. It was at twilight. Millet was in his studio, sitting on a box, his back bent like a man who is chilled. He said "Good-day," but did not move. It was freezing cold in the miserable room. When the money was handed him, he said: "Thank you; it comes in time. We have not eaten for two days, but the important thing is that the children have not suffered. Until to-day they have had food." He called his wife, saying, "I am going to get wood; I am very cold." He did not say another word, and never spoke of it again.

glorious reality. All the rest of his life was devoted to this work; and he wished to do no other till he had made people listen to the message he had to give. In 1849, he and Jacque (zhäk) went out of town to avoid the cholera and the revolution. They took their families to Barbizon (bär bē zŏng′), near the Forest of Fontainbleau (fōng tān blō′), and took houses there.* "We want to stay here some time," says Millet, in one of his letters. He stayed there twenty-seven years,—all his life.

He was delighted with the forest and the country,—so delighted that at first he could not paint, and could do nothing but roam about. When he grew a little more accustomed to what he saw, he began to try to represent the life which surrounded him. The first serious composition he made there was a beautiful harvest scene called "Ruth and Boaz" (bō′ăz), which he drew on the wall of his studio. The reapers and gleaners are real peasants, and for that reason they represent the scene as well as more archæologically (är kē ŏ lŏj′ĭ kăl lў) correct figures, who have not the intangible air of the fields about them.

It was at this time that he produced his great picture of the "Sower." It was done, says Sensier (säng sē ā′), in remembrance of his old life in Normandy, when he him-

* He had taken a little peasant's house with three narrow, low rooms, which served as studio, kitchen, and bedroom for his wife and his three children. Later, when the children increased to nine, the little house was lengthened by two other rooms. A studio was built at the end of the garden, and Millet added a wash-house and a chicken-yard in the middle of a garden which was leased to him. He had two occupations; in the morning he dug or planted, sowed or reaped. After lunch, he went into the low, dark, cold room called a studio. He did not dislike this shadowy nook, for there a great deal of his works were composed, and all his poetic compositions, sketches, drawings. His first vision was a Bible subject, "Ruth and Boaz," which he drew on the wall in crayon. They were real peasants,—a harvest scene where the master, as in the Scripture, finds a young gleaner, and leads her blushing to the feast of the country people.

self used to plant the grain which was to bring those he loved their daily bread. The "Sower" was exhibited and much admired by the young school; it was seen and admired by William Morris Hunt, then a pupil of Couture, and became the property of Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston. Mr. Hunt was fascinated by Millet's work and by the man. He bought as many of his pictures as he could, and established himself at Barbizon, so as to be near him.

Millet gave the young man very little advice; but he taught him a great deal for all that, and became one of his dearest friends and the master to whom he owed the most. On the other hand, Hunt was of the greatest use to Millet in finding purchasers for his pictures; and it is largely owing to him that America possesses so much of his work. It is easier, in fact, to form an idea of Millet in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston than at the Luxembourg in Paris; and it is probable that Mr. Shaw's collection of his pictures and drawings is the finest which exists.

Mr. Hunt loved to describe to his pupils the tranquil country life of Millet, the resolute cheerfulness with which he bore his poverty and supported his large family, the simple dignity he opposed to people who tried to affront him, the songs which used to be sung at his fireside. He never concealed the tragic side of the whole, which is so painfully evident in Sensier's "Life of Millet"; but the Millet he described had more of the hearty, uncomplaining reserve of an Englishman than the Millet Sensier shows us, in passages of his letters, written very frequently when the writer was in want of money. That, indeed, he almost always was.

His beloved grandmother died in 1851. He was too

poor to go and visit his mother, who waited two years more and then died, too. Her son made the sketch at this time of the picture painted later, the "Old Tobias (tō bī′as) and his Wife, Waiting for the Return of their Son"; it is one of the most affecting of his works. He went back to Gruchy to assist in the division of his father's inheritance. He only asked for his great-uncle's books and the great oaken cupboard, which had been an heir-loom. Next year, having been remarkably fortunate, he took all his family to Normandy.

In 1855, Millet exhibited in the Universal Exhibition his "Peasant Grafting," which met with some success, and was bought by Rousseau, who pretended that it was a rich American who had taken the picture. Rousseau was Millet's friend, as well as his neighbor at Barbizon. Diaz (dē äth′) and Barye (bä rē′), too, loved to visit him in these days. This year brought him good fortune; during the years which followed it he had a very hard time; he was very poor; he often suffered from illness, and was constantly in debt; and yet it was at this time that he was able to paint his beautiful picture of the "Angelus" (ăn′ zhĕ lŭs).

His pictures of rural subjects were so full of the sternness which he saw in a laborer's life, that he was often supposed to be a Socialist.* This he was not, except

* He often said, "My programme is work. 'Thou shalt gain thy bread in the sweat of thy brow,' was written centuries ago. Immutable destiny, which none may change! What every one ought to do is to find progress in his profession; to try ever to do better, to be strong and clever in his trade, and be greater than his neighbor in talent and conscientiousness in his work. That for me is the only path. The rest is dream or calculation.

"In the 'Woman Going to Draw Water,' I tried to show that she was not a water-carrier, or even a servant, but a woman going to draw water for the house, for her husband and children; that she should not seem to be carrying any greater or less weight than the buckets full; that under that sort of grimace which the weight on her shoulders causes, and the closing of the eyes at the sun-

in the broadest sense; nor did he consider his pictures as sad and tragic as his critics did, who had unconsciously grown up in the belief that all subjects with peasants in them must needs be full of smiles and roses. He only put into them the seriousness which seemed to belong to life. "This is the animal," said he of one of his pictures of laborers, "who gets the bread out of the ground."

In 1860, Millet signed a contract giving all the pictures and drawings he could make in three years to one purchaser. He was to have a thousand francs, or two hundred dollars a month. The speculation was a good one for the dealer, whoever he may have been; it did not turn out so well for Millet, who owed his purchaser more than a thousand dollars at the end of this time. However, it must have given him a certain amount of temporary tranquillity. In 1862, among other pictures, he painted that "Man Resting on a Hoe," which was considered altogether too tragic and sinister, and horrified the critics.*

light, one should see a kind of homely goodness. I have avoided (as I always do with horror) any thing that can verge on the sentimental. I wanted her to do her work good-naturedly and simply, without thinking any thing about it,—as if it were a part of her daily labor,—the habit of her life. I wanted to show the coolness of the well, and meant that its antique form should suggest that many before her had come there to draw water."

* "The gossip about my 'Man with a Hoe' seems to me all very strange, and I am obliged to you for letting me know it, as it furnishes me with another opportunity to wonder at the ideas which people attribute to us.

"Is it impossible to admit that one can have some sort of an idea in seeing a man devoted to gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow? Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more than charms,—I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I see the halos of dandelions, and the sun also which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man, all worn out, who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty.

He took great pleasure in planning some illustrations for Theocritus (thē ŏk′rĭ tŭs); but nobody dared to publish them. A plan which went more smoothly was an order for four large subjects for the decoration of a fine dining-room. The paintings were to represent the four seasons. Millet took pains to see the decorative paintings at Fontainbleau by Rosso (rōs sō′) and Primaticcio (prē mä tēt′chō), whom he admired in spite of their belonging to a decadent age. "But he made little use," says M. Paul Manz (mänts), "of their extravagant lessons." * * * The Spring and Summer, eight feet by four, were set into the wood-work. Autumn, into the ceiling. Winter, a little smaller than the others, was fixed in the chimney-piece.

In the Salon of 1864, Millet showed a shepherdess, which was very successful, and some peasants carrying home a young calf, which provoked a great deal of ridicule.

In 1866, he went to Greville (grā vēl′) to take leave of a dear older sister, who was at the point of death. This year he went to Vichy (vēsh′ē) with his wife, and was much pleased with the country.

In 1867, there was another Universal Exhibition. A number of Millet's pictures were shown, and he next year received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. At the distribution of medals, the name of Millet brought such a burst of applause that the Council and its President were somewhat confused; at their confusion, the applause redoubled.

"It is not my invention. This 'cry of the ground' has been heard since long ago. My critics are men of taste and education, but I can not put myself in their shoes; and as I have never seen any thing but fields ever since I was born, I try to say, as best I can, what I saw and felt when I was at work. Those who want to do better, have, I am sure, full chance."

Millet's success had come; but it came late. A few other pleasant events occurred at this time. Millet made a run through Alsace (ăl säs′) into Switzerland, and in 1870, he was chosen as one of the jurors of the Salon, sixth on a list of eighteen. But his later life was saddened by the war, which banished him from Barbizon for a time, and by his failing health, which, now that orders came fast, made work difficult.

Early hardships and a life devoted to sedentary work were breaking down his vigorous constitution. An order came from the Government in 1874 for the decoration of the chapel of Sainte Genevieve (sănt zhĕn vĭĕv′), in the Pantheon (păn thē′ on).

He was delighted with the task, and began to make out the plan of his composition, but it was too late. That summer and autumn he grew worse.*

In the first days of 1875, Millet was sleeping between two attacks of fever. He was suddenly awakened; a

* The autumn was sad. In November, Millet was already very weak, but still he worked. He finished his "Priory," which he sent to America. He thought over his decorations for Sainte Genevieve, and approved them. He sketched out the "Sewing Lesson," a quiet rustic scene, in which, as usual, he throws on daily labor a poetic charm, and in which an open window shows a garden full of greenery.

In the month of December, the fever became more frequent, with intervals of delirium, followed by long prostration. Here and there he had days of calm, in which he was conscious of his state. He made his last requests, talked a great deal to his children, begged his family to keep together, and said, with a touching melancholy, that his life was closing too soon, that he died just as he began to see clearly into nature and art.

Sometimes he regained a little serenity, and believed, or pretended to believe, in a possible recovery. He asked to have "Redgauntlet," which he had once liked, re-read to him. But Millet could not again feel the pleasure that the book had inspired in his youth.

At the end of December he went to bed and did not rise again.

[These notes are taken from Sensier's "Life of Millet," in the excellent translation and condensation by Helena de Kay, published by James R. Osgood & Co. The passages in quotation marks are extracts from Millet's own notes or letters.]

stag had taken refuge in a garden close by, and the hunters and dogs were close upon it. Millet was struck by the event. "It is an omen," said he.

He only lived a few days after; he died on the 20th of January, 1875.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

1848-1884.

"SOMEBODY asked, the other day, what had become of the great French painters. 'When I go to the Luxembourg (lūks ŏng bo͝or′) Museum,' said he, 'every thing is changed, and much for the worse. Where is the noble motive and feeling I used to admire there ten years ago? The pictures I loved have been carried to the Louvre, and no more have come to take their places. Millet's (mē yāz′) work, to be sure, is there; but Millet is dead and gone. Where is there an artist like him in France to-day? Where are the great artists now?'

"The painter to whom this question was addressed * * * thought * * * that his best answer was not in words, but in the exhibition of a young artist who only left us a few months ago. Bastien-Lepage's (bäst yĕn′ lĕh päzh′z) work is so full, not only of the spirit of our time, but of that strange elusive fire which we call life, that it is hard to believe that he is dead. He could not believe it, they say, when death was coming; his friends could not believe it either, though they knew he was under sentence, so strong were the will and vitality which had kept him alive for his thirty-six years. But all that is over now, and the man who has influenced French art as few of his contemporaries have influenced it, has left it to take care of itself. * * * It is certain that those persons who admired him while he lived,—and they were many,—admire him far more now that they have had

the opportunity to see, placed together, the greater part of the work of his short and most laborious life."

It was not merely the strength of his artistic personality which gave the young master this power over his contemporaries,—it was the fact that his work and his influence expressed many of the best tendencies which essentially belong to our time. Of course, there are many sincere, earnest, and gifted young painters in Paris to-day whose work bears but little resemblance to Bastien-Lepage's. The necessary individuality of every original nature is strong in our time, as in every time. But setting the point of transcendent genius out of the question, the main conditions of his artistic development are the main conditions of the artistic development of the typical promising French painter of the day. He is not the only one of whom it may be said that he came to Paris to learn his trade,—that he was taught, as far as direct instruction goes, by a master whose sympathies looked rather backward than forward, a so-called classicist or adherent to the old rules beloved by the Institute, a draughtsman rather than a painter,—that his inspiration came from very different sources, from Millet, Corot (kō rō′), and even the heretical Manet (mä nā′) among the moderns, and from very unconventional painters among the ancients,* and that from this

* Chance brought us across each other at the Louvre (*lōv′ r*), and we once more began to talk as we walked. The portraits by Clouet (*klōō ā′*) and the works of primitive painters occupied us for a long hour, then the Good Samaritan of Rembrandt (*rĕm′ brănt*), that truthful episode of country life on a legendary subject captivated us. What ravished Bastien-Lepage with Clouet, was the search for expression by intensity of drawing; what entirely captivated him with the primitive men, was their minute care to associate the little things of nature with the great scenes of humanity, to sow the path of the virgins and martyrs with a few wild-flowers, to make a place in their simple pictures for the familiar animals, to begin every thing, above all, on the human side.

The Good Samaritan, of Rembrandt, drew from him these words: "This is

education of extremes, taught one thing in school, another thing outside it, he formed for himself a set of ambitions quite different from those current ten years before. All this may be said of many a young Parisian, French or foreigner. But few of them made so much of such a life as has Jules (zhūl) Bastien-Lepage.

He was born, in 1848, at Damvillers (dŏm vē yā′), a little town in Lorraine (lōr rān′). It stands in the midst of pasture-lands, in a valley with great woods above it; it was once a fortified town, and its old moat is changed into orchards. "From the green foliage, you see, from a distance, the red-brown roofs emerging; you walk through delightfully green fields, you cross the Tinte (tánt), that pretty brook which keeps all the gardens about it fresh;

the way to treat Biblical or historical subjects. Let us merely refer them to what we see every day. A traveler has been picked up, half dead, from a heap of stones; he is taken to the farm near by, where the master is not quite sure about taking him in. The servants run up; the wounded man, still fainting, is pointed out,—'Quick, quick, we must bring the poor fellow in, we must take care of him; he's in pain.' The mule stands quiet, without stirring, the good creature! There must be a dog behind the wall. That's what it is, the Good Samaritan. * * *"

On another occasion, at about the same time, the artist spoke of some of the painters of the present school whom he preferred. "Manet," he said, "has the color of life; it was a picture of his, a white woman on a green bench, which really gave me my first impression of painting at Paris. Fantin Latour (*făn tăn' lă tōōr′*) carries you into the homes of his models; you are ready to believe you belong to the family of the people he paints. Corot gives you something to breathe, but there is more air in his work than earth, rocks, or trees. He is dreaming of the country while he is painting it. Daubigny (*dō bēn yē′*) is afraid of nothing; he paints better than anybody the green fields, the beautiful fields where every thing grows; he adores flowing water, the setting sun, the rising moon; only unlike Corot, he does not always dream enough." As he interrupted himself at this point, I brought forward Courbet (*kōōr bā′*), whom he had forgotten, and I have still in my ears the hasty accent of his reply. "Courbet!" he cried; "you are right to admire him. I have only seen, unfortunately, his 'Burial at Ornans' (*ŏr nŏng′*) in a bad reproduction, but the group of weeping women is above every thing. That's the absolute truth, the truth of grief, a truth we feel. The emotion you take in from such a sight makes you forever detest academical paintings. Nothing is durable, eternal, eternally touching, but the sincere expression of the conditions of life."—*Biography by Fourcaud prefixed to the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Works of Bastien-Lepage.*

you are at the entrance of the village. Follow the street; here is a spacious and cheerful house, a home, showing ease, not wealth." This was the home of Bastien-Lepage.*

His parents, simple and upright people, brought him up simply and uprightly. His father loved to draw, and drew agreeably, without having taken lessons, and he taught his son. When the time had come for sending him to what is called, in France, a college,—something combining what we call a college and a high-school,—he was placed at Verdun (vĕr dŏŏn′), where he was under no artistic influence but that of the school drawing-master. This teacher was astonished at his sketches. His father had merely taught him to try to represent what he saw, without regard to theories or traditions; and his work must have had more originality than is usual among clever young men. The drawing-master advised him to become a painter; the advice pleased the boy, and after taking his degree of bachelor of letters, he went up to Paris. His family did not disapprove of his choice, but they were not able to give him much money to live on, so he entered, at the same time, the Post-office Department and the École des Beaux Arts (ā kŏl′ dā bō zär′). He went to his office every morning at four o'clock, and went later to the École des Beaux Arts, where he had entered the atelier (ăt lē ā′) of Mon-

* As far back as he can recollect, he perceives in his memory, only harvesters scattered among the stubble; vintagers sharing the rows of vines; mowers shearing the sunny meadows; shepherdesses sheltering themselves under the trees from the burning rays of noon; shepherds shivering in winter in the folds of their ragged cloaks; peddlers striding across the plain soaked by the storm; women washing; scattering their laughter under the flowery April apple-trees and beating the blue water bravely. Every thing has struck him; an ill-looking beggar who has stopped, one day, near his father's house; a passer-by who has trampled down the green meadow, tracing a vague path in the grass; a sickly little girl keeping a cow; a fire which has broken out in the middle of the night, and which has suddenly sent the whole village into the street.—*Fourcaud.*

sieur Cabanel (mō seer′ kä bä nĕl′), who had also been the master of Henri Regnault (ŏng rē′ rān yō′) and other remarkable painters. He has been called "A master of masters, but no master himself." His work bears little resemblance to that of his distinguished pupils; he still teaches at the school, and is much beloved and admired as a professor; but it may be questioned whether he is the best representative of his type, the classical painter who is better at teaching than painting.

Bastien-Lepage's health broke down under his double work, and he had to leave the Post-office. During the war he enlisted, like most of his professional brothers, and entered a company of Francs tireurs (frŏng tē rûr′). At the unhappy end of the war, he went back to Damvillers, sick and dispirited. His stay at home does not appear to have been a very long one; in 1875, we find him still at the École des Beaux Arts. He competed that year for the Prix de Rome (prē dĕh rōm). One of his acquaintances asked him if he cared very much to win it. "Not the least in the world," said he. "If I want it, it is for my people, who have made every possible sacrifice for me, and whose pride would be flattered. On their account, I have made up my mind to compete two more times, but if I don't succeed I shall give up the game." His friend talked of his school successes, and some interesting work he had done outside the school. "No," said he, "I am sometimes complimented about my painting, but I am not yet where I wish to be. I don't want to make approximations." "And what do you want to do?" said his friend. "Nothing is good but the truth," said Bastien, without hesitation. "We must paint what we know and what we love. I come from a village in Lorraine; I shall paint first, the country-people and the

landscape of my country, as they are. I shall paint a Joan (jō ăn′) of Arc (ärk), too—a real Joan of Arc, belonging to our own home and not to my studio. Later, when I have observed the Parisians enough, I shall see what I can do in Paris subjects, but much later. My fellow-students think well of my portraits; I am proud of that, for I think every thing ought to be treated as a portrait, even a tree—even a piece of still-life. You never find two things exactly alike; talent consists in making out and giving to each what is peculiar to it. That's all my theory."

At this time he had already exhibited in the Salon (sä lōng′). He exhibited his first important pictures in that of 1873 and that of 1874. His first picture has been called "a sort of modern version from Watteau" (vät tō′). In his second Salon, he exhibited another picture, "The Spring Song," also "pitched on a light gay key, both of color and sentiment." But in the same Salon, an out-door portrait of his grandfather, one of the finest of his whole life, showed much better what his peculiar genius was to be. This portrait we know, as soon as we see it, to be by Bastien-Lepage.

When he painted his picture for the Prix de Rome, it was another entirely original painting. "His angel and his shepherds are wonderfully unlike the properly academical angel and shepherds he was expected to produce. * * * The color is charming, the picture beautiful, and full of feeling."* Like Watteau, a hundred and

* The angel is neither strange enough nor superhuman enough to frighten the simple people to whom he is sent, but they know he is an angel, for there is the golden glory round his head,—real gold this time,—and his golden belt, and his great wings, or rather *her* wings, for there is something extremely feminine in the type. She is pointing over her shoulder to Bethlehem, with a thoroughly simple and human gesture, while the shepherds, who are overjoyed at the news, are as rough and shaggy as their own sheep dogs.—*Letter in Boston Traveler.*

fifty years before, Bastien took the second prize, not the first. The day after the award, says M. de Fourcaud (fōōr kō′), a palm was found, fastened to the frame by two or three of his competitors.*

He tried again next year, but with even less success. His picture, "Priam (prī′ăm) at the Feet of Achilles" (a kĭl′lez), was again beautiful and touching, but not at all academical. He now seems to have gone back to his own country, and to hard work there. This year, beside a number of other Damvillers subjects, he made two sketches for *Les Foins* (lā fwăn′), or Hay-making,† which

* Various accounts have been given of the unauthorized honors paid to this picture; we have given M. de Fourcaud's in the text; but we add this extract from the New York *Tribune*, which, beside giving a different account, adds various interesting particulars: " * * * His picture was the favorite with artists, but the jury refused it on a technicality. Their reason was that the appearance to the shepherds was 'as they watched their flocks by night,' and Bastien-Lepage had represented the scene as if late in the afternoon. When the Salon doors were opened, Bastien-Lepage's friends crowded in only to find that the Prix de Rome had been awarded to Comerre (*kō mār′*). As they gathered disappointed round the Shepherds, Mr. Weir (*wēr*) placed a sprig of laurel on the frame. Suddenly, Sarah Bernhardt stalked through the crowd of artists, amateurs, and critics. Pausing dramatically, her eyes ran over the Shepherds and fell upon the sprig of laurel. Pointing to it with a sweeping gesture, she exclaimed, '*C'est bien placé*' (It is well placed).

"That night Bastien-Lepage and Comerre, with their partisans, were assembled in the restaurant of Mdlle. Anna (*mŭd mwạ zĕl′ ăn′ nà*). Eager partisans talked loudly of the two pictures which had led the competition for the Prix de Rome. All around the room hung paintings by various artists, and the pictures by men who had won the Prix de Rome in past years were crowned with wreaths of laurel. Late in the evening, a young American artist rose from his seat at Bastien-Lepage's table, and waving a laurel wreath, exclaimed that he would crown the picture of the man to whom the artists had awarded the Prix de Rome. Instantly his comrades raised him on their shoulders. Comerre's friends sprung up to prevent them, but the American was borne aloft across the room through the broken ranks of Comerre's partisans, and crowned with his laurel wreath Bastien-Lepage's picture, Jeunesse Dore" (*zhŭ nĕs′ dō rā′*).

† In a hay-field, of the peculiar gray-green which belongs to nothing but the new-mown hay, two people who have been working hard all day are taking their nooning. The man is fast asleep in the heat; he lies flat on his back, with his hands [lying] on his chest like a child, and his old hat pulled over his eyes. The woman is too tired for sleeping. She is sitting up with her empty hands on her lap, staring before her. Just what her wide-open eyes mean is a question which

was to appear in the Salon of 1878, and which was his first large picture. This painting, though there is much human interest in it, and though the figures are life-size, is treated from the landscape-painter's point of view. It has "the true, airy, open effect of out-of-doors." It is for this effect that many of the painters of to-day are trying hard. Bastien-Lepage brought to the effort the result of the years passed in the arduous study of that most elusive subject, the human figure; he brought, also, a remarkable and unique power as a draughtsman. He took as much pains with landscape as if he had been painting the figure,—he paid as much attention to color and light in his figures as if he had been painting landscape. He could not content himself, in a subject involving figures out-of-doors, with the old fashion of painting them in a studio, and then adding a suitable background to them. People out-of-doors did not look to him like models posing under a north window. He is, therefore, one of the leaders among those painters whom the French call the *Plein-airistes* (plān-ār ist'), or open-air men; and one of the most valuable lessons his work teaches, is that a man may be a *Plein-airiste* with all his heart, and at the same time be a consummate draughtsman. The fault, if there be a fault, in his great pictures is, in fact, an excess of attention to the delicate detail of nature. "If he is in fault," says one of his reviewers, "it is the noble fault of over-sincerity and over-work."

In 1879 he exhibited his "Potato-Gatherers," another large open-air subject; he showed, at the same time, his

has been much discussed; it is possible that if Bastien-Lepage had been sure of it he might have found them less interesting to paint. The nearer figure is of the size of life; the drawing and painting are beautiful, and pushed here and there to an amazing charm of execution. The hands of the young woman are, to a painter, a lesson never to be forgotten.—*Correspondence of Boston Traveler.*

wonderful little portrait of Sarah Bernhardt (bĕrn härt').* He was one of the greatest portraitists of our time, perhaps the greatest; his portraits were frequently small in size, but full of character and often of grandeur.

In 1880, he exhibited his picture on which he had so long been meditating,—the "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices."† This picture, the most important the artist ever painted, is also the best known in America. It is

* In the year that he exhibits "The Haying," he paints another out-door picture, "The Potato-Gatherers," which appears in the Salon of the next year, and which also causes much excitement and much favorable and unfavorable criticism. Some people prefer it to its predecessor. There is the same exact rendering of the out-door look of things, the same obstinate fidelity in the rendering of certain details, and there is a beautiful autumnal scale of color; it is, in fact, a real October field at Damvillers at which we are looking, and these are two real country-women we are looking at, but the picture is not so affecting as "The Haying."

At the same time that he exhibited this picture, he exhibited his little portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, and no better choice could have been made to show the astonishing range of his talent. The portrait has been described many times, but no description and no reproduction does justice to its amazing delicacy of execution, its wonderful expression, and the strangeness of its whole effect. No two types of character can be more distinct than the plain country-woman with the sack of potatoes, and the delicate Pythoness (*pĭth'o nĕs*) in white, in whom are centered all the subtleties of the Paris in which she lives. But I do not think that to a close observer the artist seems to be more in sympathy with one type than with the other.—*Correspondence of Boston Traveler.*

† It is only proper to make two observations in regard to this picture, which would scarcely occur to the most enlightened American critic who was not familiar either with European scenery or with the other works of Bastien-Lepage. Its effect is that of an overcast day, with cold light falling from a cloudy sky upon vegetation of a much bluer green than is ours in America. Any clear-sighted American, coming upon this picture from our hot, noonday sun, shining upon the warm yellow-green vegetation which we constantly see during the summer, is naturally shocked by the contrast. He easily falls into the idea that the artist has adopted a conventional manner of painting, none the less false for being new and unusual. The fact is that a very short stay in Northern France, where it is usually considered imprudent to undertake any important picture under an effect of sun, there are so few sunny days, would familiarize us with Bastien's cold effect.

And this is by no means the only effect he could paint, either. The peculiar range of color of a hay-field, the brilliancy of autumn, and the delicate harmony of a winter landscape, are equally familiar to him. He can paint twilight, or the effect of a fire at night. His power as a colorist has been disputed, but the charge of conventional color, at least, is most evidently an undeserved one.

one of the finest,—the head of Joan is certainly above all praise,—and yet on returning to it from a visit to France and to the exhibition of pictures held after his death, admirers of his genius have thought that this was not his last work, "not the best he could do, even during the few years of his life which were to follow,—not so fine as what he would have done had he lived a few years longer." He had always been particularly anxious to represent Joan as listening to the voices,—he had even meant to represent her on her knees at the foot of the altar. He had carefully studied the painted wooden images which resembled those she would have seen there, and it is the faint shapes of those images, not of the glorified saints themselves, which hover among her garden branches. The picture, says Fourcaud, was not so well received as the two preceding subjects. Bastien was made uneasy by this, but after two or three uncomfortable weeks, he went back to work at Damvillers.

"I have had to complain seriously of no one since I came to Paris," said he at this time. "And I owe much gratitude to many men who owed me nothing and have given me much. I learned my trade at the school, and I do not want to forget it; but, really, I did not learn my art there. * * * When I came from my village, I knew nothing about any thing, but at least I did not suspect the existence of that heap of formulas they lead you astray with. You want to paint what is; you are invited to paint the unknown Ideal; that is, to imitate the old pictures, more or less. I have daubed in my time sketches of gods, of goddesses, of Greeks, of Romans whom I knew nothing about, whom I did not understand, and for whom I did not care; I repeated to myself that perhaps that was Great Art, and now I some-

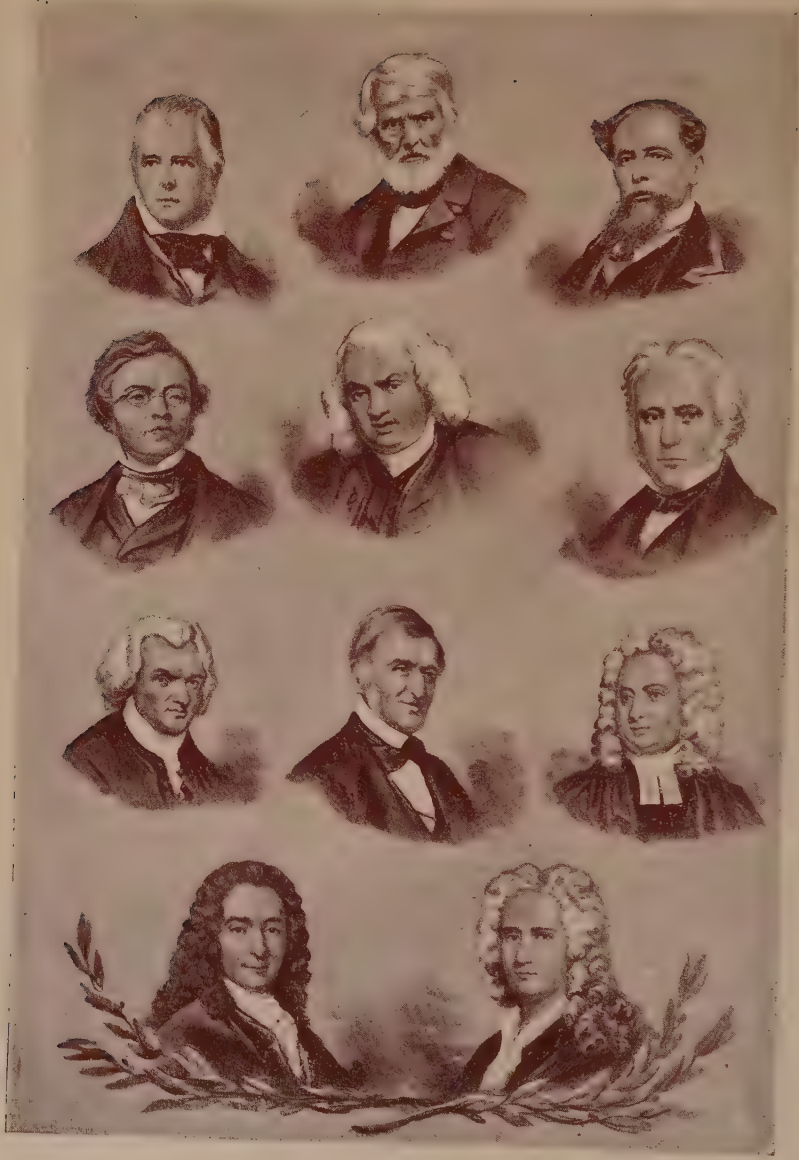
times ask myself if nothing of this education has remained in me. I do not go so far as to pretend that one can only paint every-day scenes; but, if people paint the scenes of past times, it is the least they can do to represent them in a thoroughly human way, with some conformity to what they have seen around them. * * * It would be simply to teach you to use the brushes and palette without talking to you about Michael Angelo (mī′kă ĕl ăn′jĕ lō), Raphael (răf′ă ĕl), Murillo (mōō re′lyō), or Domenichino (dō mĕn ē kē′nō). You would go back to your own home, to Brittany (brĭt′tăn ĭ), or to Gascony (găs′kŏ nў), to Lorraine or to Normandy; you would paint, calmly, the portrait of your own part of the world, and when some morning, after reading something, you wanted to paint the Prodigal Son, or Priam at the feet of Achilles, or any thing like that, you would imagine the scene in your own way, without picture-gallery reminiscences, in a setting of the neighboring country, with the models you could get, as if the old drama had happened yesterday." This was his plan of work, and very conscientiously he carried it out.

In 1881 he exhibited his "Beggar," the next year his "Father Jacques" (zhäk), both of them large pictures of old men. The "Beggar" is a shifty old French tramp, waiting at a half-open door, through which you can see the kind people he imposes upon. The "Father Jacques," which he once meant to call "An Honest Man," is a good old man coming home with his little grandchild through the open woods. And, in 1883, he exhibited his last great picture, "L'Amour au Village" (lä mōōr′ ō vē läzh′), or "Love in the Village," a sweet but unsentimental idyl,—real lovers in a real garden. But there were to be no more great pictures by Bastien in the

Salon; no one will ever see more than half-done paintings or studies of the "Shepherds Going to Bethlehem" (bĕth′lē hĕm), the "Ophelia (ō fēl′yȧ) by the Waterside," the "Christ Mourned by His Disciples," the Rainbow, with the poor humpback watching it, the old woman looking at her fruit blossoms in the spring, or that Burial of a Young Girl, for which he had made so many plans and so many studies. He was too ill to work; he went and came, looking for rest, and came back to Paris to die. A few weeks before his death, he tried to draw his own portrait in sharp, nervous lines. But he had done with all that forever.

"He went away," says his friend, "one winter's evening, the 10th of December, 1884."

When he thought his death was still far off, he said one day, while showing one of his friends his study of the body of Gambetta (gäm bĕt′ȧ), "I am not afraid of death;" then he added, "It's nothing to die; but the point is to survive, and who is sure of influencing posterity? Come, I'm talking wildly,—let us paint true, the rest is nothing."

PROSE WRITERS.

Scott.
Thackeray.
Rousseau.
Carlyle.
Johnson.
Emerson.
Dickens.
Macaulay.
Swift.
Voltaire.
Addison.

SWIFT.

1667-1745.

IT will be impossible for us clearly to understand the lives of Swift and Addison without a fair idea of the main lines of English History during the period of their lives. At no time that we recall were the literary men of England so involved in politics as in the reign of Anne (ăn). In that reign an author was almost perforce a Whig or a Tory, his fortunes rose or fell with those of his party, his successes were party successes, and party reverses were reverses to him. The lines were drawn closely. Addison, Steele, De Foe, Burnet, Garth, Tickell, and Phillips were the chief Whig writers. Swift, Prior, Gay, and Arbuthnot (är′ bŭth nŏt) were the chief Tories.

The idea of party government in England became fixed in the reign of Anne. Up to this time it had not been thought needful that a ministry should be entirely Whigs or entirely Tories. But after Anne's reign, coalition ministeries became rare. In 1708 was the first wholly Whig ministry, in 1710 the first that was wholly Tory.*

* The Whigs and Tories of that day, although the direct ancestors of the Liberals and Conservatives in England to-day, did not stand for exactly the same principles that now divide political parties. The Whigs were the upholders of the principles of the Revolution which had turned out the Stuarts in 1688, of William III., whom they had made king, and of the wars against Louis XIV. The Tories stood for the divine and indefeasible right of kings, and were therefore, in a measure, Jacobins, desiring the return of the Stuarts. Their watchword was "Church and State." The chief Whigs at this time with whom we shall have to do were Marlborough (*mawl′ brŭh*), Godolphin, Robert Walpole (*wŏl′ pōl*), Somers (*sŭm′ mers*), Sunderland, and Halifax, while their chief literary allies were Addison,

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, Ireland, of an old English family, November 30, 1667. His father died before his birth, and he himself was educated by the care of his uncle at the best school in Ireland, and at Trinity College, Dublin, but distinguished himself in no way. He had little idea as to what he should do; he was unconscious of the direction in which his powers might lie. In this state he was received into the family of Sir William Temple,* a statesman in retirement, to read aloud and act as secretary, at the salary of £20, with board and lodging thrown in. He passed eleven years at Temple's residence at Moor Park. It was a strange and important period of his life. He read much, and thereby made amends for much idling done in his school and college days. He wrote also. Two of his most famous satires, "The Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books," were written here.† But he chafed terribly at

Steele, and De Foe (*fl'*). The Tory leaders were St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and Harley, Earl of Oxford, and among their literary men the greatest was Jonathan Swift.

* Temple was a connection of Swift's mother.

† These two famous satires are hardly read much nowadays, though they made for Swift, and deservedly, a very great reputation. "The Battle of the Books" relates to a dispute—now almost forgotten—as to the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns in literature. Sir William Temple had engaged in this controversy, and Swift appeared on the side of his patron. The authors of different ages take part in Homeric battle; Virgil, for instance, encounters Dryden. The modern controversialists, too, make part of the combatants. Bentley and Wotton (who took the adverse side to Temple) are easily overcome by Boyle, who was more fortunate in his affiliations. Swift cared little for the controversy, but was pleased at an opportunity to display his very great wit and his unexampled powers of sarcasm.

"The Tale of a Tub" (*Tub*, meaning a pulpit,) is in the same vein. It is a satire on religious matters, and it is said that it was owing to this book that Swift could never attain his life-long ambition—a bishopric. The book satirizes the pedantry of the three religious systems that were then prominent in England. Three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent, respectively, the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and the Puritan persuasions. Under this form some pretty irreverent remarks appear. Take, for instance, this about Peter, who was seen to take "three old high-crowned hats and clap them all on his head three-story

his position. He became aware of his intellectual powers, and the idea of remaining in such a position as that in which he now appeared to men of less ability to himself was a terrible trial to him. He began at Moor Park to have the misanthropical feeling that his hand was against the world and the world's against him, which is the key to much of his later life and works.

Two things of importance, however, date from Moor Park. Here he first met Hester Johnson, who, under the name of Stella, became so important a part of his life, and here first he became conscious that he was to become a man of letters, and, as it turned out, the greatest of his day.

At Temple's death Swift left Moor Park, having chosen the Church as his vocation.* At the age of thirty-one, possessed of little else than a knowledge of his own powers and the affection of a most beautiful girl, and after trying in vain for greater prizes, he settled back in the living of Laracor, some little way from Dublin. And to Laracor he invited Hester Johnson, left without a home by the death of Temple, and one Mrs. Dingley, saying that they could live there more cheaply than in England, and that he should thus have the pleasure of their society. Swift's connection with Stella is one of the most curious parts of his life, and one of which the secret has never been wholly unraveled. Neither had at this time any thoughts of marriage nor of love, as

high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops and give him a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute." Fancy the man who could write such things as this being made a bishop.

* He had received the degree of Master of Arts from Oxford in 1692, and had, in fact, held the living of Kilroot for a short time in 1695.

most people understood the word. They were simply very near friends. Swift never saw her save in the presence of a third person, and they always lived separately.

Swift had no very onerous duties at Laracor. He was very frequently in London, where a mission on the part of the Irish Church brought him much into the way of statesmen, and his own great abilities and already published works procured him the friendship of the wits and men of letters. Bred in the household of Sir William Temple, Swift was naturally in Whig circles, and at his first appearances in London considered himself as a Whig in politics. But it was difficult for a high churchman in England to be a Whig. In Ireland the case was different. In Ireland the church relied upon the maintenance of the principles of the Revolution for their existence. But in England the high churchmen were Tories. So Swift's Whiggism was not very strong, and his change afterward to the Tory party was by no means inconsistent. At this time, however, he affiliated with the Whig writers, and sought to gain his ends by means of Whig patronage.

These ends were not entirely personal. Swift hoped for advancement,* but he had in hand a definite object, namely, to obtain the remission of the first-fruits and tenths which the Church of Ireland paid to the crown. This favor had been accorded England in 1704. In

* Swift's great ambition in life was an English bishopric. He never attained it. Who does not recollect Thackeray's vigorous picture, in which Swift is compared to a highwayman, who picks up one thing here and another there for one or another of his friends. But "the great prize has not come yet. The coach with the miter and crosier in it, which he intends to have for his share, has been delayed on the way from St. James'; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse and rides away into the country."

1707, Swift came to London to get the business through. He failed. The backwardness of his Whig friends dissatisfied him, and he went back to Ireland much disgusted with that party, and with no hopes for advancement in that direction.

He had, however, become well known and recognized in London as a man of great power. His two satires and one or two pamphlets had shown his very great genius, and it only needed an opportunity for him to attain a fitting and noble place in the great world of his day. The opportunity soon came.

In 1710 occurred a political crisis,—of which the event served to bring Swift suddenly to the highest point in his career. For some years the administration had been Whig. Swift had not been on good terms with them, but neither had he come out in full Tory colors; and had he done so nothing would have come of it, for the Tories had been hopelessly down for some years. But now their opportunity had come. The Whigs, Marlborough and the ministry, were turned out; Harley, the Tory chief, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the fall, when a new Parliament assembled, it showed a great majority on the Tory side. Swift came to town while events were still unsettled. The Whigs would have been glad to forget the past. But no such idea was likely to be in the mind of Swift. His disposition was revengeful, and he did not easily let slip from his mind such errors as the Whig leaders had been guilty of. Besides, the now triumphant Tories courted him in a most complimentary style. It was to their advantage to strengthen their position by all of the most powerful pens in England. So the great Harley was ready to become the most intimate friend of the fierce Irishman, who had been scorned

and neglected by the leaders of the opposition in the days of their power.

Swift was courted to the top of his bent. He received no appointment, but his position was as influential a one as could be desired. He became hand-in-glove with Harley and St. John, the Tory chiefs. His business about the Irish first-fruits was settled in a moment. He became one of the inner circle of Tory statesmen. He dined with them on their private days. They called him by his first name. Swift became the close and intimate friend of Harley and of St. John as well, though it is undeniable that the reasons for their acquaintance were at first merely that each hoped to make something out of the other. Swift wanted advancement, the ministers wanted the support of his pen. Swift at once took hold. The *Examiner* was a series of political tracts, in which the Tory principles were put forth and defended. The *Examiners*, though not lasting pieces of literature, served their purpose admirably. This was all that was wanted. Swift cared nothing for producing literary masterpieces; he wanted to carry his point. He worked public opinion around to believing that in the Tories lay their safety, that peace was needful, that the Whigs had betrayed their country to serve their own selfish interests. So Swift was well in the political tide, carried on from day to day, among the first in a sort of wild, exciting life which gave him in his time the position of one of the greatest of men, though it has done little for his place with posterity.

Swift enjoyed all this. He held it with a high hand. He knew the Tories needed him, could not get on without him, and he made use of his knowledge. Harley offered him a £50 note one day. Swift took the matter as the most shameless insult. He could not be pacified

without much urging, and after a humble apology. He carried his head high among his friends, and used his position to lash his opponents with most vigorous libels.

In 1712, he published "The Conduct of the Allies,"* a political tract setting forth the Tory position. It was another triumph. The pamphlet ran through editions with lightning speed; 11,000 copies were sold in two months. This was the crowning-point of his career. His position was most remarkable. He was courted by the ministry, was possessed of immense reputation throughout the country, and was at the height of his immense literary powers. While it lasted, Swift could not but have been satisfied. But it could not last, and at the end, when the Tories were out of power, as in the nature of things they must be sooner or later, Swift would have nothing but recollections of greatness. For though he got every thing for his friends, he could get nothing that he wanted for himself. He was forced to appear contented with the appointment as Dean of St. Patrick's; and in June, 1713, retired from the most brilliant scenes he ever had seen or ever would see, to be installed in Dublin. It was only a short time before it was necessary. The Tory leaders were quarreling among themselves; Harley, now Earl of Oxford, was finally put out of the way by his rival, St. John, Lord Bolingbroke (bŏl'ing-brŏŏk), and only a day or two afterward Queen Anne died. This was the end of the Tories for the time. The Whigs came in, George I. was proclaimed, and Swift, now forty-seven years of age, was left to himself in Ireland

* The Allies were England, Holland, the Empire, Savoy (*săv' oi*), and Portugal against France and Spain. The treatise was meant to show that the Whigs urged the continuance of the war for their own motives, and that the interests of England demanded peace.

with nothing to do but to be Dean of St. Patrick's to the end of the chapter.

Though Swift's personal prospects and his hopes for political advancement were utterly broken by the Tory downfall,* yet some of his greatest triumphs were scored in his after years. He had settled himself in his Deanery a year before the crash came, and when George II. came in, and the Whigs finally grasped the reins with a strong hand, he seems to have felt that the active part of his life was over, and all that was left him was to gather together what bits of the wreck remained, and to wait for his death with such grace as might be. He was now forty-seven, and lived thirty years more. But the exciting and brilliant period of his life was over. "You are to understand," says he, "that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie and drink half a pint of wine; my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavoring to reduce my rebellious choir." His condition was in truth gloomy, and his own nature rendered it darker.

Party warfare was practically at an end in England for a long time after the accession of George I. The leanings of that monarch, as far as they were any thing, were strongly Whig. And the master-hand of Sir Robert Walpole kept his party in power for a long time. The Tory party was utterly broken. Its leaders were in prison, or in exile, and the organization for a time absolutely shat-

* For the Whigs on this occasion, under Sir Robert Walpole, came in to stay twenty-seven years.

tered. So that pamphleteering, in which Swift had made his greatest reputation, had almost passed away. Once more, however, did Swift arise in arms, but this time more to crush the Whigs than with any hope of aiding the Tories. "The Drapier's (drā'pĭ erz) Letters," a work which, in his day, made him more famous than any other of his writings, served their purpose absolutely, and made Swift for a time the leader of public opinion in Ireland. The occasion was the granting of a patent for the issue of certain half-pence to one William Wood. There was need of copper coinage in Ireland. The English government of that unhappy country, long accustomed to profit by her misfortunes, had given a patent for the coining of half-pennies to this Wood. There were to be made about £100,000 of half-pence, and Wood was to pay the crown £1,000 yearly for fourteen years, for the privilege of coining them. He was not unwilling to do this, because only about £60,000 worth of copper was to be used in the making, leaving £40,000 out of which to pay the expenses, which would give a fair profit. Out of this profit was to be paid £14,000 to the crown, and, it is said, £10,000 to the Duchess of Kendal (kĕn'dal), to whom the patent had been originally given as a present. Swift seized this opportunity. The Whigs were merely using Ireland as a means of dirty profit. He would stir up the Irish. Undoubtedly he was deeply outraged at the disgraceful transaction, feeling it to be a shameless piece of tyranny. And the chance to strike a blow at his old enemies was too good to be lost. He published several "letters," supposed to be written by a draper, and known as "The Drapier's Letters." They had an astounding effect on the Irish. The argument was flimsy, but the grievance was

real, and the people were touched at a sore point. They became inflamed. The English tried to stop the publication of the letters, to convict the printer of them, to "force the half-pence down the throats of the Irish," as Walpole is reported to have said. The outcry was so great that they were forced to give way, the patent was withdrawn, Wood was paid £24,000 to give it up, and Swift was left triumphant. He had seized a plausible opportunity to fight in a good cause. He had roused the Irish to indignation at the idea that Ireland was never thought of in England save as a place where a little money might be made, which need not be considered save from the point of view of English interests.

"The Drapier's Letters" gave Swift the position of the leading man among the Irish people; but it by no means could retrieve his position in England. To England he went several times, saw his old friends, but recognized the impossibility of doing any thing in political life again. He made one more mighty success before he relapsed into the wretched state in which his life ended. "Gulliver's Travels" was published two years after "The Drapier's Letters."

It is an extraordinary work. Read with delight by children, and with wonder and admiration by those of more mature minds, it is probable that every one of our readers knows much of it. Yet, though it is so universally read, it is an unpleasing work. A satire on humanity, written by so powerful a misanthrope as Jonathan Swift, can hardly be pleasant reading for those who wish to believe that there are still some things that are good and pure and noble, even in the midst of so much wickedness as there is in this world.

It is impossible now to fully understand Swift's rela-

tion to Stella,—Hester Johnson, as her real name was. A most intimate and sincere friendship existed between them, and they were married, some say as early as 1716, others say later. But the marriage was nothing but a ceremony. They always lived apart, and, as has been noted, Swift never saw Stella, as he has declared, save in the presence of a third party. This third party was usually Mrs. Dingley, with whom Stella lived in Ireland, at a short distance from Swift, though never in the same house. Swift wrote to Stella constantly,—letters, verses, and so on. It is from the well-known "Journal to Stella" that we obtain our best idea of the great man's life while in London. It contains a record of what he did, day by day, whom he saw, and where he went. It is full of charming tendernesses and loving expressions, that show a strange side in the nature of this fierce satirist. It was in London that Swift made the acquaintance of the other woman whose name is associated with his,—Vanessa (*vă nĕs'sá*), otherwise Esther Vanhomrigh (*văn'-hŏm rĭ*). Swift became intimate with the family as early as 1708. He seems to have looked on Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house as a sort of home. But it was a bad day for Vanessa when Swift came to the house. She fell in love with him, and he allowed her to do so. The story is too long for us * in all its details, but the outcome was that

* We may add here the story of Vanessa, which was a bit too long for our text. The reader may find a piece of it told by the Dean himself, in verse, in "Cadenus (*kā dē' nŭs*) and Vanessa." [*Cadenus* is put instead of *decanus* (*de kā' nŭs*), the dean]. Swift, finding in Miss Vanhomrigh something more than the mere young lady of fashion, took pleasure in her company, read, talked, and studied with her. Vanessa fell in love with her master. When he was about to leave her to go back to Ireland, she told him of her affection. He offered to be her friend, and left her. The relation continued. Some time afterward Vanessa, by force of circumstances, came to Ireland to Celbridge, a place not far from Stella's abode. The end of the story is quite dramatic. Vanessa becoming anxious, and troubled about Swift's relation to Stella, finally wrote to her rival a

Vanessa finally came to Ireland, and discovered the true nature of Stella's relation to the Dean, and there died of a broken heart. Stella herself died in 1728, the year after that in which "Gulliver's Travels" first saw the light.

There is little to detain us in the last years of Swift's. For eighteen years after "Gulliver's Travels," he lived, though for the last few years of his life his intellect was almost wholly destroyed, and he could hardly be said even to exist. He wrote somewhat,—some one or two satires which have been forgotten, and many letters to his friends in England, which may still be read with pleasure. But the life of the "Great Irish Dean" had really ended with the publication of "Gulliver" in 1727, and the death of Stella the next year. He died October 19, 1745, glad of the relief from living, and was buried in St. Patrick's church-yard. He had written his own epitaph.

"Here is laid the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this church, where cruel indignation can no longer tear his heart. Go, traveler, and imitate if thou canst a sturdy vindicator of the liberty of humankind."*

letter, in which, as it is said, she asked if Stella were truly the wife of Swift. Stella replied that she was. Swift saw Vanessa's letter, and fell into a fury. He could not bear that any one should not be satisfied to do as he desired. He rode over to Vanessa, and entered her room in a terrible passion. Without saying a word, he tossed her letter before her and departed. Vanessa could not bear it. She died shortly afterward.

Such is the story. We can not be sure of its truth. But something of the sort must have happened. Vanessa's relation with Swift was the more exciting while it lasted, and came to a more dramatic end. But we can not think it more miserable or more pathetic than was Stella's.

* In personal appearance, Swift was dark and tall; in later years, he was somewhat fat. His eyes were blue, and had a charming archness about them. His cast of countenance was naturally severe, and even when he was cracking a joke his face preserved its gloomy expression. And when the natural sternness was rendered more severe by rage (for he often fell into a passion), "it is scarcely possible," says a friend, "to imagine looks or features that carried in them more

The life of Swift and his character must be looked on with wonder, with awe, and at times with respect, but hardly ever with pleasure. His career was a disappointment to himself, and must be to those who read of it. He failed to achieve his aims, such ideals as he had were unrealized, and he sunk in gloomy chagrin to a most wretched end. The different phases of his life, his stay with Temple, his parish life in Ireland, even his glittering period of triumph in London, and most especially his after years in Ireland, are each and all of them little else than painful. His troubles and failures were of a most grievous kind, and even his successes were deeply colored with what must be distasteful. His relations with Stella and Vanessa are far more sad to think of than pleasing. Even his works can hardly be read as he wrote them with other feelings than amazement and admiration; there can be little pleasure in the reading, and no love for the author, for so much of horror is blended with the wit that we can not laugh without a feeling of repulsion.* "His laughter jars on our ears," says Thackeray (thăk'e rĭ), "after seven score years." True, there are some bright snatches. His "Journal to Stella" is at times the most delightful reading in the world, and we can not think of Swift's friendship with some of the greatest men of his time without feeling that there were moments when he seemed the best and most delightful of men. Certainly, there lay concealed in his nature infinite greatness, honesty, nobility; yes, and tenderness and fondness as well. We are sure of it, for now and then we

terror and austerity. His manners were open, abrupt, and eccentric, but when he chose he was probably a most charming companion,—witty at the expense of somebody else, frank and straightforward as far as his present companion was concerned, full of ideas, and great in conversation."

* We may, perhaps, except the first two books of "Gulliver."

see such brilliant flashes,—but they come so very seldom, and are usually overshadowed by his constant bitterness, hatred, and misanthropy. He was a very great man; there was no littleness in his make-up. His better parts were great. But the evil in his nature showed far more plainly.*

* To our mind, the most characteristic work of Swift lies in the verses on his own death. We quote a little, to give the readers who are unfamiliar with them a taste of their remarkable quality.

He speaks of the effect the news of his death will have on the world in general. Then he speaks of his own most intimate personal friends.

"Here shift the scene to represent
How these I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die.'

"Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some, and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
* * * 'Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct.
* * * True genuine dullness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learned by rote.
* * * He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.'"

ADDISON.

1672-1719.

FOR a long time the name of Addison (ăd′ĭ sŏn) has been the synonym for elegant and correct prose. Addison was one of the earlier of those writers of the eighteenth century who, though they did but little for the advancement of poetry, in their more special department, formed a period which, for correctness, character, and dignity, stands as the classical period in English Prose. The names of Temple, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Steele, Fielding, Hume, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, make up a school which, for mere style, has never been surpassed.

Joseph Addison was born the 1st of May, 1672, the son of Launcelot (lăn′se lŏt) Addison, a worthy clergyman of the English Church. We know but little of his childhood that is characteristic. Almost the only anecdote told of his youth relates that he was the leader of a "barring out" against the school-master. But this is of little importance. If we note that he went to the Charter-house school, and there made friends with Richard Steele,* we shall remember almost all in his school life that

* Sir Richard Steele deserves a few words to himself, though we can hardly include him in our list of greatest names. He was the life-long friend, companion, and admirer of Addison, with whom he did many a piece of work. He was an easy and agreeable writer of a pure and good English style,—though but little of his work has permanent value. By turns a private soldier, a captain in the Fusileers, a pamphleteer, a member of Parliament, a placeman under the Whigs, he was always honest, true, faithful to his friends, loving to his wife, and though often carried away by his impulses into doing what he afterward regretted, he must have been one of the most kindly and charming of the literary men of his

is of importance to an understanding of his later days. In 1687, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, where he spent some time, but in 1689 was elected a *demy** (de mī′) at Magdalen (maud′lin), of which college he was subsequently a Fellow.

At Oxford he read and wrote Latin poetry. Also some Greek, though not very much, 'tis thought. But he wrote very elegant and graceful Latin verses (indeed, he owed his promotion at Magdalen to a copy which fell into the hands of the master), and he acquainted himself very thoroughly with the Latin poets. Perhaps he knew something more of the classics; the question is open for discussion, and it does not seem of the greatest consequence. At any rate, on leaving Oxford, in 1699, he carried away with him to London a good store of Latin and a good reputation as a scholar and a man of letters. He thought of the Church, but was persuaded to travel abroad for a time, on a pension of £300, to fit himself for her Majesty's service. My Lord Halifax (then Charles Montague [mŏn′tă gū]), who got him the pension, was pleased to compliment him by saying that, "however he himself might be represented as an enemy to the Church, he would never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

So Addison started to make the "Grand Tour,"† as it

day. He is to be credited with the conception of the "Tatler," and he was Addison's right-hand man in writing the "Spectator."

* A demy was a species of resident scholar, who was subsequently appointed to be a Fellow.

† Travel on the Continent was, in those days, and for some time afterward, considered as the absolutely necessary finishing touch to a young man's education. "Making the Grand Tour," was the expression. Not infrequently the Continent proved merely a convenient place for the sowing of wild oats, while the intellectual benefits were but small.

This is what Pope says on the subject. The speaker is supposed to be a tutor who has traveled with a young man over the greater part of Europe.

was called in those days. He saw Italy thoroughly, passed through Germany, spent a year in France to learn the language well, and, his pension failing (owing to the Whigs being out of office), returned to England and established himself in London, where he had certain literary acquaintances and hopes. He had written some good Latin verses, a good poem, the "Letter to Lord Halifax,"* some "Remarks on Italy," and a "Dialogue on Medals." He had little definite idea of a future. His friends, the Whigs, were out of power, and to political friends all literary men in those days looked for advancement. It was, in truth, no very cheerful time for him; he seemed to be at the lowest point of his fortunes. "When I came out of Oxford into the world," says he to Esmond, in Thackeray's (thăk'e rĭz) most charming history, "my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from a

> "Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
> And gathered every vice on Christian ground;
> Saw every court, heard every king declare
> His royal sense of operas or the fair,
> Tried all *hors d'œuvres* (*hôr dûvr*), all *liqueurs* (*lē kērs'*) defined,
> Judicious drank and greatly daring dined;
> Dropped the dull lumber of the Latin store,
> Spoiled his own language and acquired no more,
> All classic learning lost on classic ground,
> And last turned air the echo of a sound."

Addison, however, gained some more substantial benefit from his foreign travel. He went with the idea of learning whatever would better fit him for her Majesty's service, and did his best to improve himself.

* One thing to be remembered in connection with this period is that now, as for a long time before and after, literary men were accustomed to pay their court to some prominent man as patron, to whom they wrote odes, dedicated their works and what not, wherein their noble patron's praises were sounded. In return, these great men would reward these clients of theirs by whatever substantial services they might be able to render them. Each political party strove to strengthen itself by attracting to itself as many of the literary men as it could, for, in those days of secret debates in Parliament and no newspapers, the strictly literary men exercised a great influence over public opinion.

cook's shop." So they had; his friends were out of place, his pension was unpaid, and for a time the world seemed very dark.

It was at just this time that Marlborough* (mawl′brŭh) did a very good thing for himself and for Addison, in winning the Battle of Blenheim (blĕn′im). "What it was all about," as Kasper thought, is not here of so much consequence as the fact that it was a famous victory. A Whig victory, the people were roused, enthusiastic, the ministry were eager to make the most of it. The great Whig victory must be celebrated in verse. Where was the man to do it. Godolphin (ğō dŏl′fĭn), himself the Lord High Treasurer, inquires as to who can best celebrate the praises of Marlborough and the great Whig party. My Lord Halifax knows the man, but he will not let him put his hand to it unless assured that the ministry will remember him. Every thing is promised. Godolphin himself sends to Mr. Addison, the friend of My Lord Halifax, with the request that he will celebrate this great victory in becoming verse.

Such was the cause of the writing of "The Campaign," a poem lauded to the skies in its day (for political causes, in great measure), and now utterly forgotten save its name and its one famous simile. The comparison of the Duke of Marlborough overlooking the battle to such an angel as had guided the furious storm which had passed

* John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough, was England's great general of those days. His renown was gained in the constant warfare against France, which began with William III. and lasted nearly to the end of the reign of Anne (*ăn*). England, Holland, and the Empire were allied against the growing ambition of Louis XIV., and Marlborough and Prince Eugene (*ū gēn′*) were the principal generals on the side of the Allies. Blenheim was their greatest victory, but Ramellies (*răm′e lēz*), Oudenarde (*ow dĕn ār′ deh*), and Malplaquet (*măl plŭ kā′*) made them famous in their day. At first, having no decided political leanings, Marlborough finally concluded that his own fortunes were best advanced by joining with the Whigs. He was a man of great military powers, small principles, and great manners.

over Britain a few years before, was the success of the poem.* Johnson says 'tis no simile, but an exemplification. But it is, at any rate, a fine bit of verse, and worth reading to-day. At that time it raised Addison to the rank of the greatest of English poets, and better than that, for the moment, "that good angel flew off with Mr. Addison and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals," as a pledge of something more being done for him in the future. 'Twas the way of the world at that time. The spoils belonged to the victors, and the literary men who sung the victor's praises came in for their share. Just how the ability to write good verse was a proof that a man would make a good Commissioner of Appeals in the Excise is hard to see; but the work was generally done by deputy, and the lucky owner took half the salary for doing nothing.

So, from this moment, Addison's fortunes began to mend. In a year, from being Commissioner of Appeals in the Excise, he became Under Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges (hĕj′ĕz) — a place of some profit and but little labor, which he held for several years, when his

* The reader may like to see this famous simile without taking the trouble to turn to Addison's collected works. The moment taken is in the midst of the Battle of Blenheim.

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia (*brĭt tăn′ĭ ă*) past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

chief, the Earl of Sunderland (who had succeeded Sir Charles), was displaced to give way to a Tory. But almost immediately another position was opened to Addison. The Earl of Wharton (hwôr′ton), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a great Whig and a member of the Kit-Cat Club,* offered to Addison a position as his secretary. And so, with his friend, Eustace (ūs′tās) Budgell, as private secretary to himself, Addison quitted England for Dublin as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation.

The chief thing of note during Addison's stay in Ireland, must have been his acquaintance with Swift. These two great men were at this time good friends, for they liked and respected each other. But they were on different sides in politics, and often fiercely opposed to each other, and, unfortunately, they could hardly get over their political opposition in their private acquaintance. So their friendship cooled. They had no quarrel, as Addison had with Pope, but they were no longer friends. "We have grown common acquaintance," writes Swift

* The Kit-Cat Club was an organization started toward the beginning of the 18th century, at first with the view of encouraging literature and belles-lettres (*bĕl lĕt′ter*), but very shortly assuming a political turn, which soon became the predominating element. It became, in fact, the Whig caucus of those days, and among its members were all the most famous Whigs of the day, both political and literary. The most noted members at this time were Marlborough and Godolphin, Walpole and Wharton. Halifax, Addison's early patron, was also a member. So, too, was Addison himself, Steele, Congreve (*kŏng′grēv*) and Garth, with Vanbrugh (*văn broo′*), the architect and dramatist, and Kneller (*nĕl′er*), the painter. The presiding genius, curiously enough, was Tonson, a book-seller. The Club obtained its whimsical name from one Christopher Cat, who acted as victualer in ordinary to the members, providing them with certain mutton-pies which were highly esteemed. The portraits of the members were executed by Kneller for the dining-room wherein they met. From the form in which they were done, a three-quarters length, the name "kit-cat" has been applied to this species of picture.

to Stella. I fear Swift regretted the decline of their friendship more than did Addison.

It was while in Ireland that Steele started the *Tatler*,* a publication which truly marks an epoch in Addison's life. Hitherto he had been known as a scholar, a graceful writer of Latin verse, the author of an elegant disquisition on medals, of one much praised poem, "The Campaign," and various others of less repute, and indeed in other ways for which posterity cares but little. He was now to appear in the light in which all his later admirers have loved to imagine him, the true humorist, the writer of those delightful Essays in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, which are read to-day with almost as keen delight as they were by those for whom they were written. He was to become the gentle castigator of public folly, the encourager of public virtue, the critic who was to lead Englishmen to a true appreciation of some of the wonders of their own literature, the creator of a public

* The *Tatler*, and the *Spectator* after it, were the first of a famous species of composition in great vogue in England in the 18th century. The *Tatler* was, we believe, the first periodical paper containing news and comment joined thereto. It lost, however, this mixed character, and shortly became a series of essays upon current happenings in politics or the home, or upon literary or frivolous topics. It was in this respect that the *Spectator* followed the *Tatler*. It is a series of essays on all topics that would be likely to interest the readers of Queen Anne's day, short disquisitions on literature, satires against dress and social follies, quaint descriptions of delightful character, tales of fantastic and whimsical nature, usually with a moral,—such is the *Spectator*. And all written in the easiest and most agreeable manner imaginable. We must remember that up to this time prose had hardly been considered a medium in which to express light, graceful, and elegant ideas. But little attention was paid to style. Prose was good for history, for philosophy, for controversy, but few thought of making Prose a work of art in the same way as had been done with Poetry. This was one of the great charms of the *Spectator*. It treated light and agreeable themes in a pleasant, humorous, and graceful way that delighted all readers, and was, indeed, something quite new in English literature. In another way, too, is the *Spectator* remarkable. It showed that polite and elegant literature could be written which was not foul and indecent in word and thought, as had been almost all the light literature of the age immediately preceding it. For this, if for nothing more, Addison and Steele deserve the greatest gratitude of all readers.

opinion in favor of Truth and Right, the asserter of a position for the gentler sex far higher than had been allowed them in the century immediately preceding. These Essays of Addison's, how much they call up to mind! The worthy trunkmaker who sat in the gallery and applauded at the play, Tom Folio and the political upholsterer, Hilpa and Shalum, the worthy inhabitants of the world before the flood, the famous Fan Drill, the worthy tailor who enacted the Lion at the opera, the gentle wearers of the Party Patches, the Clubs and Coffee-houses of the London of that day,* the Tory fox-hunter and the Tory Squires in the *Freeholder*, and best of all, good old Sir Roger de Coverley (kŭv′er lĭ), the fine old

* It was the heyday of coffee-houses. They held the place which the club-houses hold to-day. The men of fashion, the wits, the students, the lawyers, the stock-brokers, the highwaymen, the drunkards, all had some resort where they gathered to discuss the news of the day, and gain improvement for the mind by instructive conversation. Dryden, a sort of king among the literary men before Addison's time and Swift's, had established himself at Will's coffee-house. Addison set up Buttons, where he and his coterie (*kō te rē′*) were accustomed to resort. The Whigs rallied about the St. James, the Tories about the Cocoa-Tree or at Ozinda's. The Grecian was the gathering place for the learned men, Serle's for the lawyers. Mr. Bickerstaff (*bĭk′er stăf*) often wrote from White's, and the *Spectator* was often at Childs', of which the clergy were the chief frequenters. The stock-jobbers were to be found at Jonathan's, in Change Alley.

The time of the *Spectator* was also a great time for clubs. Not the stately associations in which men of the present day enjoy the comforts of a first-class hotel, but informal and ephemeral associations of men with some purpose, opinion, whimsy in common, who usually met around about at one or another of the coffee-houses or ale-houses with which London at that time was furnished. There were some whose names have come down to us. Thus, there was the Kit-Cat, the great Whig club, of which we have already heard; the October Club, in which the Tories meditated and consulted over good October beer. There was the Hell-fire Club, organized for the perpetration of midnight deeds too horrid to be thought of; the Scriblerus (*skrĭ blē′ rŭs*) Club, of which Swift, Atterbury, Bolingbroke, and Oxford were the lights, and the Brothers' Club, to which many Tory peers belonged, as well as Swift, Prior, Arbuthnot, and St. John (afterward Lord Bolingbroke). And besides these were a thousand and one more informal organizations. In fact, as the *Spectator* remarks, "Where a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance."

English gentleman. We don't read them much nowadays, I fear, but it is to our own loss.

Shortly after the end of the first series of the *Spectator*, in the year 1713, Addison brought out his tragedy of "Cato" and made another great success of the same nature as his success with "The Campaign"—on account in great measure of the political situation. "Cato" and "The Campaign," though having many good lines, could not have immortalized Addison. Without the *Spectator* he would have ranked perhaps with Phillips. Written ten years or more before, "Cato" had lain neglected until now, when the Whig leaders began to solicit Addison to complete it. The spectacle of a noble Roman dying in defense of his country against a usurper would, they thought, arouse public sympathy for an Anti-Jacobite party. On the other hand, the Tories proposed to take to themselves what credit they could find in the piece, and as both political parties were in favor of the play, how could it be other than a success? Addison wrote a last act to it, Pope wrote a prologue, and Garth an epilogue, Steele prepared to pack the house with good Whig claquers. Of this last, as it turned out, there was small need, for the Tories too crowded into the theater intent to find something which should apply to their own political principles, and answered Steele's brave band of Whigs hand for hand. The piece was a great success. The house resounded with applause. But Bolingbroke (bŏl′ĭng brŏŏk), the Tory leader, scored the greatest success. For when the Whigs were loudly applauding "Cato," he called Booth, who acted the part, into his box and presented him with a purse of £50 for so nobly defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator—a palpable hit at Marlborough, the great

Whig general. "The Whigs," says Pope, "design a present to the same 'Cato' very speedily; in the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side." So Addison scored another great success. He then turned his hand to other things. He wrote part of the *Guardian*, a publication not unlike the *Spectator*. An eighth volume of the *Spectator* was published, and he had thoughts of a work "On the Evidences of Christianity." But at this point politics claimed him again.

Queen Anne (ăn) died August 1, 1714. It was a great moment. The Whigs (out of power) were ready for it. By one or two bold strokes they utterly overthrew Bolingbroke, who now represented the Tories (having succeeded in putting down Oxford), and by the Whigs George I. was proclaimed King of England. The Protestant succession triumphed. All hopes of any motion in favor of the Old Pretender went down with the defeat of the Scots in 1715. When the Whigs came in, Sunderland, Addison's old chief, was appointed to the place of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison was again given the place of Secretary, and for a short time lived in Dublin. He had lived through the greatest triumphs of his life. The *Freeholder*, published in 1716, has some good papers, but was written for a special purpose, rendered necessary by political affairs, which it achieved, but is worth little else. A year or two later the *Old Whig* was published, replying to certain attacks on the Whig policy made by his old friend Steele. But his life was nearly over. In 1716 he had married Charlotte, Countess of Warwick,* and the next year was appointed one of

* 'Tis said this marriage was by no means an ideal union. Pope hints at Addison's having "married discord with a noble wife." But as to this there may be doubt. He had long been in love with the countess. It is hinted that Sir Roger de Coverley's experience with the cruel widow may have had an auto-

the Secretaries of State under Sunderland. He resigned the post on account of failing health in March, 1718, and lived only a little more than a year longer. He died June 19, 1719.

Not a few writers of the greatest repute have portrayed Addison's life and work with the utmost love and respect. Macaulay (má kaw'li) says, in an often-quoted passage, "To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. * * * After free inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm and erring race." And Thackeray, "Commend me to this dear preacher without orders, this parson in the tie-wig. When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture, a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison. * * * I think [his life] was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name."*

He had many of the most delightful qualities in man,

biographic test to it. Johnson remarks on the marriage that "the lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found nor made them equal.

* Most characteristic of the calm and beautiful goodness of Addison's are the lines of that most beautiful hymn of his, known to every one, beginning,—

"The spacious firmament on high."

and as for his faults, if the reader will skim over Pope's verses on "Atticus," he will have the most of them. For he was by no means perfect.* He had traits which we should call small, cowardly, jealous, mean, being unfortunately only human after all. But his virtues were many, and his powers were very great. Of all the literary or public men of his time he seems to us to stand forth as the noblest, purest, and the best. The names of Swift and Pope are by no means stainless. Marlborough, Bolingbroke, Walpole (wŏl′pōl) had very glaring vices, and so with the others. But Addison we can honor and respect, with less deprecation of his errors and with more appreciation of his great qualities, than we can any one of his contemporaries.

* Addison had one fault—in common, indeed, with many of the greatest men of his day—that he was a bit too fond of wine. It was said in the time of Johnson, some quarter of a century or more after his death, that he shortened his life by drinking. But this is probably untrue. What was probably the case was that Addison's temperament was such that he needed some form of stimulant to arouse him to his greatest intellectual activity, and that he could stand more of such indulgence without being troubled by it than could his fellows. It was a drinking age. Men lived in a manner that would be almost impossible nowadays. And Addison's set only followed the custom of the day when they spent every day five or six hours or more over the bottle at Buttons' after dinner.

VOLTAIRE.

1694-1778.

FRANÇOIS AROUET (frŏng swä′ ä rōō ā′) was born in 1694, the second son of a notary of the same name living in Paris. When the boy was ten years old, he was sent to the college called Louis le Grand (lōō e′ lĕh grŏng′), in Paris, where he was educated for the law. This was one of the chief of the Jesuit colleges, conducted by some of the best men of their order. Here he was well taught in the classics, for which other branches were neglected. His taste led him to make verses even at the early age of twelve. He remained at this college seven years, and left it, at the age of seventeen, with already a high reputation, especially for his poetic gifts.

He was destined by his father for the bar, and set to studying law for three years, but he detested this pursuit and early turned aside to the study of belles-lettres (bĕl lĕt′ter). His wit, animation, and charm of manner made him at once a favorite in society. At twenty-four, although thin, he was handsome, with a refined profile, animated eyes, and a good-humored smile. He wrote many verses, distinguished by peculiar grace, which are still read with pleasure.

When François was twenty-one, Louis XIV. died, and his nephew, the profligate Duke of Orleans, became Regent. Voltaire (vŏl têr′) was accused of writing satirical attacks upon this personage, one especially, in which his Minister of Police was called "An enemy of the human

race." Although he strenuously denied all knowledge of these squibs, he was exiled from Paris, and when, with or without permission, he returned thither, he was committed to the Bastile* (bȧs tēl′). He took this misfortune lightly, and employed himself, though denied writing materials, in planning "The Henriade" (ŏng rĕ ȧd′), committing to memory the lines he composed. He was liberated after an imprisonment of eleven months. His first tragedy, the drama of "Œdipus" (ĕd′ĭ pus), ran for forty-five nights in succession, and brought the attention of the public upon its young author. At this time, he abandoned the name of Arouet and took that of Voltaire, a change not uncommon with French authors, though why he chose that particular name is not known. One explanation is that the letters V-o-l-t-a-i-r-e make an anagram upon Arouet *l. j.* (*le jeune* [lĕh zhûn′]); but this is far-fetched and not probable.

At this time Voltaire was poor, but happy. He fell in love with a young girl, Suzanne de Livry (sōō zän′ dĕh lēv′ rў), who consulted the author about becoming an actress. He even thought of marrying her, but she ran away with his particular friend. Voltaire was furious, pursued them in vain, fell ill, and then forgave the treacherous pair, and wrote them a poetical epistle.

* His own account of this, in verse, describes him as taken by the hand and conducted to his prison, where he is put under triple bolts.

* * * "The clock strikes noon; a tray is brought,
With humble, frugal cheer 'tis fraught.
Said they who bore it when my air
Showed no great relish for the fare,
'Your diet is for health, not pleasure,
Pray eat in peace,—you've ample leisure.'
See thus my fate distressful sealed—
Behold me cooped up, embastiled,
Sleep, food, and drink distasteful made,
By all, even by my love, betrayed." * * *

For eight years he remained in Paris, writing tragedies which long held the stage; but witty and skillful as he was, he did not succeed in comedy. His literary reputation was altogether that of a poet, for although his opinions were unorthodox, seemingly skeptical, they were not yet conspicuous.

In consequence of a quarrel with a certain Chevalier de Rohan (dĕh rō ŏng′), whom he challenged to fight, Voltaire was again committed to the Bastile, where he remained six months; then liberated only on condition that he should quit France. He chose England for his place of exile.

He landed in England in the spring of 1726—the last year of the reign of George I. On the voyage he was depressed and gloomy, but on landing he recovered his cheerfulness, and throwing himself in a transport of joy on the earth, he reverently saluted it. It was a lovely day, and the anniversary of the king's birthday. The Thames (tĕmz) River and the park were in holiday guise. Every one appeared to him to be happy, and he believed himself in a paradise of beautiful women and clear skies, where no one thought of any thing but pleasure.

Voltaire was probably the guest of Lord Bolingbroke (bŏl′ĭng brŏŏk), with whom he had already an acquaintance. Thanks to him and other influential friends, he entered at once the brilliant circle of London society. In about three months he had picked up enough English to make himself understood. He devoted himself to the systematic study of the language, and came to feel so sure of his knowledge of it, that he sometimes wrote in it.* Many

* During his sojourn in England, his adroitness and fluent mastery of the language saved him from what might have been otherwise an unpleasant adventure. He chanced one day to be strolling along the streets, when his peculiar appearance attracted attention. A crowd collected, and some ribald fellow began

of his new English acquaintances could talk with him in his own tongue; but Pope, whom he was very anxious to meet, could hardly read French, and spoke it not at all.

He arrived in England in ill-health, which was aggravated by ill-luck. A bill of exchange which he brought with him, of the value of 20,000 francs, was lost through the bankruptcy of a Jew, upon whom it had been drawn. When Voltaire's misfortune came to the ears of the king, he good-naturedly sent him a sum, probably a hundred guineas, which relieved him from pressing embarrassment. The news of the death of his sister threw him into an agony of grief, but his buoyant spirits soon restored him to cheerfulness, even gayety. His attenuated, eager face grew familiar in fashionable society, and he was contented

with jeers and hoots to taunt him with being a Frenchman. The miscreants were already preparing to pelt him with mud, and mud would no doubt have been followed with missiles of a more formidable kind. But Voltaire was equal to the crisis. Boldly confronting his assailants, he mounted on a stone which happened to be at hand, and began an oration, of which the first sentence only has been preserved.

"Brave Englishmen!" he cried, "am I not sufficiently unhappy in not having been born among you?" His harangue was so effective that the crowd was not only appeased, but eager to carry him on their shoulders in triumph to his lodgings.

This was not the only occasion on which he experienced the rudeness with which the vulgar in those days treated his countrymen. He happened to be taking the air on the river, when one of the men in charge of the boat, perceiving that his passenger was a Frenchman, began to boast of the superior privileges enjoyed by English subjects, saying he belonged not to a land of slaves, but to one of freemen. Warming with his theme, the fellow concluded his offensive remarks by exclaiming, with an oath, that he would rather be a boatman on the Thames than an archbishop in France. The sequel of the story was that the man, within a few hours, was seized by the press-gang, and next day, Voltaire saw him at the window of a prison with his legs manacled, and his hand stretched through the bars. "What think you now," said Voltaire, "of a French archbishop?"

"Ah! sir!" replied the captive, "the abominable government have forced me away from my wife and children to serve in a king's ship, and have thrown me into prison and chained my feet for fear I should escape before the ship sails!"

Voltaire was deeply grieved to think there was so little liberty on earth, even in England.

and happy, meeting many distinguished people, and winning his way with them by fulsome flattery, in which he was an adept. Meanwhile, he was diligently collecting materials for his after-works.*

During his stay in England, he was hard at work on the manuscript and proof of "The Henriade," which was published, by subscription, in March, 1728. It is a great epic poem, recognized by the world of letters, when it appeared, as an extraordinary production, which placed its author among the first poets of his time. In its first form, the poem had been dedicated to Louis XV., but this was canceled, and a dedication in English was substituted, to Queen Caroline. The queen rewarded him in a substantial manner, and the king honored him with his intimacy, and invited him to private supper parties.

As soon as "The Henriade" was finished, Voltaire began his "History of Charles XII." He also wrote, in English prose, the first act of the tragedy of "Brutus." He read almost every thing worth reading in English poetry and prose, beginning with Shakespeare, whom he studied with close attention.

He stayed in England about two years and eight months. He never forgot the kindness and hospitality he received there, and to be an Englishman, was a

* In March, he was present at the funeral of Sir Isaac Newton. The spectacle made a profound impression on him, and he ever afterward delighted to recall being in a country in which the first officers of state contended for the honor of bearing the pall of a man whose sole distinction had lain in intellectual eminence. He afterward made the acquaintance of the philosopher's niece. We owe to Voltaire the famous story of the fallen apple, which appears in the fifteenth of his "Letters about the English," published in 1733, or possibly earlier. It runs thus:

"Being in the country near Cambridge, in 1666, one day, when Newton was walking in the garden, he saw fruit falling from a tree. This led him into deep meditation upon the subject of weight, the cause for which philosophers had long been vainly seeking. Madame Conduit (*kŏn dwē'*), his niece, told me this."

certain passport to his consideration, to the end of his life.

On his return to Paris, Voltaire lived retired, and devoted himself, with extraordinary talent, to financial speculation. His investments were so well placed, that he lived and died the richest of all eminent men of letters, and was quite independent of the profits from his writings. He was, however, always writing and publishing. His play of "Zaïre" (zä ēr′) had a prodigious success. This was translated into English, and long remained popular upon the English stage. Voltaire continued to write tragedies all his life, producing twenty-six in all, which were all more or less eminently successful.*

The boldness of his writing was always bringing him into trouble. His craving after liberty to express himself induced him to leave Paris, in order to live in comfort and security near the French frontier, so that he could leave the country at any moment, if threatened by government. He retired, with Madame du Chatelet (du shät ā lā′), to her country-house, close to Lorraine (lôr rān′). She was disposed to pass several years in the country

* It was about this time that Voltaire, finding his former friend, Suzanne, now Marquise de Gouvernet (*mïr kēz′ dĕh gōō vêr nā′*), was living in a fashionable quarter of Paris, wished to renew his acquaintance with her. She had intimated no such wish, but he who had made love to so many high-born ladies, thought he might, without presumption, approach this butterfly marquise, with whom he had been so intimate in the chrysalis. When he had presented himself at the door, the huge Swiss inquired his name, and on learning it, observed, in a tone by no means encouraging, that it was not on the list of visitors received. On returning home, Voltaire wrote to the marquise a poetical epistle, half gay, half serious, all graceful, in a style for which he is unrivaled.

Years afterward, on his last visit to Paris, he again appeared at the doors of that hotel. Suzanne was now a widow. The meeting was like that of two ghosts in another world, when the aged pair, both past eighty-four, tottered toward each other. His portrait, preserved by her for sixty years, looked down upon them with a mocking smile.

to cultivate her mind far from the world. She was then about twenty-seven, twelve years younger than Voltaire, an extremely attractive woman, tall and dark, and, although undoubtedly learned, fond of pleasure. She had been married young to an uncongenial mate, who pursued his own course and left her to hers. Cirey (sē rā′) was the name of the chateau to which Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet retired. There, during a number of years, they received and returned the visits of the great, fashionable, and learned; the brother and husband of the lady both occasionally visited them. Voltaire's income, more than £3,000 a year, furnished and embellished the house and gardens.

Here lived Voltaire for fifteen years, from 1734 to 1749, studying and writing, as did Madame du Chatelet also. The diversions of the place were reading aloud, private theatricals, and the magic-lantern exhibited by Voltaire. They made journeys to Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere, in a huge coach so crowded with trunks and baggage that it sometimes broke down on the road.

The notable feature of the Cirey epoch was the intercourse between Voltaire and Frederick the Great. In August, 1736, Frederick, not yet king, wrote an enthusiastic letter to the poet, and thus opened a pleasant correspondence, which lasted for years. In 1740, the newly-made king planned a visit to Voltaire, who happened to be at Brussels, but afterward excusing himself on account of an attack of ague, he sent for Voltaire to come to him instead.* The two were delighted with

* "I saw," says Voltaire, "in a small room, by the light of a candle, a little mattress, two feet and a half wide, on which lay a little man, wrapped up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue stuff. This was the king, perspiring and shivering under a wretched counterpane, in a violent fit of fever. Having paid my respects, I began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his first physician. The fit over, he dressed, and placed himself at table, where we discussed, during

each other, and became, in fact, close friends. Meanwhile, the life at Cirey went on, Voltaire writing clever things, and reading them to his guests,* making visits to Paris with Madame du Chatelet, and leading an easy life. The lady has pronounced it a paradise in her correspondence, and with reason. Voltaire was devoted to her. He wrote poetical epistles, alluding to her wit and beauty, and complimenting her learning. He sent, in her name, rhyming answers to her correspondents, and was full of consideration and attention.†

supper, to the very bottom, the questions of the immortality of the soul, of liberty, and the Androgynes (*ăn drŏg′ ĕ nēz*) of Plato."

* "La Pucelle" (*lä pōō sĕl′*), composed and read at this time, is full of adventure. The people who listened to these productions, assembled in a small room where they were removed from the possibility of intrusion. Madame de Grafigny (*dĕh grī fēn′ yĕ*), who was a guest at the time, was much delighted with the poem, and ventured, from time to time, to write a brief account of its progress in her letters to one M. Devaux (*dĕ vō′*).

Now, Madame du Chatelet always opened the post-bag, and did not scruple to open such letters as she chose, whether addressed to herself or others. Suspecting something, she used this self-given privilege upon a letter from M. Devaux to Madame Grafigny, and read these words: "Jeanne is charming." Voltaire, being informed of this, was greatly excited. He immediately sought an interview with Madame de Grafigny, and in an agitated manner besought her to write at once and get back the poem. He had no intention of making public the verses he had written for the diversion of a few, and feared personal injury if it should be known what he had done.

The unlucky Madame de Grafigny was quite overcome, especially as Madame du Chatelet entered in a fury, shaking the open letter in her hand.

As soon as she could find her voice and a hearing, Madame de Grafigny explained the matter. From the first moment, Voltaire believed her, and immediately begged her to pardon him. The next day, she wished to leave the place; she was in despair, for she had no money. Voltaire came to her in tears, and repeatedly asked her forgiveness, and afterward did all he could to make her forget the scene.

† In the year 1746, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet made a visit to the Duke of Richelieu (*rĕsh′ ĕh lōō*), at Fontainbleau (*fŏng tān blō′*). They were playing cards at the queen's table, and a run of luck set in against Madame du Chatelet, who was a loser of between three and four thousand pounds. Voltaire whispered to her in English to be careful, as she was playing with sharpers. These words were overheard, and they perceived they were being repeated, so fearing the consequences, the pair slipped quietly away, and set out for Paris at once in the middle of the night.

On the road, a wheel broke; Voltaire sent to beg an asylum from his old

But the time came when this all changed. The poet was fifty-five and growing old. He was thinner than ever. He lost his teeth; he was often an invalid, and grew tired of playing the lover. Madame du Chatelet became tired of her hitherto satisfactory friend, and transferred her attentions to Monsieur de St. Lambert (săn läm bêr′), who had long admired her. Voltaire was at first very angry at the disruption of this long standing friendship, but soon became reconciled to the situation and made it the subject of a little comedy in verse. This was in 1748. In the following year Madame du Chatelet died. Voltaire was inconsolable for a long time; nor indeed did any other woman ever take the place with him of this long-time friend.

After this tie was dissolved, Voltaire no longer hesitated to accept the flattering invitations of Frederick the Great, to take up his abode at the Court of Berlin. He arrived there in July, 1750. His reception was most gracious. He was invested with his cross and key, and lived in complete intimacy with the king. Frederick, himself a writer, had several works in the press, which Voltaire corrected from time to time. He finished his "Age of Louis XIV." His plays were acted at court, the highest personages taking part, as well as the author.

friend, the Duchesse du Maine (*dōō shĕs′ dōō mān′*), at Sceaux (*sō*), near by. He was welcomed at once, admitted secretly to a private set of apartments, and waited on by a faithful valet, without any of the household knowing of his presence. Oftentimes late at night the duchess had supper set in her private apartments and inviting Voltaire to join her, the two lingered long over the dainty meal, talking over old times. After supper, he sometimes read her a tale, composed during the daytime for her amusement. Meantime, Madame du Chatelet hurried about to pay her debts incurred at cards, and to soothe the insulted players, and at length she came to Sceaux and announced that all danger for Voltaire was over. The duchess kept them both to join a brilliant company assembled there, and made Voltaire read to them all the little romances he had written for her. They proved so delightful that he was urged to print them, and, acordingly, "Zadig" (*tsā′ dĭkh*) appeared soon after.

An unlucky financial enterprise, of doubtful propriety, with a Jew money-lender first disturbed the harmony of their relations. The Jew cheated the poet; the poet nearly throttled the Jew. The king became aware of the matter, and disapproved, though the charm of the culprit's conversation soon restored him to favor for the time. But elements of distrust and suspicion crept in to lessen the charm of their intercourse. Frederick is well known to have been fond of saying things with the intention to wound, and Voltaire was singularly sensitive.* Afterward, he used to designate the King of Prussia by the name of a pet monkey he had, called Luc, "because," he said, "Frederick is like my monkey—he bites those who caress him."

The friendship ended in a quarrel over a satire which Voltaire wrote against Maupertuis (mō pêr twē′), the President of the Berlin Academy. The king was indignant, and ordered the satire to be burned by the hangman. Voltaire packed up his cross and key and returned them to Frederick. The king relented, and Voltaire, after a brief period of apparent favor, left Berlin as if on a short leave of absence, taking with him his order, his key, and a volume of the king's poetry. But while he was away, he could not resist a parting shot at his enemy,

* La Mettrie (*lä mĕt trē′*) reported to him that Frederick had said, "I still want Voltaire for another year,—we suck the orange before throwing away the skin." About this time another kind friend reported to the king that Voltaire, on receiving some memoirs for revision, said to the author who brought them, "The king sends me his dirty linen to wash, so yours must wait." Such remarks irritated both parties. Voltaire wrote to his niece, "I am always thinking of the orange-skin, though I try not to believe it."

Not long after, La Mettrie, the man who had reported the speech, died suddenly from eating too much of a certain pie, supposed to be of pheasant, which, by way of a practical joke, had been composed of eagle, hashed with pork and seasoned with ginger. Voltaire, after recording the incident, observes: "I wish I could have put to La Mettrie, *in articulo mortis*, the question about the orange-skin. On the point of leaving this world, he would not have dared to lie."

the President of the Academy; so witty, that Maupertius became the laughing-stock of Europe. Frederick was very angry. He sent orders to Frankfort to stop Voltaire from passing into France, and make him deliver up the cross, the key, and the book of verses. Voltaire did not surrender these without much undignified squabbling. He made his final exit from Germany, without them, in July, 1753.

In the course of a few years an amicable correspondence was renewed between Voltaire and Frederick, which was maintained with courtesy until Voltaire died.

Louis XV., who had coldly given permission to Voltaire to go and live at Berlin, did not consent to his return to Paris. He bought, in 1754, a pretty country-house near Geneva, which he called "The Delights," from the beauty of the grounds and scenery. For more than twenty years he continued to live near the Lake of Geneva, with more real freedom, comfort, and leisure than he had ever before enjoyed. His home became a point of attraction for pilgrims, who desired to do homage to his fame. Among others came Goldsmith, who has described the charm of his conversation with enthusiasm.

In the year 1755, occurred the great earthquake at Lisbon, destroying that capital and a great many of its inhabitants. Voltaire wrote a poem on "The Disaster of Lisbon," depicting his profound sense of the hapless condition of humanity. He had always been revolted by the form of philosophy called optimism, which assumes every thing that takes place in the universe to be inevitably right, because forming part of a divine plan. He took occasion in this poem, and in his novel of "Candide" (kän-dēd′), to enter a protest against this doctrine, which he regarded as illogical and irreverent. Both the poem and

the novel have brought upon their author the charge of irreverence, as well as his share in the French "Encyclopedia," at that time attracting public attention. The object of this work was to bring together full information respecting all the sciences and all the arts, as they then existed, and thus depict the progress of the human mind and of civilization. The most noted men of science and letters in France took part in the work. Many of these were free-thinkers; and from their frank expressions of opinion, they all came to be charged with being, not only the enemies of Church and State, which they were, but of morality and order, which they were not.

Voltaire has been called an atheist; but his article, "Atheist," which he wrote at this time, sufficiently shows the title to be a wrong one. He thus sums up his conclusions: "Atheism and fanaticism are two mouths which rend and devour society. The atheist, in his error, preserves sense enough to keep his claws cut, while those of the fanatic are made sharper by the madness which afflicts him."

Voltaire lived at Lausanne (lō zän′) in 1757 and 1758, and then acquired the estate of Ferney (fĕr nā′), on the western shore of the lake. There he built a theater, and rebuilt the tumble-down church at his own cost. He built, also, a chateau at Ferney, and surrounded it with gardens in the English style. He improved the town, and encouraged skillful workmen to live there. His charities were munificent. He received into his family the grand-niece of the poet Corneille (kôr nā′), whom he thus rescued from poverty. He constituted himself the champion of all who were oppressed, and endeavored, in a succession of cases, to obtain justice for the victims of judicial blunders, in which his sympathy with the

oppressed impelled him to untiring efforts, generally successful, in their behalf.

All this time the increasing weight of years by no means checked his active pen. In 1757, the whole of his works were, for the first time, published in an authorized and complete edition, under his direction. He considered it the mission of his life to battle against superstition, which he called "The Infamous."

In writing to d'Alembert (dă lŏng bêr′), he says: "I want you to crush the Infamous. It must be reduced to the position it occupies in English. This is the greatest service that can be rendered to the human race. You will understand that I mean superstition only. Religion I love and respect." In his time he was regarded, however, as a skeptic and a scoffer against religion.

As years went on, he kept himself incessantly before the public by his writings. At the age of eighty-two, he was in the habit of driving out in a carriage, adorned with gold stars on a blue ground, with carved and gilded mountings. But his visit to Paris, at the age of eighty-two, ended his life.

As soon as his arrival was known, crowds of visitors poured in upon him. It was a time of excitement and agitation. Such unusual emotion brought on a dangerous attack of hemorrhage from the lungs. From this attack, however, he recovered, and was present at the representation of his new tragedy. The whole theater rose to receive him; his bust was crowned with laurel, and he was carried to his coach on the shoulders of his admirers. He entered the house never to leave it again, and died on the 30th of May, 1778. He wrote before his death these words: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition."

He was held not to have reconciled himself with the Church, however, and was denied sepulture by the clergy of Paris. His body was taken by his nephew to Champagne (shŏng pän′), where it was interred with the rites of the Church. Thirteen years afterward the Revolutionists, claiming him as a champion of their cause, for which, however, they found no warrant in his writings, took up his body and transported it to the Pantheon (păn thē′ŏn).

His life must be studied and recorded, as that of one of the men most known in his time, and largely influential. In the words of Father Doucet (dōō sā′), a Catholic author of repute, "He was undoubtedly one of the makers of the French Revolution, that great conflict, which, as Schlegel (slā′gĕl) says, must be looked upon as a religious war." But the intelligence of the present time will generally agree with Father Doucet, when he says, "that there is no element in Voltaire which constitutes the great man. He lacks those qualities of the heart which ennoble their possessor and surround him with a halo of serene splendor, even in the lowliest station. His private life, from beginning to end, shows the meanness of his character. He had no civic virtues. He denied his country and despised the people. As a philosopher, he has discovered no truth, elucidated none, and contributed nothing to the advancement of knowledge."

JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

NOT infrequently has the Republic of Letters in England seen fit to appoint over itself a Dictator armed with absolute power. Such was the position for some time held by John Dryden (drī′dĕn), whose eminence in an age of Congreves (kŏng′grēvz), and Wycherlys (wĭtch′ĕr lĭz), and Elkanah Settles (ĕl′ka nä sĕt′tlz), was, and is, sufficiently unquestioned. Other of these rulers were Ben Jonson and Pope. Neither Shakespeare nor Milton ever held the office. Perhaps the most famous of these literary dictators, the one whose word was most binding in his time, whose authority was the most unquestioned and acknowledged by his contemporaries, was Samuel Johnson.

The claims to greatness of most literary men are to be found, as a usual thing, exhibited in their works. By these they are judged, and they are held in repute by posterity according as their works may justify. Johnson is a curious exception. His works are, on the whole, forgotten, and unread even by cultivated people. The *Rambler* and the *Idler* are by no means as popular as the *Spectator* or the "Essays of Elia" (ē′lĭ á). The massive Dictionary which he created is put aside by Worcester (wo͝os′ter) or Webster. "Rasselas" (răs′sē lăs) is hardly as much read as "Vathek" (văth′ĕk). His poems, "London," or the "Vanity of Human Wishes," are distinctly inferior to the "Deserted Village," or the "Traveller." Yet Johnson

is undoubtedly a greater figure in literary history than Addison, Lamb, Worcester, Webster, Beckford, or Goldsmith. The secret of this lies in the fact that it was by his personal intercourse with the men of his time that he attained his greatest reputation, and that, fortunately for him, as for us, that personal intercourse has been preserved for us with wonderful vividness and truth in what is, probably, the best biography ever written.

The life of Johnson may be divided into two periods: one, a period lasting uninterruptedly until he was forty-six years of age, of constant struggle for recognition and for daily bread, which necessitated his writing much; and the other, a period of literary dictatorship, where his absolute pre-eminence over all other English men of letters of his day was unquestionably acknowledged, and during which, being secured from actual want by a royal pension, he wrote very little. It is the story of these last years, as told by Boswell (bŏz′wĕl), which has gained for Johnson more fame and position than have all the labors of the first period.

He was born in 1709, the son of Michael Johnson, a book-seller of Litchfield. Like Pope, he was shut out from the constant companionship of his fellows through physical inflictions,—for he was greatly troubled, even in his youth, by a scrofulous disease, which led him into various physical or mental whimsicalities, and made him merely odd, where otherwise, by means of his strong and powerful body, he would have been highly esteemed among his young fellows. But he held aloof from them (though compelling them to recognize him as ruler,* when he happened to

* "From his earliest years," remarks Boswell, "his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning an *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν* (*ă′ năx ăn drŏn′*, *i. e.*, ruler of men). * * * His favorites used to receive very liberal assistance from him, and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such

be in their company), and thus had much time to himself during his youth, in which he acquired a large and various learning,* by himself, and in the various schools to which he went. He lived for three years at Oxford, but left without taking a degree.† In the same year (1731) his father died, leaving him but twenty pounds, and the world was before him. He might have entered the ministry, but he preferred not, turned for the moment to school-teaching (unsuccessfully), married, and finally drifted up to London. This was in 1737. He had with him, when he first reached the town, very little money and three acts of "Irene" (ī rē′ nē), a tragedy. He had resolved to support himself by his pen.

Literature was not at that time a very profitable profession in England. The reader of the lives of Addison and Pope who recollects that one was Secretary of State, and that the other made almost £9,000 by translating the "Odyssey," may wonder that, hardly twenty years after, the man who was to be the greatest figure in the literary world should have found it difficult to earn

the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat on his back, and one on each side supported him, and thus he was borne triumphant. He never joined with the boys in their ordinary diversions: his only amusement was in the winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted. * * * His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, 'how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them.'"

* He was accustomed to say himself that the period in which he acquired the greater part of his knowledge was between the years of twelve and eighteen.

† Pembroke (*pĕm′ brōōk*) was his college. He was much depressed on account of his poverty, and paid little enough attention to the college regulations. "I have heard," said a friend, "that he was generally seen lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his mature years he so much extolled." "He was too proud," says Boswell, "to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation." He left college on account of the pressure of his debts.

sufficient money to exist. But this was an age of change. Literary men had been heretofore rewarded by particular patrons. They were subsequently to be rewarded by the public.* But at just this time they were rewarded by neither.

The literary man of Johnson's time was by no means the polite and often influential wit of Queen Anne's (ănz) day, nor the exalted character of our own; but, as a rule, a wild species of creature, who existed without money in the lowest manner possible, and whose only difference from a beggar was that he had higher sensibilities, whereby his difficulties were the more felt. The names of Fielding, Savage, Goldsmith call up to us recollections of bailiffs and debtors' prisons, of garrets and sixpenny dinners, as well as of works of genius. It was in a world like this that Johnson worked for twenty-five years, at first for bread from day to day, and afterward, when actual fear of hunger had passed by, for the fair support of himself and his wife. It is not necessary to particularize here. He wrote an immense quantity of hack work, and some things that made him a reputation.†

The first of his serious attempts was "London," an

* Johnson was an influence in this change. He might have published his Dictionary with a dedication to Lord Chesterfield, that that noble might play the part of patron, for such was his lordship's desire. Instead, he sent him a very independent letter, recalling some unpleasant incidents in their past relations, and stating that he thought it a better thing to stand on his own merits.

† Among the literary labors which gave him a living, though they added nothing to his reputation, was that of parliamentary reporting. Although it was not at that time allowed by law to publish reports of parliamentary proceedings, it was the custom to do so after a fashion. That is, the debates would be published under the name of the deliberations of the "Senate of Lilliput," or some other such body. These Johnson used to do. His work consisted of revising and rewriting the reports made for Cave, the book-seller, by one Guthrie. He would often, however, write whole speeches out of his head, merely depending on one or two hints which would be given him. He not infrequently heard gentlemen praised for speeches which they were supposed to have delivered, but which in reality he had written himself.

imitation of Juvenal's (jū′vĕn ālz) Third Satire, which brought him into some notice. Next, he published the *Rambler*, a periodical of the form made popular by the *Spectator;* and this was followed, some years later, by the *Idler*, of the same nature. Both of these periodicals added to his reputation. "The Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire, was his next poetical work. He gained little fame from the writing and publication of "Irene," his tragedy, but again increased his reputation by "Rasselas," a moral tale on the pursuit of happiness.

By these works, he made for himself a very considerable name, so that it was conceived by no means improper that he should address himself to the composition of a Dictionary of the English Language. This ponderous work came out in 1755, and with the completion of this, Johnson seems to have felt that he had done enough work to last his life-time. The Dictionary was received with universal admiration. A pension was granted him by the king, and the necessity of writing for bread was taken away. As a matter of fact, he wrote but little in the twenty-nine years more that his life continued. His reputation was made among his contemporaries by his works written during these first years. They are to-day almost forgotten, and when we say Johnson, we think of the Johnson of later years, whose fame was made rather by talking than by writing.

To mention, however, such literary work as he did before going on to his life, as portrayed for us by the genius of Boswell. In 1765, he finally issued an edition of Shakespeare, — the production of which was much delayed by his procrastination, and was only finally brought about by the taunt from Churchill that he

intended to cheat those who had already subscribed for the work. He wrote, also, a few political pamphlets defending the ministry,—the chief of which was "Taxation no Tyranny," an argument in which he tried to show that George III.'s American policy was constitutional. And later, at the request of the London book-sellers, who were bringing out a set of English Poets, he wrote what is to-day, perhaps, his best known work,—"The Lives of the Poets." No man was better fitted for the task than he. He possessed a large knowledge of English literature, and had acquired much information in regard to literary men. His style was, on the whole, agreeable, and his critical remarks commanded respect. The work was one that pleased him, and he finished it in a much more extended shape than he had at first intended. Although his criticism is now held, by no means in such reverence as it was in his day, "The Lives of the Poets" are still very interesting reading.

After the granting of his pension, Johnson's life became more bright and cheerful, and the remainder of his life was a happy one. One great grief had overtaken him before his good fortune came. In 1752, his wife died. She was a strange, queer woman,—unlovely, older than himself, and in many ways an irritating companion; but he loved her fondly, and her death was a great and crushing blow to him.

For the rest, his existence takes on a certain sameness. Being made independent in means, and having gained a reputation second to none as a man of letters, he now entered upon the reward of his labors, and for the next twenty years or so he lived in London with congenial friends, talking much, drinking much tea, and affording Boswell an opportunity to make them both immortal.

It was not till 1765 that Johnson made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale (thrāl). Mr. Thrale was the proprietor of a large brewery, Mrs. Thrale was a very clever little woman, and both conceived a great affection for Johnson. Finding him one day at his rooms in a state of miserable melancholy, they invited him to come back with them, and make their house his home for as long a period as he wished. From that time a very warm intimacy began. Johnson always had an apartment of his own at Streatham (strēt′ŭm), where was the Thrales' residence, and the connection was the greatest pleasure to him. Another famous intimate of Johnson's was Boswell,—his subsequent biographer. James Boswell was the son of a Scotch laird, educated for the law. It was in the summer of 1762, on being in London, that Boswell was presented to Johnson by Davies, the bookseller. It was the end of his desire. He had for a long time desired to make the acquaintance, and now that he had made it, he set to work to improve his advantage.

It is a singular thing that Boswell should have been led to select Johnson as the object of his reverence. Although by no means a man of very fine characteristics himself, he had yet the good sense to see that among all the men of his time, Johnson was the man who had the most of what was good in him.* And he, therefore, attached himself to him as closely as he was able, was with him whenever his circumstances would allow, questioned him on every conceivable subject, and, in fact, learned as much of the great man as he could, in every way that he could imagine. He was a curious follower, but not disagreeable to Johnson, who scolded, bullied, lectured, and loved him

* He once said to Johnson, "By associating with you, sir, I am always getting an accession of wisdom."

with all his heart. Together the two made a tour to the Hebrides in 1773,—of which Johnson wrote an account, "The Journey to the Hebrides," which excited some complaint among the Scotch, a people against whom Johnson had a violent and probably ungrounded prejudice.

The events of these last twenty years of Johnson's life are by no means so important as a general idea of his appearance and manners, his characteristics, and, above all, his conversation. His form was large and heavy, and his features large; and his whole appearance was rendered strange by the scars of his disease, by his odd and convulsive motions and rollings, as well as by his careless dress. He was generally clad in a slovenly manner, in the large wig of the period, brown clothes, and black stockings. He was rough and uncourtly in his behavior at table and away from it, more from carelessness, which had come to be a habit, than any thing else. He was often gloomy and melancholy, often gluttonous in his eating and drinking, often rough and surly even to his friends. But there was such a depth of right feeling, of true goodness, of love for his friends, of loyalty, honesty, and real charity, that we can not but love him.

As for his conversation, the only way in which one can form a clear idea of it is by reading Boswell's Life. The Scotchman has managed to give us the best picture imaginable of the great talker; better than a picture, for we hear the talk. Johnson was a conversationalist specially gifted by nature;* but having made it a con-

* He said himself: "There must, in the first place, be knowledge; there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words;—in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in;—and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures; this last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation."

stant rule to talk always as well as he could, he had infinitely improved by practice. Immense good sense, a logical head, a large command of mere words, a brilliant imagination, great powers of wit and humor, an utter freedom from vicious or impious tendencies,—these united to make his general conversation clear, forcible, and elegant, as well as entertaining and improving. He had, too, a grave manner, a commanding voice, and a deliberate utterance, which gave a better effect to whatever he said. And he was not unwilling to adapt his conversation to the plane of his listeners. He was by no means faultless. He was often pedantic in using unnecessarily long words.* He was frequently overbearing and uncivil. He could not brook contradiction. He lost his temper and his head when worsted.† He was too often, by his desire to shine, led into deliberately assuming what he knew to be the wrong side of an argument,—he talked too often merely for victory, to show his intellectual superiority. He considered talking to be a fine art, and held that a mere talk, when the parties did not endeavor to excel, was worth nothing. Barring these faults, he would have been as fine a talker as could be imagined.

We should note, also, another quality of Johnson's which rendered his conversation fine. He was of most truly pious disposition, having a sincere faith and trust in God, and a great reverence for all matters of true religion. Hence the pure and elevating tone of his con-

* The use of long words—of Latin origin—in preference to those of Anglo-Saxon origin, gave rise to the characterization of his style as *Johnsonese*.

† He then merely bore his antagonist down by his loud rudeness. "Nay, sir," he would cry, "there is no talking with a man who will dispute what everybody knows. Don't you know this?" So, Goldsmith hit the nail on the head when he remarked, "There is no arguing with Johnson; for, if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end."

versation, which always shows a true goodness which renders it more attractive to many minds, than does all its wit, learning, and kindliness.

Nor should we fail to mention the curious family which Johnson collected around him in his latter years. He had a house in Bolt Court, where he made welcome various wretched persons who, but for him, would have been in a state of absolute want. Robert Levett was a sort of surgeon, who, at times, I believe, attended Johnson medically. At all events, he breakfasted with him, for, fortunately, he preferred the crust of the rolls while Johnson liked the crumb, so the two lived easily together. Beside Levett was Mrs. Williams, formerly a friend of his wife's, who lived with him in his house for thirty years. She had herself a small income, but was glad to have here a home. There were also here a Mrs. Desmoulines (dā′mo͞o lăng) and her daughter, to whom Johnson allowed a small pension out of his own, none too large a one. Beside these, Frank, a negro servant, bequeathed him by a friend, made up his family. They all quarreled with each other and with Johnson, but it is one of the sweetest traits in the character of the man that he loved them all, treated them all kindly through their lives, although it is not known that they had any claims on him except those of misery.

A few words should be given to that very remarkable group of men called the Literary Club, where Johnson was naturally the most prominent character. The original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds (rĕn′ŏlz), Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Nugent, Topham Beauclerk (tŏp′hăm bō′klärk), Bennet Langton, Anthony Chamier (shă mēr′), and John Hawkins. The first four have given the Club its great fame. The last

five have derived much of theirs from it. Gibbon, Garrick, and James Boswell, of Auchinleck (ăf′ flĕk), were subsequently among its members. Langton and Beauclerk were two young men of fashion who, charmed, like Boswell, by Johnson's greatness, were glad to be numbered among his friends. Reynolds was, at this time, the famous painter whom we know. Garrick, Goldsmith, and Burke were still making their reputation. The first volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was not published till 1776.

We may obtain glimpses of the members from Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

Of Reynolds,

"and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind."

Of Garrick,

"describe me who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
* * * On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

Of Burke,

"Our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much.
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
* * * Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient."

And we can not resist the temptation to quote Macaulay's description of the club-room.

"The club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for John-

son. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke and the tall, thin form of Langton, the sneer of Beauclerk and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing, and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"

Johnson's last few years were full of trouble and of gloom. He was by constitution subject to melancholy fits, and was curiously afraid of death, which he saw was at no distance. His life was also broken into by the death of friends. Mr. Thrale died in the spring of 1781, and Mrs. Thrale, after some little time, married one Piozzi (pē ŏt′sē). She loved the man, and was happy with him, but the marriage was disapproved of by her English friends, and it broke off her intercourse with Johnson, and with her daughters as well. Of Johnson's queer family, several were gone. Levett, whom he celebrated in some beautiful verses, and Miss Williams had both died, the one in 1782, the other a year later. Of his friends of the Club, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Beauclerk were dead. He himself, looking forward to his end, at first with terror, but afterward with resignation, be-

came more and more feeble, and finally died, December 13, 1784.*

BOSWELLIANA.

Johnson's antipathy to Scotchmen was, we believe, merely a prejudice. In Boswell, he is sometimes seen to unbend, but his remarks are usually anti-Scotch. We quote a few extracts:

"Much," said Johnson, "may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young."

We were by no means pleased with our inn at Bristol. "Let us see, now," said I, "how we should describe it?" Johnson was ready with his raillery. "Describe it, sir! Why, it was so bad that Boswell wished to be in Scotland."

Johnson, in argument, could not brook being worsted. And he often had recourse to what Boswell is pleased to call "some sudden mode of robust sophistry." On being pressed hard by the Scotchman, he stopped him with—"My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you will make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune."

Johnson's definition of oats in his dictionary is well known as a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. We may judge the delight with which Boswell, traveling to Litchfield with Johnson, discovered that in the great man's own town oatcakes were served for breakfast.

A certain Mr. Ogilvie once chose for a topic the praises of Scotland, at which Johnson was not greatly pleased. Mr. Ogilvie observed that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects. "I believe, sir," said Johnson, "you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road which leads him to England."

Speaking of a certain friend, Johnson remarked: "He was always saying, 'I do not value you for being a lord,' which was a sure proof that he did. I never say, 'I do not value Boswell more for being born to an estate, because I do not care.'" BOSWELL: "Nor for being a Scotchman?" JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, I do value you more for being a Scotchman. You are a Scotchman without the faults of Scotchmen. You would not have been so valuable as you are, had you not been a Scotchman."

In regard to Ireland, Johnson once said that it was the last place where he should wish to travel. BOSWELL: "Is not the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?" JOHNSON: "Worth seeing? Yes; but not worth going to see."

Some of his advice is worth a good deal. He said: "Get as much peace of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong."

He once repeated what had been applied to him,—

"You must borrow me GARGANTUA's (*găr găn' yōō ăz*) mouth."

Miss Reynolds not at once perceiving the meaning of this, he was obliged

* He had various ailments in his latter years. Gout was one. A stroke of the palsy was another. At one time he was afflicted with dropsy.

to explain it to her, which had something of an awkward and ludicrous effect. "Why, madam, it has a reference to me as using big words, which require the mouth of a giant to pronounce them. Gargantua is the name of a giant in Rabelais" (*rä blā'*).

Boswell, on one occasion, talking with Johnson and Berenger for argument's sake, held that men of talents might enjoy intellectual conversation of an evening without needing any of the exhilaration, or entertainment of food and drink. Berenger joined with Johnson, and said that "without these any meeting would be dull and insipid. He would, therefore, have all the slight refreshments; nay, it would not be amiss to have some cold meat, and a bottle of wine upon the sideboard." "Sir," said Johnson to me, with an air of triumph, "Mr. Berenger knows the world. Everybody loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble. I told Mrs. Thrale once, that as she did not choose to have card-tables, she should have a profusion of the best sweetmeats, and she would be sure to have company enough come to her."

I suggested a doubt that if I were to reside in London, the exquisite zest with which I relished it on occasional visits might go off, and I might grow tired of it. JOHNSON: "Why, sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

We walked in the evening in Greenwich (*grĭn' ĭj*) Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, "Yes, sir, but not equal to Fleet street." JOHNSON: "You are right, sir."

On being at the Pantheon (*păn thē' ŏn*), a place of resort, Boswell said there was not half a guinea's worth of seeing this place. JOHNSON: "But, sir, then there is a half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." BOSWELL: "I doubt, sir, whether there are many happy people here." JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

He observed, that a gentleman of experience in literature had got into a bad style of poetry of late. "He puts," said he, "a very common thing in a strange dress, till he does not know it himself, and thinks other people do not know it." BOSWELL: "That is owing to his being so much versant in old English poetry." JOHNSON: "What is that to the purpose, sir? If I say a man is drunk, and you tell me it is owing to his taking too much drink, the matter is not mended."

Johnson and Beauclerk, discussing a matter, disagreed; Beauclerk getting rather the better, added, "This is what you don't know, and I do." There was then a cessation of the dispute; and some minutes intervened, during which dinner and the glass went on cheerfully; when Johnson, suddenly and abruptly, exclaimed, "Mr. Beauclerk, how came you to talk so petulantly to me as, 'This is what you don't know, but what I know.' One thing I know, which you don't seem to know, that *you* are very uncivil." BEAUCLERK: "Because *you* began by being uncivil (which you always are)." But they became reconciled later in the evening.

ROUSSEAU.

1712–1778.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (zhŏn zhăk rōō sō′) was born in Geneva, on June 28, 1712. His father was a watch-maker, and also for some time a dancing-master. His mother died soon after the birth of Jean Jacques, and he was cared for by an aunt. His father was a frivolous, impulsive man, who troubled himself little about the training of his children; but he taught Jean Jacques to read, and they used to sit together reading romances aloud, by turns, far into the night.* They had some books of a more serious nature, which the boy of seven read to his father while the latter was busy with his watches.

When Jean Jacques was ten years old, these pleasant days came to an end. His father had a quarrel, which made it necessary for him to leave the town abruptly. He fled from Geneva, and never returned to it. His son was taken in charge by his uncle, Bernard (bĕr när′), an engineer, who set him to learning Latin, at a village in the neighborhood. He remained there for two years, and

* Before he was seven years old, Jean Jacques had learned from his father to indulge a passion for romances. The child and the man passed whole nights in a fictitious world, reading to one another in turn, absorbed by vivid interest in imaginary situations, until the morning note of the birds recalled them to a sense of the conditions of more actual life, and made the elder cry in confusion that he was the more childish of the two. Rousseau says, "I had no idea of real things, though all the sentiments were already familiar to me. Nothing had come to me by conception. Every thing by sensation. These confused emotions gave me bizarre (*bē zär′*) and romantic ideas of human life, of which neither reflection nor experience has ever been able wholly to cure me."

during this time his character was influenced by two or three incidents which occurred there, such as boys less sensitive would soon have forgotten, but which still rankled in his mind fifty years afterward when he was writing the story of his life.*

When Jean Jacques was thirteen, he was apprenticed to a notary, much against his will. He hated his master, and was called stupid by him, and sent back to his uncle as utterly incapable. Then he was apprenticed to an engraver, a coarse, violent man, whose ill-treatment made such a coward of him that he stole and told lies out of terror. He loathed service under a master so detestable, and when he was sixteen years old (1728), he ran away.

Delighted with his freedom, for some days he wandered near the town, till he fell in with some priests of Savoy (sä vôĭ′), who, with intense Catholic fervor, pounced upon him as they did upon every one, to convert him to orthodox views. Their good wine made more impression upon him than many arguments, and he professed himself to be exceedingly anxious to hear more about the Catholic faith. To this end, he was sent to Auncey (än sē′), to be placed under the orthodox care of Madame

* "I was playing ball at Plain Palais (*plăng pâ lā′*), with one of my comrades named Plaice (*plā ēs′*). We began to quarrel over the game. We fought, and in the fight he dealt me on my bare head a stroke so well directed, that with a stronger arm it would have dashed my brains out. I fell to the ground, and there never was agitation like that of the poor lad, as he saw the blood in my hair. He thought he had killed me. He threw himself upon me, and clasped me eagerly in his arms, while his tears poured down, and he uttered thick cries. I returned his embrace with all my force, weeping like him, in a state of confused emotion, which was not without a kind of sweetness. Then he tried to stop the blood, which kept flowing, and seeing that our two handkerchiefs were not enough, he dragged me off to his mother's. She had a small garden hard by. The good woman nearly fell sick at sight of me in this condition; she kept strength enough to dress my wound, and, after bathing it well, she applied remedies. Her tears and those of her son went to my very heart, so that I looked upon them for a long while, the one as my mother, and her son as my brother."

de Warens (mä dăm′ dĕh vä rŏng′), that she should help him to enter the true Church. He expected to find some austere old person, but, to his surprise, Madame de Warens was a lovely young lady, with a charming smile.

He stayed with her two or three days, and then, by her advice, went to a hospice (hŏs′pēs) in Turin (tū′rĭn), where he would be sustained, body and soul, until he should enter the fold of the Church. He went there with a light heart, but, after the huge iron gate of the hospice had closed upon him, he discovered himself among most uncongenial companions,—four or five of them scoundrels, in fact, who went from monastery to monastery, pretending to be new converts, in order to get food and lodging.

In nine days, Jean Jacques was ready to profess his conversion. He was baptized, and left on the streets of Turin with twenty francs in his pocket. He found one situation after another, of the most menial nature; at the end of six weeks, he was turned out-of-doors, having neglected his work and been insolent to his master.

Delighted, as ever, with freedom, he found his way back to Auncey, and Madame de Warens, and soon made his home in her house. She was a widow, about twenty-eight, eccentric, volatile, but clever. She spent much of her time in a fancy she had for alchemy, on dress, furnaces, and chemicals. She adopted Jean Jacques, so to speak, and he was supremely happy in his nondescript position of pupil, servant, and friend. He read with her, walked in the woods with her, sorted herbs, and pounded drugs. She called him "child," and he called her "maman" (mă mŏng′).

But Rousseau was eighteen, and ought to earn his own living. He had some proficiency in music, and set out once, with the choir-master of the cathedral, for Lyons,

upon a vagabond journey; but he wearied of his companion, left him in the lurch, and came back to Auncey. To his dismay, Madame de Warens was gone, and no one knew where she was, or when she would come back. Setting out on foot, Jean Jacques reached Lausanne (lō zän′), pretended to be able to teach music, got one or two pupils, and so managed to live.

With such vagrant adventures, he reached Paris in 1731, through the interest felt for him by a French ambassador, who sent him thither in attendance upon a young officer. He soon wearied of the capital; and hearing that Madame de Warens was at home in Auncey, he left Paris and joyously walked all the way back to her.*

At Chambery (shŏn bā rē′), he found her; and, from the spring of 1732, passed in her house three or four peaceful, idle years. There were three of them in the family,—the volatile hostess, Rousseau, and Claude Auet (klawd ō ā′), a peasant by birth, who acted as friend, servant, and gardener to the lady of the house. They all got along well together, until Claude Auet died, for Madame de Warens missed his careful management, and debts and troubles daily increased. Rousseau began to feel that he really must do something for himself; but

* Rousseau gives this impression of his enjoyment of vagrant life:—

"Never," he says, "did I think so much, exist so much, be myself so much, as in the journeys I made alone and on foot. Walking has something about it which animates and enlivens my ideas. I can hardly think while I am still; my body must be in motion, to move my mind. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable views, open air, good appetite, the freedom of the alehouse, the absence of every thing that could make me feel dependence, or recall me to my situation, all this sets my soul free, gives me a greater boldness of thought. I dispose of all nature as its sovereign lord; my heart, wandering from object to object, mingles and is one with the things that soothe it, wraps itself up in charming images, and is intoxicated with delicious sentiment. When I come to a place, I think only of eating; and when I leave it, I think only of walking. I feel a new paradise awaiting me at the door, and think of nothing but going in search of it."

the years slipped by in delightful idleness, until once, returning from a visit to Montpelier (mōng pĕl lē ā′), he found that in his absence his place had been supplied by another,—a young man, who evidently felt himself much at home. Rousseau was left out in the cold. He went away, and found a position as tutor in Lyons. This was in 1740. He was now twenty-nine, having spent nine years in the society of Madame de Warens.

The Duc de Richelieu (dūk dĕh rēsh lē ûh′), in Lyons, promised him his favor, and he went to Paris, to live in a garret and attempt a livelihood by teaching music. At that time, Paris was full of great literary men; Voltaire (vŏl têr′), D'Alembert (dä lŏng bêr′), Montesquieu (mŏn tĕs-kū′), Diderot (dē drō′), and others were there. With these Rousseau formed acquaintance, one or two persons now assisted him, and he managed to live.*

It was there that he fell in with Thérèse le Vasseur (tā rāz′ lĕh väs sûr′), a girl about twenty-two years old, employed as a seamstress by the landlady of his dingy little hotel. Jean Jacques pitied the girl, and took her under his protection from the coarse jests of the guests at this inn. He removed Thérèse from such companionship; and the regard he then formed for her lasted throughout his life. She was stupid, she never read, and could hardly write. She could not distinguish one numeral from another. She could not name the months of

* But his various employments brought him in very little money, and he lived very hardly. On one occasion, he returned to his room, expecting with eager impatience the arrival of a remittance, the proceeds of some small property which came to him by the death of his father. He found the letter, and was opening it with trembling hands, when he was suddenly smitten with shame at his want of self-control; he placed it unopened on the chimney-piece, undressed, slept better than usual, and when he awoke the next morning, he had forgotten all about the letter until it caught his eye. He was delighted to find that it contained his money, "but I can swear," he adds, "that my liveliest delight was in having conquered myself."

the year in order, and she was quarrelsome, greedy, and deceitful. But Rousseau liked her, and preferred his comfort with her to the most brilliant society. The mother of Thérèse was a coarse, greedy old shop-keeper. Rousseau hated her, as he did a number of other relations of Thérèse, who imposed upon her bounty for food and clothes, but such was his affection for her that he treated them all with kind consideration.

Rousseau had begun to write for the stage, and his pieces, though not always performed, were sometimes accepted. He became the literary secretary to Madame Dupin (dū păng′), with a salary of nine hundred francs, and an entrance into cultivated society, where, with his intelligence and original conversation, he was recognized as an acquisition. Rousseau, at this time, wrote the musical part of the "Dictionnaire Encyclopedique" (dēk sē ŏn-nâr′ ŏng sē klō pā dēk′), which was in preparation by Diderot and d'Alembert.*

* The daughter of Diderot gives this account of his acquaintance with Rousseau:

"I was not born," she says, "when it began. They were very intimate when my father was in prison at Vincennes (*văng sĕn′*). He invited my mother to dinner, and gave her to understand that my father would do well to give up the Encyclopedia to others who would undertake it, as the work would always be disturbing his repose. My mother concluded that Rousseau wanted the enterprise for himself, and this gave her an aversion to him. The real subject of the quarrel between Rousseau and my father is too mixed for any human being to understand. All I have been able to find out is, that my father gave Rousseau the whole idea for his Discourse, that he reviewed and, perhaps, corrected it; that my father lent him money on several occasions, and that all the time he was at Montmorency (*mōng mō rŏng sē′*), my father took the trouble to go once or twice a week on foot, to dine with him. Rousseau was then living with Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, afterward his wife. This woman allowed her mother to be starving. My father made her a pension of fifty crowns, which is entered in his accounts. Rousseau read the manuscript of "Heloise" (*ā lō ēz′*) to my father, and the reading lasted for three days and almost three nights. When they got through, my father wanted to consult Rousseau on a piece of work with which he was occupied. 'Let us go to bed,' said Jean Jacques; 'it is late, and I am longing for sleep.' They quarreled at last for good; it is hard to say exactly how; what is certain

During these years, no events of importance occurred to interrupt the quiet life of Rousseau. It appears certain that a considerable part of his time was spent upon the composition of several of his most important works, which were not, however, completed and published until a number of years later.

In 1749, Rousseau gained fame by writing a prize essay on the question, "Has the progress of the Arts and Sciences helped to corrupt or to purify morals?" His Discourse was in condemnation of the Arts and Sciences, censuring literature, and even academies themselves; but the Academy was brave enough to reward the author. The Discourse contains the germ of his after writings, and reveals his character, with all his violence against hereditary customs and social distinctions. It is a brilliant invective, assailing society with eloquent sophistry. It denounces literature, but it made the fame of Rousseau as a man of letters, and brought him to the height of social popularity. He lived, busily denouncing literature and constantly writing; scoffing at the fashionable world and constantly in society, but in rigorous independence and poverty, with unshaven beard, ill-trimmed wig, and poor attire. He achieved success by an operatic piece, the "Devin du Village" (dŭ vēn′ dū vē lăzh′),* and wrote a scathing letter on French music,

is, that my father rendered every sort of service to Jean Jacques, and that he received from him nothing but ingratitude."

* This pastoral interlude was sketched, and in three weeks virtually completed. It was performed before the Court at Fontainbleau (*fōng tāng blō′*) with great success, and the composer was informed that he would have the honor of being presented to the most Christian king (Louis XV.), who would probably mark his favor by the bestowal of a pension. Rousseau was tossed with many doubts. He would fain have greeted the king with some word that should show sensibility to the royal graciousness without compromising republican severity, but he could not think of the right thing to say, and he feared he should be overwhelmed with embarrassment. What would become of him if mind or bod;

deriding the music of his own country, and extolling that of Italy.

The fame of Rousseau increased with his writings, which, bitter and severe as they were against society, amused and pleased people, instead of offending them. His "Discourse on Inequality" drew from Voltaire a characteristic compliment in return for a copy of the book.

In 1754, Rousseau left Paris, with his Thérèse, for Geneva, where the citizens welcomed the fellow-townsman who left it as a vagabond apprentice, at sixteen, to return famous at forty-two. To become a citizen, he resumed the Protestant faith, which was easy for him, as he had never been much of a Catholic. But after four months of Geneva, he accepted from his friend, Madame d'Epinay (dā pē nā'), the gift of a house in the forest of Montmorency, not far from Paris, in a pretty situation, surrounded by fruit-trees, and solitary, which exactly suited him. To this place he brought Thérèse and her old mother, Madame le Vasseur, who was nearly seventy years old. She had to be carried along the path through the forest in a chair, and she wept with pleasure.

In this quiet rural home, called the Hermitage, Jean Jacques set to work to earn money by his writings, and to develop the literary projects which crowded his brain. In fine weather, he thought over his books in the open air, and wrote, or copied, in the house when it was raining. In the summer, he saw much of Madame d'Epinay, who lived in the neighborhood; he was bored by finding himself constantly at the call of his hostess, and he pre-

should fail—if either he should be driven into precipitate retreat, or else there should escape him, instead of the great truth wrapped delicately round in panegyric, a heavy, shapeless word of foolishness? He fled in terror, escaped the interview, and thus flung up the chance of pension and patronage.

ferred going off by himself in the woods to visiting at her chateau (shă tō′).

The Hermitage episode lasted about three years, during which Jean Jacques was infatuated by a strange passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (kŏng tās′ dōō dĕ tō′), who, in her turn, was in love with the Marquis (mär kē′) of Saint Lambert (săn long bêr′).* Solitude and intercourse with Nature, instead of elevating Rousseau, made him bitter and irritable. It must be said for him, also, that he suffered from a painful disorder. His relations with Madame d'Houdetot were difficult, and he quarreled, not only with her, but with all his friends, who dropped off one by one, even to Madame d'Epinay herself. After exchanging bitter letters all round, he left in haste the Hermitage, where he had hoped to pass many tranquil years. In less than a week after he decided to leave, his goods were carted through the snow to a dilapidated house offered him by a friend.† Old Madame le Vasseur

* Madame d'Houdetot was not strikingly singular either in physical or mental attraction. She was at that time seven-and-twenty. Her face was pitted with small-pox, which had given a yellowish tinge to her complexion; her features were clumsy, and her brow low. She was short-sighted, and in old age was afflicted with an excessive squint. This want of beauty was redeemed by a gentle and caressing expression, and by a sincerity, a gayety of heart, and free sprightliness of manner, that no trouble could restrain. Her figure was very slight, and there was in all her movements at once awkwardness and grace. She was natural and simple, and had fair judgment of a modest kind, in spite of the wild sallies in which her spirit found vent. She occasionally composed verses of more than ordinary point, but she had good sense enough not to write them down, or to set up, on the strength of them, for poetess and wit. She made, sometimes, sententious epigrams, after the manner of the time, like this: "Without women, the life of man would be without aid at the beginning, without pleasure in the middle, without solace at the end."

† At this time, Diderot called on him to remonstrate with his petulance in quarreling with Madame d'Epinay. He found him alone in the garden. As soon as he saw Diderot, he thundered out, with eyes all aflame, "What have you come here for?"

"I want to know whether you are mad or malicious," replied Diderot.

"You have known me for fifteen years; you are well aware how little malicious I am, and I will prove to you that I am not mad."

was sent off to Paris. Rousseau was glad enough to get rid of her, and provided for her wants, or allowed his friends to do so. This was in the winter of 1758. These wretched quarrels form so important a part of Rousseau's life, that they help to form an opinion of his character.

It was while he lived at the Hermitage that Jean Jacques conceived the story of his novel, "The New Heloise." He wrote it at Montmorency, whither he had retreated, and read it aloud to the Duchess of Luxembourg (lūks ŏng bo͝or′) every morning at ten o'clock, while in her own room, with the Duke sitting beside her. The novel appeared in 1760, and was a great success. It was followed by "The Contrat Social" (kŏng tră′ sō sē ăl′), a bold utterance upon the vices of society and government, and "Emile (ā mēl′), or Education." These books all created a great sensation, especially the last. That the man who had lost sight of his own children, by placing them at their birth in a Foundling Hospital, should write a book on Education struck the world with amused astonishment. In "Emile," Rousseau puts forth a plan for remolding society by molding the individual. He supposes himself to be the guardian of Emile, an orphan, well-born and healthy, and sets forth his views upon the treatment of a child at every stage of its growth. Rousseau feels that his system would accomplish the feat of making man as he is meant to be. The pupil is to be influenced, night and day, through more than twenty years. The guardian must be, therefore, infallible; and thus it has been said, that in order to make each perfect citizen, it would be necessary to sacrifice the career of

He then tried to clear himself of blame in the dispute, but was so stubborn that Diderot left him very angry, and he wrote to his friend Grimm, "This Rousseau fills me with trouble. It is as if I had a damned soul at my side. May I never see him again. He would make me believe in devils and hell."

another man who must devote twenty-five years to train him. The book had a great influence in France; it gave a tone of purity and simplicity to society, and added importance to the duties of teaching. It doubtless modified systems of education in England, while in Germany it was received with enthusiasm.

The boldness of these writings was dangerous, at a time when the utterance of such opinions was regarded as an infringement of the rights of the State, and when the Church crushed every sign of free thought. Everybody praised "Emile" in private, but dared not applaud it in public. The book contained an Episode, especially daring, —"The Confession of the Savoyard Vicar" (să vwä är′ vē kär′), a manifesto, at once against the orthodox dogmas of the Church, and against the prevailing philosophical unbelief of the day, which Rousseau regarded with equal dislike. This "Confession" was the source of calamity. Parliament ordered "Emile" to be burned, and the author to be arrested. At the same time, in Geneva, both "Emile" and "The Social Contract" were burned.

Jean Jacques, warned in time, escaped into Switzerland, and found shelter in Motiers (mō tē âr′), Neuchatel (nūsh ä tĕl′), which then belonged to Prussia. The king, Frederick the Great, neither liked Rousseau nor his works, but he was willing to allow him a refuge within his dominions. Jean Jacques, for three years, led an obscure but harmless life in this remote valley.* He em-

* At Motiers, Jean Jacques learned the art of making laces, as he could not endure what he calls the inactive chattering of the parlor, with people sitting in front of one another with folded hands, and nothing in motion but the tongue. He used to carry his lace-pillow about with him, or sat at his own door working, and chatting with passers-by. He made presents of his work to young women about to marry, always on the condition that they should suckle their children when they came to have them.

ployed himself with his Dictionary of Music, and amused his leisure by playing at cup-and-ball.

In Motiers, Rousseau wrote his "Letter to the Archbishop of Paris," a trenchant, brilliant defense of his arguments in the "Vicar's Confessions." In this powerful pamphlet, he speaks his last word against the Church that hated him, though many of its priests had less faith than he professed.

Rumors of the warfare against him spread into the quiet valley where he was secluded. He was denounced as Antichrist; he was hooted at by the people, who threw stones at him as he passed. Anonymous letters accused him of atrocious crimes. His pen was busy refuting such calumnies. In September, 1764, at midnight, a shower of stones was hurled against his house. He was advised to leave Motiers, and took refuge, always with Thérèse, on the little island of St. Pierre (săn pē ār′), in Lake Bienne (bē ĕn′); but driven hence, after two happy months, he finally withdrew, from place to place, till he found himself in England.

In London, his fame was great. All society called on him; the theaters were crowded to gaze on him.* A

An Armenian tailor had sometimes visited some friends at Montmorency; Rousseau knew him, and reflected that the Armenian costume, of vest, furred bonnet, caftan, and girdle, would be of singular comfort to him, on account of his bodily disorder, and he adopted it.

* Garrick appointed a special occasion to play before Rousseau, and a special box was set apart for him. When the time came to go, Rousseau declared that he could not leave his dog behind him. "The first person," he said, "who opens the door, Sultan will run into the streets in search of me, and will be lost." His friend told him to lock Sultan up in the room, and carry away the key in his pocket. This was done, but as they proceeded down-stairs, the dog began to howl; his master turned back, and avowed he had not resolution to leave him in that condition. His friend caught him in his arms, told him that Mr. Garrick had dismissed another company in order to make room for him, that the king and queen were expecting to see him, and that without a better reason than Sultan's impatience, it would be ridiculous to disappoint them. It was only by force, rather than persuasion, that the point was yielded by Rousseau.

house at Wootton, in the Peak of Derby, was placed at his command by its owner, and he went there with Therese. It was situated in a solitary country, high up among dreary hills.

They arrived at their new residence in March, when the snow was on the ground. Thérèse immediately made herself obnoxious to the old housekeeper; and the kind neighbors who called upon them, could only look on Rousseau vacantly, as he did not know English and they could not speak any French. The villagers vaguely thought this meager little man, in a strange dress, was an exiled king.

A pension of one hundred pounds was negotiated for Rousseau, who, indeed, received much kindness from his friends; but his morbid nature drew him into petty quarrels with them, and angry letters were exchanged. He bewailed his solitude at Wootton, and fed his imagination with the idea of a dire conspiracy against him.

The autumn and winter of 1767, he spent in writing the first part of his "Confessions," from which most of his early life is known. In this book, with terrible frankness, he relates his failings, his hates, his passions, his wrongs; his style is always admirable, and there are chapters containing scenes of exquisite beauty.

Almost all his friends incur his disdain, his distrust, or his dislike; to vindicate his own character, he cares not whom he crushes or wounds. To redeem his dark traits, is the fidelity he shows always to Thérèse, his ready charity to the poor, his real reverence and faith, and his stubborn independence. The "Confessions," however, turned from him his few remaining friends.

The winter at Wootton was unhappy. Thérèse worried him by her quarrels; the weather was bad, life in-doors was dull. Rousseau became more morose and unsettled than ever. At last he fled, none knew whither, and reached France, where Mirabeau (mē rä bō′), who admired him immensely, received him with honor, and settled him at Fleury-sous-Meudon (flû′rē sōō mû dŏng′), under the name of M. Jacques. He remained there about a year, but his morbid suspicions returned, and he fled again with Thérèse, wandering from place to place in a pitiful fashion, seeking rest and finding none.*

In July, 1770, he returned to Paris, gave up his Armenian dress, and copied music at ten sous a page. His delusions left him for a time, and he was content if he earned fifty sous a day. His shabby lodging was besieged by people of rank.

In his little room stood his spinet, two little beds, a table, and several chairs. Thérèse sat near him, a canary sang in a cage, while Rousseau, in an overcoat and white cap, copied music. He hated the streets of Paris, but loved to walk in the suburbs beneath the trees, listening to the birds. He devoted little time to literature, and in his latest years gave up copying music.

He became feebler and poorer; and in May, 1777. he drew up a memorial, stating his condition, and begging that he and Thérèse might be received into a hospital. His old delusions were yet strong, but his mind had still its peaceful hours, as was shown by the fact

* One day, seated with Thérèse at table, in a little inn where they were dining, he solemnly declared she was his wife, in the presence of two guests. This little ceremony he fancied enough to constitute a marriage. "This good and seemly engagement was contracted," he wrote, "in all the simplicity, but also in all the truth of nature, in the presence of two men of worth and honor."

that what little he wrote at this time contains many delicate, beautiful passages.

In 1778, M. de Girardin (mō sēr′ dĕh zhē răr dăng′) offered Rousseau a pretty rustic cottage at Ermonenville (êr mōn ĕng vēl′), twenty miles from Paris. There, in its tranquil, beautiful woods and gardens, he was at last happy for a while, amusing himself with his old pursuits, and in teaching the son of his host. After a few weeks, however, his misery began again. He felt himself surrounded by spies and enemies. Thérèse had lost her affection for him, and this embittered the old man's last days.

He died with startling suddenness on July 2, 1778. The surgeons, who made a post-mortem examination, asserted that he died from apoplexy, while rumors told that he had committed suicide, some saying that he had poisoned himself, others that he had shot himself. Though there appears to be distinct testimony that his end was natural, on that death, mystery and doubt will always hang.

Before he died, he said to his wife, "You weep then at my happiness, — eternal happiness, — which men no more can disturb? I die in peace; I never wished harm to any one, and I can rely on the mercy of God." *

* Pierre Lanfray says:—

"Was this death suicide? It has been so established in a learned manner, but what of that! Is it not still better established that this powerful brain had been touched long before by the finger of madness? Rousseau died twice, and his second decease was no more pitiful or grievous than the first."

The surgeons reported that the cause of his death was apoplexy; but a suspicion has haunted the world ever since, that he destroyed himself by a pistol shot. We can not tell. There is no inherent improbability in the fact of his having committed suicide. In the "New Heloïsa," he had thrown the conditions which justified self-destruction into a distinct formula. Fifteen years before, he declared that his own case fell within the conditions which he had prescribed,

Death, by whatever means attained, was a release to him. The body of Rousseau was silently carried, one summer night in the moonlight, in a boat to the island in the Lake of Ermonenville, and buried among the poplar-trees. There his body lay for some years in peace. During the Revolution, however, it was borne to Paris in noisy triumph, and placed there in the Pantheon (păn thē′ ŏn).

and that he was meditating action. Only seven years before, he had implied that a man had a right to deliver himself of the burden of his own life, if its miseries were intolerable and irremediable. This, however, counts for nothing in the absence of some kind of positive evidence, and of that there is just enough to leave the matter of his end a little doubtful. Once more, we can not tell.

By the serene moon-rise of a summer night, his body was put under the ground on an island, in the midst of a small lake, where poplars throw shadows over the still water, silently figuring the destiny of mortals. Here it remained for sixteen years. Then, amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a populace gone mad in exultation, terror, fury, it was ordered that the poor dust should be transported to the national temple of great men.—*Morley's Rousseau.*

SCOTT.

1771-1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the descendant of many Scotts, of whom his father was the first to adopt any learned profession. Walter Scott, the father of the novelist, was an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, which is the Scotch term for Solicitor. His son Walter, born in Edinburgh (ĕd′ĭn bŭr rŭh), August 15, 1771, was destined for the same profession. In his early childhood the boy was taken with a fever, the result of which was a lameness, which lasted through his life; in consequence of which, he was sent to pass his boyhood at his grandfather's house at Sandyknowe (sănd′ĭ nō). But he returned to Edinburgh again; was sent to school, "where he glanced like a meteor from one end of his class to the other," in which direction is not stated,—not improbably in both. Among the boys, if not among the teachers, he was highly esteemed and respected. He was great at declaiming ballads and telling stories, great also at street fights, in spite of his lameness, "the first to begin and the last to leave off," they used to say of him. He did nothing much at school, but read much to himself at home, for he was never-ending in research when the subject interested him. He entered the College, and began the study of the law, first with his father,* and later

* The readers of "Redgauntlet" may gain a fair idea of Scott's father, by recalling Mr. Saunders Fairfield of that novel, said to be a fair resemblance. "He was a man of business of the old school, moderate in his charges, economical, and even niggardly in his expenditure; strictly honest in conducting his

in the University. But he was never great as a lawyer: he abandoned practice after a short time, and although he held certain legal positions through life, he was by no means in the active pursuit of the profession he had studied for. It was at this period of his life that he took many excursions over the whole country about Edinburgh, either alone or with friends, searching out all the natural scenery worthy remark, and any thing which should have association for his historical and romantic taste. For in this direction did all his reading turn; and whereas he had always cared little to study in such directions as were pointed out to him, he delighted to pore over the most dry and uninteresting records, so they only gave him something to add to his historical, antiquarian, or romantic lore. These walks about the country brought him close to the country-people; among them he would hunt up old ballads and traditions; his tastes and inclinations had plenty of food, and grew ac-

own affairs and those of his clients; but taught by long experience to be wary and suspicious in observing the motives of others. Punctually as the clock of St. Giles tolled nine" (the hour at which the Court of Sessions meets), "the dapper form of the hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the court-hall, or, at farthest, at the head of the Back Stairs" (the most convenient access to the Parliament House from George's Square), "trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-colored brown, with stockings of silk or woolen, as suited the weather; a bob-wig and a small cocked hat; shoes blacked, as Warren would have blacked them; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil and not a little formal. * * * The whole pleasure of this good old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his own daily business, was the hope to see his son attain what, in his father's eyes, was the proudest of all distinctions—the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer. Every profession has its peculiar honors, and his mind was constructed upon so limited and exclusive a plan, that he valued nothing save the objects of ambition which his own presented. He would have shuddered at his son's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence; and the probabilities of success, or disappointment, were the thoughts of his father by day, and his dream by night."

cordingly. All this was, on the whole, distasteful to his father, who, having no eye that could pierce the future, would have preferred that he should have acquired all the legal knowledge that he could, and become a good and learned Writer to the Signet, rather than that he should spend his time roaming over the country collecting old ballads, learning old customs and stories, meeting with all sorts of people, and, in fact, taking in much that was to give him material for much of his best work in after life.

In spite of his love for romance, for history, and for literature, Scott seems at this time to have had no idea of adopting letters as a profession. He finished his legal studies, was called in June, 1792, to the bar, and practiced there for fourteen years. This entrance on his profession was a great pleasure to his father, who desired nothing more than to see his son succeed, and become great at his own profession. But he did not practice with very great vigor, preferring to make "raids," as he was pleased to term them, into Liddesdale (lĭd'dĕz dāl), and familiarizing himself with the whole of the Border country,—its history, and its romance. Nevertheless, he "crept into a tolerable share of business," through his connection with his father and friends. But it is probable that he became famous rather as a story-teller, and an authority on any quaint questions, to which no one else knew the answer, than on account of his skill in pleading, or luck in winning cases.*

* Scott was never fond of the law, and his early dabbling in literature was not in his favor among the Edinburgh solicitors. He notices the fact that a literary turn was not held to be greatly to the credit of a barrister, and goes on: "My profession and I, therefore, came to a stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to

He had an unfortunate love affair at about this time. The facts of the case do not seem quite clear, but the amount of it was that Scott was in love with a young woman who preferred to marry a richer man. The affair lasted for a long time,—six years passed between the time when Scott first met Miss Margaret Beecher and the day she married Mr. William Forbes, the banker, in 1776. And the next year, Scott himself married Miss Carpenter (or Charpentier (shär pŏn'ġ tēā'), for she was of French family). All the feelings that had to do with these affairs are a bit out of our present province,—we can not speculate upon them at any length,—but such are the facts.

It was a year before his marriage that Scott published "Lenore" (lā nō'rā) and the "Wild Huntsman," translations from the German of Burger (būr'ġĕr), in a small folio,—his first literary work. But in this he hardly struck the true key-note.

In 1802, he published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which seemed to be the most appropriate form in which Scott's genius could find vent. His early excursions, his delight in antiquities, in feudalism and romance, in old ballads, would all come into play here. The book was a collection of old ballads, annotated and illustrated by himself, to which were added new and original ballads, written in the spirit and in imitation of the old.* The

decrease it on further acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs (*dĕl' ĭ lïz*) of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice."

* Scott was indifferent to music: he admitted that he had a fair ear for a jig, but cared little for any thing more. Julian Young tells a characteristic anecdote of a stay at Abbotsford. Two young ladies were singing exquisitely one evening, and to the great pleasure of the whole company save Scott. Scott sat absent, ab-

book, though it was at once eclipsed by Scott's later poetry, and again, and utterly, by his novels, gained him much immediate reputation. It showed to the world much of his very varied power, historical knowledge, endless research, humor, power to stir men's hearts, many of the very many traits that one sees in his novels.

This was in 1808, and, as has been said, Scott's literary reputation was in a manner created (though afterward immeasurably raised) by these poems. Three years later was published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which he had long had by him. The poem was begun on the occasion of his confinement after an accident, and at the suggestion of Lady Dalkeith* (dăl kēth′), afterward the Duchess of Buccleugh (bŭk klū′), the wife of the Duke whom Scott always loved to regard as

stracted, with lip drawn down and chin resting on his gold-headed crutch, his massy eyebrows contracted, and his countenance betokening a sad civility. At last Mrs. Lockhart, thinking that she had sufficiently taxed the good nature of her gifted friend, uncovered her harp and began to play the air of "Charlie is My Darling." The change which instantly passed over the spirit of the poet's dream was most striking. Pride of lineage, love of chivalry, strong leaning to the Stuart cause were all visibly fermenting in the brain of the enthusiastic bard. His light blue eyes kindled, the blood mantled in his cheek, his nostril quivered, his big chest heaved, until, unable longer to suppress the emotion evoked by his native melodies in favor of a ruined cause, he sprang from his chair, limped across the room, and, to the peril of those within his reach, brandishing his crutch as if it had been a brand of steel, shouted forth, with more of vigor than of melody, "And a' the folk cam running out to greet the Chevalier! Oh! Charlie is my darling," and so through the chorus.

* He has told us, in his Introduction of 1830, that the original plan was suggested by the Countess of Dalkeith; that on his writing a part of the beginning and reading it to his friends Erskine (*ĕrs′ kĭn*) and Cranstown (*krănz′ tŏn*), he found they cared so little for it that he put it by. Shortly afterward, when acting as Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light-horse, he received a kick from a horse, which confined him for some days to his lodgings. He got to work upon the "Lay," and before he was able to go out had finished the first canto. The rest of the poem was written with great rapidity. He himself says that, after having got fairly into the vein, it proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week. It had originally been intended that the "Lay" should form a part of the third volume of the "Scottish Minstrelsy," but as the poem grew longer and longer this seemed impossible, and it was published by itself three years after the accident.

his feudal chief. It was at the Countess' suggestion that the "Lay" was put into the mouth of the Last Minstrel, an idea which had much to do with the success of the work,—for a very great and instant success it was. The reader of our sketch of Johnson will recall that for his two poems, "Loudon," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes," the greatest poet of his day received £25. Scott received in all for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" £769. The age of patronage by patrons had come to an end when Johnson wrote. The age of patronage by the public was reaching its height in the time of Scott.

The publishing of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" does not seem to have entirely opened Scott's mind to a knowledge of his own powers, for it was not till 1808 that he published "Marmion" (mär′ mĭ ŏn), the second of his great poems. This was received with more enthusiasm, though by many it was not considered so fine as was the "Lay." In 1810, he published the "Lady of the Lake." These three are the greatest of his poems,—and when one considers how very fine they are, one wishes that the others had been as good. As a matter of fact, however, they were not. "Rokeby" (rōk′ bē), the "Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," the "Bridal of Triermain" (trē′ er mān), though the worst of them is a fine poem, are greatly inferior to those which preceded them in time. It would seem as though Scott's hand was losing its cunning in poetry. Very fortunately, he had by this time discovered another field for the display of his genius, wherein he was to make his greatest reputation. As a poet, his fame declined before the rising star of Byron,—but not till he had made himself a name as a novelist that need fear no competition.

In speaking of Scott's poetry, we have advanced a

little ahead of time. He continued the practice of law, after a fashion, until about 1806. In 1800, a year or so after his marriage, he accepted the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire; later he discharged the duties of a Clerk of Seizure for five years, in order to obtain the place when it should become vacant, as it did in 1811, when he was himself appointed.

He lived at this time partly in Edinburgh and partly in the country. From a short time after his marriage, he lived until 1804 at Lasswade, a few miles from the town, where he greatly delighted himself by all the little plans of building, and laying out and altering, that naturally occur to the owner of landed property. Being made Sheriff of Selkirkshire, he made his summer home at Ashestiel, a place some little distance from the county town. And when he had finally, in 1812, obtained the position of Clerk of the Seizure, he purchased his famous estate of Abbotsford, to the beautification of which he later gave so much of his time and money. It was on the Tweed, only a short distance from Ashestiel. Here Scott lived the rest of his life, and here he hoped to be the founder of a new clan, the Scotts of Abbotsford.

We ought to note the other literary work done by Scott at this time, which has not lasted as well as his poems. His services were in great request by the booksellers, who had unnumbered plans, and between 1804 and 1812 Scott, besides his poems and many reviews, published a "Life and Edition of Dryden," "Somers' Tracts," "Sadler's Life, Letters, and State Papers," "Secret History of the Court of James I.," "Mrs. Sewall's Life and Poetical Works," and had begun the edition of "Swift," which he did not publish till later. The work was immense, but he was a most industrious man.

One thing that should be noted here is Walter Scott's business connection with the Ballantyne Brothers. James Ballantyne was a printer with a good idea of his business. Scott urged his moving to Edinburgh, and aided him then in various ways, and in 1805, joined himself, secretly, to him in partnership. For many reasons did he wish to be connected with some good commercial house. He had ceased his practice of law, his legal positions were not very profitable, and he had a certain horror of trying to exist by literature alone,—it was before the marvelous financial success of the Waverley Novels. The partnership was the source of much trouble to him,—but undoubtedly of some profit. By itself, it might not have been unfortunate. But few years after Scott started the publishing firm of John Ballantyne & Co. (himself being the Co.), with the idea of creating business for the printing house of James Ballantyne & Co. But these connections were for some time kept secret.

I suppose that the Waverley Novels were and are the best known books in the English language. There are a few which may give them a hard rub. "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, is probably more widely known than any single one of the Waverleys. The "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps. Shakespeare's Plays may be more widely known about, though I judge not more widely read. And in their own day the popularity of the Waverleys was one of the most marvelous things in literature. Everybody, from the lowest to the highest, read, cried, laughed, and enjoyed. To look upon them from a shamelessly carnal point of view, they brought their author little less than a million dollars.

It was, on the whole, by accident that Scott published "Waverley" the first of the series, "a small, anonymous

sort of a novel, in three volumes," says he, writing to a friend. "It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of publishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. * * * It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrario*. * * * I intend to maintain my *incognito*."

It was in 1814, nine years after first sketching "Waverley," that Scott took it in hand and finished it. It was received with instant and remarkable success. Half a dozen editions were called for before a year had passed, and Constable, the publisher, might well have regretted that he did not purchase the copyright outright for £1,000, as Scott had desired. The authorship was unavowed, but it was practically well known by all those who knew Scott well, or his style. Indeed, the object of concealment does not seem very obvious, though Scott notes two or three trifling reasons.

The story of the publication of "Waverley" is (barring the fact that it lay long unfinished) the story of the succeeding Waverley Novels. For seventeen years, begin-

ning with 1814, the English nation were to be delighted by these incomparable stories, coming out sometimes one, sometimes two a year. They were, as a rule, worthy successors to "Waverley." It is not till we come to "Castle Dangerous," and "Count Robert of Paris," that we recognize that the master's hand has lost its power. These two were written after Scott had suffered a paralytic stroke, only two years before his death.

There can be but few of our readers who have not read most of these delightful historical novels. To those who have read them, it can be necessary only to remind them of the pleasure they experienced in their first reading; while should there be any who have read none of them, we must envy them the pleasure of reading "Ivanhoe," "Redgauntlet," "Old Mortality," or "Kenilworth," for the first time. Long before I read any book on English history, I knew all about Richard the Lion-hearted and the Crusades; Queen Elizabeth; about James the First; about the great rebellion; about the risings of '15 and '45, or at least more than I should have learned from many text-books. And as, luckily, my own prejudices in regard to Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Hanoverian, were such as would correct the overdrawn prejudices of Scott, I gathered a not unfair view of English history through some important epochs. But, setting aside history, who ever painted the manners of a people as delightfully as Scott has painted the Scotch? I do not know but if I were asked my favorites among the Waverleys, I should choose "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Redgauntlet," and "Rob Roy." There is something in his painting of Scotch character that one never forgets. Or, to change again, perhaps it is the knight and the lady, the squire and the outlaw, the

tales of chivalry or of the Crusades that we have enjoyed most. It is true that Scott's leading characters are never very fine; but who would not be willing to lose all the heroes and heroines in the world to have that admirable series of subordinate and humorous characters, which we find every-where far better and more important than his rather weak heroes and unreal heroines. It doesn't do to criticise the Waverleys: one strings out too much. Besides, every one knows them well, and has his own ideas.

On the 17th of January, 1826, Scott writes: "James Ballantyne this morning, good, honest fellow, with a vision as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard after having fought such a battle." This is Scott's mention of the announcement of the crash which finally came of his fortunes. The firm of Constable failed, and with it James Ballantyne & Co., and Scott was involved with them to an immense sum—£117,000. There were various reasons for the bad business,—neither of the Ballantynes was a very good business man. Scott did not sufficiently oversee his accounts with them; it was the time of a commercial crisis,—various things conspired. Also Scott had been living beyond his income. In his fancies for Abbotsford and for acquiring land thereabouts, he had spent not only what money he had, but had got into the habit of spending money which he had not yet earned. And he had had many and great expenses beside those attending the buying and building Abbotsford.

But all such considerations were at this time vain and useless. Scott was at this time fifty-five. He had done an immense amount of literary work already, enough, one would think, to have made him feel that he might

fairly rest on his labors. The amount of the liabilities of the firm with which he was connected seemed enormous. Nevertheless, he set to work at once, undertaking, with the aid of time, to pay off the whole indebtedness of the firm of which he had been a secret member. It was an immense task, and it would have been most wonderful could he have carried it through. As a matter of fact, Scott paid £63,000 by his own labor. Of the remainder, £22,000 was paid from his life insurance, and the rest was advanced by Cadell, his publisher, who repaid himself from the profits arising from Scott's copyright. It was all paid, but Scott killed himself in trying to pay it.

The year 1826, though Scott lived five years longer, was practically the end of his life. Before the failure, he had been alarmed at signs of breaking in his own health; he had noticed, with grief, that his wife's health was gradually failing. She died in the spring following the bankruptcy, and Scott set to work to live long enough to pay his debts. It is a melancholy thing to tell. In two years he earned £40,000 for his creditors. If he had enjoyed health and life, he would have undoubtedly paid off all his indebtedness in ten years or less.

But to resume quickly. In the year 1830, he had a stroke of paralysis. He continued to work while he was able, but he was evidently failing; and at last, in 1831, he consented to leave Scotland for Italy, with the hope of there recovering some of his broken health. He left Scotland in the fall, passing through London, and sailed for Italy. But he could not remain there happily, and early in 1832 he turned his face homeward. He lived to reach Abbotsford again, and died on the 15th of September, 1832.

CARLYLE.

1795-1881.

THOMAS CARLYLE (kär līl′) was born in the parish of Middlebie, near the hamlet of Ecclefechan (ĕk klfĕkh′ăn), in Dumfriesshire (dŭm frēz′shēr), Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. The reader will observe that his birthplace was not far from Burns' home, and that he was born the year before Burns died. The imaginative reader will remember that the poet may have stopped at the house where the baby was, may have taken him in his arms, and crowed over him some verse of a Scottish song. In after years, Carlyle made Burns the hero-poet of his celebrated volume of "Essays on Heroes and Hero-Worship," and passed upon him a noble eulogy, well deserved.

The education of this Scotch lad, also, is a testimony to the value of the Scotch system. His father, a well-read man himself, gratified his wish for an education wider than that which home could give, and sent him first to a school at Annan, and afterward to the University at Edinburgh (ĕd′ĭn bŭr′rŭh). This University has never lacked distinguished teachers,—but Carlyle would have said, what would have been said by Goethe (gā′tĕh), Schiller (shĭl′ĕr), Tennyson, and Longfellow, — to name only the authors whose lives we are tracing,—that the Library of the University in which he studied proved his best teacher. He made himself familiar with old English literature, and with foreign languages. In the

summer, he spent his holidays in rambling over the hills and through the valleys of Scotland. His father's thought and his own had been that, after he left college, he would become a minister in the Scotch Kirk,—nor was there any lack of religious interest which should have hindered him. But, after spending two years as a private tutor in the family of Mr. Charles Buller, he determined to follow the direct lead of his genius, and to rely for his living on such rewards, or compensation, as the life of an author might bring him. He was an accurate mathematician; and the first published work of his is said to have been a translation of the "Elements of Geometry," by Legendre (lĕh zhŏng dr′), to which he prefixed an "Essay on Proportion."

But his first original essay of importance was his "Life of Schiller," which was published in the *London Magazine*, in 1823 and 1824. He chooses to speak slightly of it in a preface which he wrote in 1845; but, none the less, it is one of the most charming of all his books, as it has always been a favorite. We have referred to it, more than once, in our own life of Schiller, and gladly recommend to young readers to study it carefully.

It must be remembered that an acquaintance with the German language among well-educated persons in England and America was not then the matter of course which it is now. Whoever understood the language as well as the young Carlyle did, had a mine for exploration, in the treasures of German literature,—the wealth of which, though suspected by his countrymen, was really quite unknown. Almost at the same time with his "Schiller," he published a translation of "Wilhelm Meister," one of Goethe's masterpieces, which a thousand

Englishmen and Americans had heard of as a masterpiece, for one who was able to read it in its own language. Carlyle, from the beginning of his life to the end, was a master in the business of translation from one language to another. It is a business only too often left to inferior hands,—almost always intrusted to some workman who really knows well, only one of the two languages with which he works. But the good translator must be at ease and at home in each. Carlyle was at ease and at home in German and in English. While he was yet a young man, indeed, he spent enough time in Germany to become quite familiar with the local habits, and all the conversational idioms of the country.

In 1826, he married Miss Welch, a lady herself of rare genius and admirable education.* Through life she was his helpmeet, indeed; she encouraged him in his despondency,—she worked for him when he needed help,—she kept his home cheerful. To use a beautiful phrase of Mrs. Browning's, "She freshened his days." She died a few years before him,—suddenly,—to his deep regret. He, perhaps, wondered then, whether he had in her lifetime done full honor to a nature so large and noble. The publication of much of his and her correspondence has led to much discussion, which is probably not yet

* Miss Jewsbury presents this anecdote of her childhood:

"Learning Latin.—She was anxious to learn lessons like a boy; and, when a very little thing, she asked her father to let her 'learn Latin like a boy.' Her mother did not wish her to learn so much; her father always tried to push her forward; there was a division of opinion on the subject. Jeannie went to one of the town scholars in Haddington, and made him teach her a noun of the first declension ('*Penna*, a pen,' I think it was). Armed with this, she watched her opportunity; instead of going to bed, she crept under the table, and was concealed by the cover. In a pause of conversation, a little voice was heard, '*Penna*, a pen; *pennæ*, of a pen,' etc., and as there was a pause of surprise, she crept out, and went up to her father, saying, 'I want to learn Latin; please let me be a boy.' Of course she had her own way in the matter."

finished,—as to vexed questions, whether he were just to her,—and whether she were just to him. It is probably true that, on the whole, the life of both was happy,—that each sincerely loved and honored the other,—and that the marriage was fortunate. That is, each of them lived a life far more large, and noble, and happy, than either of them could have done had they not met and married, as they did.

Carlyle himself ascribed much honor, among the influences which trained his early life, to Edward Irving.* It is understood that this distinguished preacher was attached to Miss Welch, and would have been glad to marry her. But she certainly chose more wisely. "Had I

* "I had heard much of Irving all along," he writes; "how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how his new Academy and new methods were illuminating and astonishing every thing there. (Alas! there was one little pupil he had there, with her prettiest little *penna penna* from under the table, and 'Let *me* be a boy, too, papa!' who was to be of endless moment, and who alone was of any moment to me in all that!) I don't remember any malicious envy whatever toward this great Irving of the distance. For his greatness in study and learning I certainly might have had a tendency, hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation: 'Do the like, do thou the like under difficulties!' As to his school-master success, I cared little about that, and easily flung that out when it came across me. But naturally all this be-trumpeting of Irving to me (in which I could sometimes trace some touch of malice to myself) had not awakened in me any love toward this victorious man. '*Ich gönnte ihm*,' as the Germans phrase it; but, in all strictness, nothing more.

"About Christmas-time (1815) I had gone with great pleasure to see Edinburgh again, and read in Divinity Hall a Latin discourse—'exegesis,' they call it there—on the question, '*Num detur religio naturalis?*' It was the second, and proved to be the last, of my performances on that treatise. My first, an English sermon on the words, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now,' etc., etc., a very weak, flowery, and sentimental piece, had been achieved in 1814, a few months after my leaving for Annan. Piece second, too, I suppose, was weak enough, but I still remember the kind of innocent satisfaction I had in turning it into Latin in my solitude, and my slight and momentary (by no means deep or sincere) sense of pleasure in the bits of compliments and flimsy approbation from comrades and professors on both these occasions. Before Christmas-day I had got rid of my exegesis, and had still a week of holiday ahead for old acquaintances and Edinburgh things, which was the real charm of my official errand thither."

married him," she said, "there would have been no gift of tongues." In such a remark she probably shows the sort of help which she frequently gave to the husband of her choice.

It is difficult to explain to most readers of to-day, the effect produced by Edward Irving on a very large circle of people in Scotland and in England, in the fifteen years which followed 1820. The great Dr. Chalmers* having met him at Edinburgh, where he was pursuing his studies, invited him to join him at Glasgow (glăs'gō), in the great religious and charitable work which he had in hand there. After three years there he went to London, at first as a minister of the Scotch Kirk. But having offended the government of that church, which deposed him for heresy, he founded the "Catholic Apostolic Church," which now has congregations in all English-speaking countries. Carlyle never was a disciple of Irving in his theological revelations. But, as has been said, he always recognized his personal obligation to him. "But for him I had never known what the communion of man with man means. He was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul that mine ever came in contact

* He was a man of much natural dignity, ingenuity, honesty, and kind affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. A very eminent vivacity lay in him, which could rise to complete impetuosity (growing conviction, passionate eloquence, fiery play of heart and head), all in a kind of *rustic* type, one might say, though wonderfully true and tender. He had a burst of genuine fun, too, I have heard, of the same honest but most plebeian broadly natural character; his laugh was a hearty low guffaw; and his tones in preaching would rise to the piercingly pathetic—no preacher ever went so into one's heart. He was a man essentially of little culture, of narrow sphere, all his life; such an intellect professing to be educated, and yet so ill *read*, so ignorant in all that lay beyond the horizon in place or in time, I have almost nowhere met with. A man capable of much soaking indolence, lazy brooding and do-nothingism, as the first stage of his life well indicated; a man thought to be timid almost to the verge of cowardice, yet capable of impetuous activity and blazing audacity, as his latter years showed.

I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church. —*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever found in this world, or ever hope to find." Edward Irving is now scarcely remembered among those who have trained the thought or life of England in the 19th century. It is, therefore, important to recall this testimony by Carlyle, as to one of the moral forces which made him what he was.

In the year after his marriage, Carlyle published a collection of translations from the shorter stories of Musaeus (mū sē′ŭs), Tieck (tēk), Jean Paul (zhŏn powl), and Hoffmann (hŏf′măn), which did more to interest English and American readers in German literature, and show them that it was not at all the vague fancy which had been held up to their ridicule in the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin (ăn′tĭ-jăk′ō bĭn)* and similar writings. In such work, Carlyle had had able coadjutors and predecessors, both in England and in Germany. Scott and Byron both had drunk at the German wells, and owed their obligations to the German authors. Coleridge (kōl′rĭj), with his immense range and resource, had opened to thinking men in England and America the results of German speculation. More and more people began to know that they must gain the German treasures in one way or another. If they did not read the German language, they must use the work of those who did. Happy for them if such a man as Carlyle was willing to be their guide.

After his marriage Carlyle lived a little while in Edin-

* The "poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" was the work of George Canning and some of his literary friends. It contains some amusing satires on Werther (*wĕr′tĕr*) and other German romances. From some of these some phrases have strayed which are almost, or quite proverbial. Such are, "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir," and "Let us swear eternal friendship." The amusing song of "the U-niversity of Gottingen" (*gĕt′tĭng ĕn*) is one of these poems.

burgh. He then removed with his wife to Craigenputtoch (krā gĕn pŭt′tŏk),* in the wildest part of Dumfriesshire. In this sequestered home† Carlyle wrote his article on Richter (rĭk′ter), and the series on German au-

* Craigenputtoch will remind the readers of Burns of his enthusiastic poems and songs, which have preserved, for literature, the name of Craigenburn. Carlyle thus describes his home in a letter to Goethe: "Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles north-west of it, among the granite hills and black morasses, which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of health and rocks our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of plowed, partly inclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. * * * Piled up on the little library table are a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English periodicals, whatever they may be worth."

In 1837, Carlyle prepared a list of the papers, which he published between 1824 and that time. Mr. R. W. Emerson published these in 1838, in the first collection made of Carlyle's essays. He says: "Mr. Carlyle's recent works have made him known as a writer to numbers to whom the essays in these volumes will be new. But many readers will here find pages which, in the scattered anonymous sheets of the British magazines, spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep." [Of these readers Mr. Emerson was himself one.] "It is a fact worth remembering in our literary history" [in America] "that his rich and cheerful genius found its earliest audience in and near New England, from young men who had complained, with the first Quaker, that in the multitude of teachers 'none spake to their condition.' Such will be glad to trace in this collection the spiritual history of the author, the course of his reading, the depth of his studies, and what outward materials went to the edification of the man." Mr. Emerson wrote this estimate of these papers on the 24th of June, 1838.

† Readers of "Carlyle's Reminiscences" hear much of the details of this life. Here, for instance: "We had trouble with servants, with many paltry elements and objects, and were very poor; but I do not think our days there were sad, and certainly not hers in especial, but mine rather. We read together at night, one winter, through 'Don Quixote' in the original; Tasso in ditto had come before; but that did not last very long. I was diligently writing and reading there; wrote most of the 'Miscellanies' there, for Foreign, Edinburgh, etc., Reviews (obliged to keep several strings to my bow), and took serious thought about every part of every one of them. After finishing an article, we used to get on horseback or mount into our soft old gig, and drive away, either to her mother's (Templand, fourteen miles off) or to my father and mother's (Scotsbrig, seven or six and thirty miles)—the pleasantest journeys I ever made, and the pleasantest visits. Stay perhaps three days; hardly ever more than four; then back to work and silence. My father she particularly loved, and recognized all the grand rude worth and immense originality that lay in him. Her demeanor at Scotsbrig, throughout in fact, was like herself, unsurpassable; and took captive all those true souls, from oldest to youngest, who by habit and type might have been so utterly foreign to her."

thors which followed it in the *Edinburgh Review*. He wrote another series for the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, among which are its biographies of Montaigne (mon-tān′), Montesquieu (mŏn tĕs kū′), Pitt, and Nelson.

The era which changed the circumstances of his life, and announced him to be the leader of men, which he has proved to be, in half a century since, was the publication, in separate numbers, of "Sartor Resartus," in *Fraser's Magazine*,* a monthly journal then not very long established in London, a wide-awake and comparatively fearless magazine, not unwilling to try new adventures. The words "Sartor Resartus" mean "The Tailor Patched," and the book, as it proved to be, professes to be an essay on the "Clothes Philosophy," as Carlyle calls it. It is quite clear that he varied from his original plan as he went on,—that he became almost indifferent to the machinery of the beginning as he elaborated the philosophical statements which have given to the book its value.

"Sartor Resartus" is not read by the young people of the end of the nineteenth century as it was by thoughtful men and women entering on life when the first half of that century drew to a close. But this is because its lessons, then quaint and unexpected, have long since

* Mr. Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," gives this account of the reception of the book in England and Scotland:

"Then, when poor 'Sartor' got passed through *Fraser*, and was done up from the *Fraser* types as a separate thing, perhaps about fifty copies being struck off, I sent six copies to six Edinburgh literary friends, from not one of whom did I get the smallest whisper even of receipt—a thing disappointing more or less to human nature, and which has silently and insensibly led me never since to send any copy of a book to Edinburgh, or, indeed, to Scotland at all, except to my own kindred there, and in one or two specific unliterary cases more. The Plebs of literature might be divided in their verdicts about me, though, by count of heads. I always suspect the 'guilties' clean had it; but the Conscript Fathers declined to vote at all."

taken possession of literature and science,—even of art, philosophy, and religion, in England and America,—so that the statement of them now seems commonplace. But in the days of the birth of the book, these lessons were received as a new revelation.

The book teaches the worthlessness of mere dress, or outside decoration. It is a wild prophet's cry on the meanness and nothingness of "Shams." This word became a favorite word with Mr. Carlyle, and with his followers. The "Clothes Philosophy," so called, is the philosophy which teaches men to do the duty which comes next their hand,—even to "do the thing they are afraid to,"—and to scorn the forms or fashions which are only temporary. George Fox, the Quaker, when he put off the costume of his time, and put on a stout leather suit which could not be torn, but which would shield him from the weather, was a favorite example, brought forward a hundred times, by Mr. Carlyle.

So soon as "Sartor Resartus" was finished in *Fraser*, it was republished in a book in America, by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and a group around him of Carlyle's admirers. From this moment Carlyle was known and recognized as a sort of prophet to his generation, who, as Arthur Clough (klŭf) said to Emerson, could at least lead them out from the flesh-pots of Egypt.

About the time of its publication, Mr. Carlyle and his wife removed to London. Here they lived, in Chelsea (chĕl′sĕ), in a house fronting on the Thames (tĕmz), from that time till their death. Here he had the advantages of the use of large libraries, of easy travel to the Continent, and of intimacy with many of the most accomplished men and women of his time.

In 1837, he published his "History of the French

Revolution."* To this book his name was given, and it is said to be the first of his books which bore his name. It illustrates in a terrible example, acted out under the eyes of men, the philosophy of the Sartor Resartus. For

* The English critics doubted in their welcome of the book. Mr. Carlyle speaks of their verdict thus in his "Reminiscences":

"It was after I had finished the 'French Revolution,' and perhaps after my Annandale journey to recover from this adventure, that I heard of Southey's being in town again. His collective edition was complete, his poor wife was dead and at rest; his work was done; in fact (had he known it), all his work in the world was done; and he had determined on a few weeks of wandering, and trying to repose and recreate himself, among old friends and scenes. I saw him twice or thrice on this occasion; it was our second and last piece of intercourse, and much the more interesting, to me at least, and for a reason that will appear. My wild excitation of nerves, after finishing that grim book on 'French Revolution,' was something strange. The desperate nature of our circumstances and outlooks while writing it, the thorough possession it had taken of me, dwelling in me day and night, keeping me in constant fellowship with such a 'flamy cut-throat scene of things,' infernal and celestial both in one, with no fixed prospect but that of writing it, though I should die, had held me in a fever blaze for three years long; and now the blaze had ceased, problem *taliter qualiter* was actually done, and my humor and way of thought about all things was of an altogether ghastly, dim-smoldering, and as if preternatural sort. * * * Thackeray's laudation in the *Times* I also recollect the arrival of. But neither did Thackeray inspire me with any emotion, still less with any ray of exultation. 'One other poor judge voting,' I said to myself; 'but what is he, or such as he? The fate of that thing is fixed! I have written it; that is all my result.' Nothing now strikes me as affecting in all this but her noble attempt to cheer me on my return home to her [Mrs. Carlyle], still sick and sad; and how she poured out on me her melodious joy, and all her bits of confirmatory anecdotes and narratives. 'Oh, it has had a great success, dear!' and not even she could irradiate my darkness, beautifully as she tried for a long time, as I sat at her feet again by our own parlor fire. 'Oh, you are an unbelieving nature!' said she at last, starting up, probably to give me some tea. There was, and is, in all this something heavenly."

He writes also: "Early in January, 1837, it must have been when book on 'French Revolution' was finished. I wrote the last paragraph of it here (within a yard of where I now am), in her presence, one evening after dinner. Damp, tepid kind of evening, still by daylight, read it to her or left her to read it; probably with a 'Thank God it is done, Jeannie!' and then walked out up the Gloucester (*glŏs' tĕr*) Road toward Kensington way; don't remember coming back, or indeed any thing quite distinct for three or four months after. My thoughts were by no means of an exultant character; pacifically gloomy rather, something of sullenly contemptuous in them, of clear hope (except in the 'desperate' kind) not the smallest glimpse. I had said to her, perhaps that very day, 'I know not whether this book is worth any thing, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do (as is likeliest), but this I could tell

never was the vanity of shams more terribly displayed than in the failure of the elaborate Court Ritual which surrounded Louis XVI. and Marie Antoniette (mä rē′ ŏng-twä nĕt′) when the so-called Government of a country was asked to govern.

At the same time, the mere narrative of the book made a revolution in the habits of writing history. The historian no longer conceals himself behind the scenes, to work a few puppets with wires, at constant disadvantage. He associates with his readers, and makes them his confidants and friends. If he have difficulties in finding the truth, he does not pretend to be omniscient. If the fact is dead and really unimportant, he tells the reader so frankly, and does not pretend that every pebble he has found in his digging is a gem of the first water. Above all, he makes the history entertaining.*

When such a man lives in such a city as London, some arrangement follows by which the people of his time can see him and hear him. It was thus that Mr. Carlyle delivered, before audiences of the most thoughtful men and women, his courses of lectures, some of which have been published. The titles of successive courses were, "German Literature," the "History of

the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that came more direct and flamingly sincere from the heart of a living man; do with it what you like, you——!' My poor little Jeannie and me, hasn't it nearly killed us both? This also I might have said, had I liked it, for it was true. My health was much spoiled; hers too by sympathy, by daily helping me to struggle with the intolerable load."

* Young readers who do not know Carlyle's skill in this first requisite of the historian, will do well to read the history of the "Diamond Necklace," which was written for a magazine, and is published among his Miscellanies. The frauds and follies by which the purchase and sale of this jewel became a matter of State importance, and involved the character of Marie Antoinette, are a most interesting illustration of the rottenness of morals which led the way for the terrible storms of the French Revolution.

Literature," "The Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship."* The last makes but a small book. But no one of his books better shows the

* Our main revenue three or four (?) years now was lectures; in Edward street, Portman Square, the only free room there was; earnestly forwarded by Miss and Thomas Wilson, of Eccleston street (who still live and are good), by Miss Martineau, by Henry Taylor, Frederick Elliot, etc., etc. Brought in, on the average, perhaps £200, for a month's labor; first of them must have been in 1838, I think; Willis' Rooms, this. "Detestable mixture of prophecy and play-actorism," as I sorrowfully defined it; nothing could well be hatefuller to me; but I was obliged. And she [Mrs. Carlyle], oh, she was my angel, and unwearied helper and comforter in all that.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

Of the first lecture he writes:

"Monday, May 1, 1837, in Willis' Rooms is marked as date of my first lecture. It was a sad, planless jumble, as all these six were, but full enough of new matter, and of a furious determination on the poor lecturer's part not to break down. Plenty of incondite stuff accordingly there was; new, and in a strangely new dialect and tone; the audience intelligent, partly fashionable, was very good to me, and seemed, in spite of the jumbled state of things, to feel it entertaining, even interesting. I pitied myself, so agitated, terrified, driven desperate and furious. But I found I had no remedy, necessity compelling; on the proceeds we were financially safe for another year, and that was my one sanction in the sad enterprise."

I was myself writing "Schiller" in those months; a task Irving had encouraged me in and prepared the way for, in the *London Magazine*. Three successive parts there were, I know not how far advanced, at this period; knew only that I was nightly working at the thing in a serious, sad, and *totally solitary* way. My two rooms were in the old "Mansion" of Kinnaird, some three or four hundred yards from the new, and on a lower level, overshadowed with wood. Thither I always retired directly after tea, and for most part had the edifice all to myself; good candles, good wood fire, place dry enough, tolerably clean, and such silence and total absence of company, good or bad, as I never experienced before or since. I remember still the grand *sough* of those woods; or, perhaps, in the stillest times, the distant ripple of Tay. Nothing else to converse with but this and my own thoughts, which never for a moment pretended to be joyful, and were sometimes pathetically sad. I was in the miserablest dyspeptic health, uncertain whether I ought not to *quit* on that account, and at times almost resolving to do it; driven far away from all my loved ones. My poor "Schiller," nothing considerable of a work even to my own judgment, had to be steadily persisted in as the only protection and resource in this inarticulate huge "wilderness," actual and symbolical. My editor, I think, was complimentary; but I knew better. The *Times* newspaper once brought me, without commentary at all, an "eloquent" passage reprinted (about the tragedy of noble literary life), which I remember to have read with more pleasure in this utter isolation, and as the "first" public nod of approval I had ever had, than any criticism or laudation that has ever come to me since. For about two hours it had lighted in the desolation of my inner man a strange little glow of illumination; but here too, on

power of the author, and probably no one of them has had more effect on the men and women of his time.

As his life went on, he gave more and more time to history. He edited every letter and speech of Oliver Cromwell * which could be found, and his book becomes the authentic history of the Puritan Revolution in England. Afterward, he devoted years of life to the study of the life of Frederick of Prussia, called the Great.† To Carlyle he was great. For he had come to believe that leadership, however gained, was the test of greatness, and he was eager to make the world believe that Frederick

reflection, I "knew better," and the winter afternoon was not over when I saw clearly how very small this conquest was, and things were in their *statu quo* again.—*Reminiscences.*

* "At this time," writes Carlyle (speaking of his wife), "I must have been in the thick of 'Cromwell'; four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculations, futile wrestling, and misery, I used to count it had cost me, before I took to editing the 'Letters and Speeches' ('to have them out of the way'), which rapidly drained off the sour swamp water bodily, and left me, beyond all first expectation, quite free of the matter. Often I have thought how miserable my books must have been to her, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant, never once I do believe, made the least complaint of me or my behavior (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them. Always some quizzing little lesson, the purport and effect of which was to encourage me; never once any thing worse. Oh, it was noble, and I see it so well now, when it is gone from me, and no return possible.

"Cromwell was by much the worst book time, till this of Friedrich (*frēd'-rĭk*), which, indeed, was infinitely worse; in the dregs of our strength, too; and lasted for about thirteen years. She was generally in quite weak health too, and was often, for long weeks or months, miserably ill."

† Mrs. Carlyle writes as follows about this book:

"CRAIGENVILLA, EDINBURGH, Monday, Aug. 24, 1857.

"Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be! The best of all your books. I say so, who never flatter, as you are too well aware; and who am 'the only person I know that is always in the right!' So far as it is here before me, I find it forcible and vivid, and sparkling as 'The French Revolution,' with the geniality and composure and finish of 'Cromwell'—a wonderful combination of merits! And how you have contrived to fit together all those different sorts of pictures, belonging to different sorts of times, as compactly and smoothly as a bit of the finest mosaic! Really one may say, of these two first books at least, what Helen said of the letters of her sister who died—you remember?—'So splendidly put together one would have thought that hand couldn't have written them!'"

owed his success to some of the highest qualities of manhood.

The more Mr. Carlyle expressed his interest in the practical politics of his time, the more dissatisfaction did he feel with men whom he called men of talk, or "windbags"; and the more confidence did he express in force, though it were physical force, as the agent by which the affairs of men must be regulated. In his personal conversations with the men and women of his time, while he was never gracious and serene, he was often captious, irritable, and violent. Such habits grew upon him with years, and with the homage which followed on success.

None the less did he make over again the habits of English literature and of English thought. Every thing, indeed, was tending this way. The poetry of Burns, the realism which may be found in Scott's poetry, the philosophy of Coleridge, and many tentative steps in the theology of England and America, all show men's protest against mere forms and formalities, and their determination to see and say the thing which is. For such a protest Carlyle appeared as the leader. Men followed him gladly, though "they followed him into a desert." And the literature, the art, the science even, the philosophy and the religion of this time, are all different from those of the time to which he was born, because he lived, and wrote, and spoke as he did.

His wife died in 1866. He grieved for her death with sorrow which could not find language strong enough for its expression. His own death followed on the 5th of February, 1881.

MACAULAY.

1800–1859.

"TO Addison himself," wrote Lord Macaulay (*má-kaw'lĭ*), "we are bound by a sentiment, as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. * * * After full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our inferior and erring race." We wish we had genius to write as well as this is written, the same thing about the writer of it. Among all the authors of whom it has been our fortune to read or write, Macaulay is always the one whom we seem to love best. "Would we have liked to live with him?" asks Thackeray (*thăk'ĕ rĭ*), with respect to Swift.* It seems to us that there is no one of the great masters of English literature with whom we should be more glad to have lived than with Macaulay. There may have been some with whom we might, perhaps, prefer to pass a few hours,—to be with Byron for no long time, to talk

* "Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should have liked to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small-beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchenleck (*ăf' flĕk*)? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition."

with De Quincey, to have little interviews with Henry Fielding would be undoubtedly pleasant. It may be that we could have lived as happily with Sir Walter Scott, and perhaps,—but we fear not,—with Thackeray. But, on the whole, to have been the much younger intimate of Macaulay would have been, we think, one of the greatest privileges that could be bestowed.

And if there were to be but one book left in all this world, beside the Bible, we should prefer that it should be Macaulay's Essays. There is no one book known to us which, to an educated man or woman, should give so much pleasure. The Essays are not only the most entertaining and interesting reading by themselves, but they invariably suggest so much more than any other book with which we are acquainted. There are passages (for instance, that in the essay on "Sir James Mackintosh," beginning, "The History of England is emphatically a history of progress"), which should bring to the mind of the reader enough food for thought to last him a day, or a week, or a month, according as he may happen to be ill or well up in the subject. There is hardly one of them, written on a particular period, that does not call to our mind by its allusions, more great men and great works than most well-considered histories would do in a whole volume. We had rather have his Essay on Addison than Addison's *Spectator*, that on the Horace Walpole's Letters than all the nine volumes of that correspondence, most certainly that on Mr. Robert Montgomery than that gentleman's poems themselves. If a man has already read much, it seems to us that Macaulay's Essays is the last book he could afford to part with. So much for individual opinion; we are aware that to many such views must seem ridiculous and idiotic.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born of a family originally Scotch, November 26, 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was, at the time of his eldest son's birth, a well-to-do London merchant, senior partner of the firm of Macaulay, Babington & Co., a man of whom much might be written. He was one of those noble men who gave up every thing to pursue the abolishing of slavery and the slave-trade. His son had for him the warmest love and respect, but the two could not fully sympathize in later life. The rest of the family, his mother, and his brothers and sisters, all younger than himself, he loved in the tenderest way, and it is the most pathetic thing in the life of this really great man to see how wholly his happiness lay with that family of which he was in time the only support.

Macaulay through life had two very important characteristics, and both manifested themselves in his extreme youth,—an inordinate love of reading and an immense memory. These, with a gift of style and of oratory which developed later, are his most noticeable intellectual peculiarities. Even in his school-days, he would read and remember, any thing that took his fancy, to a portentous extent. He was, therefore, a great scholar in subjects in which he was interested. In other subjects he does not seem to have applied himself in the least, and never attained any eminence. From this it would seem as though his studies were for him solely means of acquiring information; as for being mental discipline, it seems evident that he never got into the habit of schooling his mind to do what he did not like. A fair example of this is in his mathematical studies. For a man of Macaulay's wonderful memory (if we can draw inferences from stories told of it), it would have been not too

great a task to commit to memory verbally the few mathematical works he needed to pass a certain examination at Cambridge, at which, owing to his constant neglect, he was conditioned, as we say, or "gulphed," as he probably said himself. However, fortunately enough for him, he was able to interest himself in most of the tasks set him at home and at school, and he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, from Mr. Preston's private school, leaving behind him the impression that he was a most remarkable boy, and that he would infallibly come to something. In truth, he was a most remarkable boy, chiefly, however, for his love for reading and his memory. At home he had, beside these qualities, all those which could serve to make an older brother the object of most devoted worship from his younger brothers and sisters, and of the fondest admiration from his father* and mother.

In the fall of 1818, Macaulay went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. His career here bore much the relation to the college world that his later life did to the larger world outside. He read much, and remembered every thing. He was admired and looked up to by his companions for his conversation, learning, and skill in de-

* Although Mr. Macaulay thought Tom read too many novels. Macaulay and his sisters were omnivorous readers of novels. Not only were they as familiar with Richardson and Jane Austin as with the friends of every-day life, but the lowest form of silly fiction was delightful at least to Macaulay. Mrs. Meeke and Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson were well known to him by their works, "Santo Sebastiano" (*sănt' tō sā băs tē ā' nō*), "The Forest of Montalba" (*mōn tăl' bă*), "The Romance of the Pyrenees," and "Adelaide, or the Countercharm," of which we make no doubt our readers have heard. They would use the very language of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, of Mr. Collins, of Sir Charles Grandison (*grăn' dĭs sŭn*), Clarissa, or Miss Howe, to express their views on every-day affairs, and would quote these worthies as we should our neighbors. The effect of all this on Trevelyan, who married Hannah, was bewildering, for his "reading had lain anywhere rather than among the circulating libraries"; and he used to be consumed with wonder as to who might be these strange friends of his wife and his brother-in-law, and among what sort of people could they have once lived.

bate. He seized many prizes, and passed examinations with honor (though not all; he would not apply himself to mathematics). He spent his long vacations there, reading from morning till night, and finally landed in a Trinity Fellowship, which he held for some years. In the meanwhile, he went to London, read law, and was called to the Bar.

But it does not appear that he ever intended to make the law his serious profession. He didn't like it, and never did much in it. He did, however, join the Leeds Northern Circuit, and read law in Chambers in London. In 1830, he was offered by Lord Lansdowne (lănz' down) a seat in Parliament as Member for Calne (kăn), which place that nobleman, according to the custom of the time, carried, as the phrase is, in his pocket. Macaulay, at the time this offer was made, was personally unknown to Lord Lansdowne.

He had, however, made for himself a very great reputation, and almost entirely by writing for the *Edinburgh Review*. Shortly after leaving college, he had contributed several articles to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, but they do not seem to have attracted general attention, although they served to displease his father. But in 1825 he began his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. That periodical enjoyed at that time such a reputation as no other magazine has enjoyed before nor since. But at this moment it needed new blood. In a happy moment Macaulay was found, and in the summer of 1825 appeared in the *Review* his article on "Milton." It had an instantaneous and a very great reputation. From being a comparatively unknown and wholly briefless barrister, he became a literary man who could get his own price for any thing he chose to write. He

became a species of lion, well known in London. During the next five years he sent several other articles to the *Review*, which were so much read, admired, and disputed over that it was by no means curious that Lord Lansdowne's attention should have been called to Macaulay, for he was certainly the most prominent of the younger men in London intent on politics, and a good Whig.

The first few years of Macaulay's parliamentary life must have been of the most exciting interest, the most crammed with emotion of any of his life. The year 1830 was the year of revolution in France and of revolutionary feeling throughout Europe. England was not without her excitement. The years following, in which the Reform Bill was brought in, fought over, and finally passed, were probably the most exciting years politically of this century. It was at this time that Macaulay, young, powerful, enthusiastic, conscious of his power and of an already great reputation, came into the House of Commons, which furnished at once a field for the exercise of his greatest gifts and a means of making a large number of very honest friends and admirers. In principles a Whig, and by nature a most devoted one, he could not pass without recognition from the chiefs of his party; in fact, after his Reform speeches, he was undoubtedly their most brilliant orator. He was elected member for Calne in the spring of 1830. Parliament shortly dissolved on the death of George IV., and Macaulay spent the summer in Paris, which the Revolution had made particularly interesting to one about to go back to the Reform battles in England. Parliament met on the 26th of October; the Tory Government under the Duke of Wellington was shortly defeated, and Lord Grey came in. On the 1st of March, Lord John Russell brought in the

Reform Bill. In the debate which followed, Macaulay made the first of his great Reform speeches,—speeches that were at the time considered the best that had been heard since Fox, Burke, or Canning, and which, read now, fall little below the acme of forensic eloquence.

Macaulay was hard worked at this time. He was devoted in his attendance at the House. He had for some time been a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and with these two he had little time for literature. He wrote somewhat for the *Edinburgh Review*, but his heart and mind were in his political work. The Reform Bill passed; the time was approaching when the first Reformed Parliament was to be chosen. Macaulay was asked by the Whigs of the newly enfranchised city of Leeds to stand for them, and by them was returned. He had for some little time now been Commissioner of the Board of Control,* and was shortly made its secretary. This place in the Government placed him in a painful position on the occasion of the West India Slavery Bill. Macaulay, on account, in a measure, of his father, differed with the Government. He placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister, voted against the Government, carried his point, and yet, being of such value, was still retained in his place.

It would be almost impossible to give a fair picture of Macaulay's life at this time in the space at our command. It was made up of hard work and great successes at the House of Commons, of hard work at the Board of Control, and great successes on the *Edinburgh Review*. And beside his political work, which was much of it intensely interesting and exciting, his social life was

* The means by which at that time England governed her East Indian possessions.

of the keenest. He was known in the best houses of London, was a constant diner-out, was often a guest at the dinners at Holland House, and not infrequently at the poet Rogers' breakfasts. He read as hard as ever, and as much. But the happiest part of his life was his intercourse with his family. Though he himself lived in chambers, and the others of his family at his father's house in Great Ormond street, he saw them frequently, and there were no persons in the city whom he loved better, or in whose company he was happier. The most vivid picture of his life at this time is to be found in his letters to his sisters Hannah and Margaret. They are letters which the interest of the narrative, the brightness and wit of the diversion, and, above all, the infinite brotherly tenderness and love, make the most delightful reading in the world.*

* There are certain poetical works of Lord Macaulay which are not usually inserted in his collected writings. He held a light pen as far as doggerel is concerned, and was constantly writing for his younger sisters and for his nephews and nieces effusions which he usually attributed to a certain author whom he was pleased to term "The Judicious Poet."

"A Yankee," he writes, "has written to me to say that an edition of my works is about to be published in America, with my life prefixed, and that he shall be obliged to me to tell him when I was born, whom I married, and so forth. I guess I must answer him slick right away. For, as the Judicious Poet observes,—

"'Though a New England man lolls back in his chair,
With a pipe in his mouth and his legs in the air,
Yet surely an Old England man such as I
To a kinsman by blood should be civil and spry.'

"How I run on in quotation! But when I begin to cite the verses of our great writers I never can stop."

And again: "Do you remember the beautiful Puseyite (*pū' zȳ īt*) hymn on Michaelmas (*mĭk' el mas*) day? It is a great favorite with all the Tractarians. You and Alice should learn it. It begins:

"'Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,
Though Plymouth brethren rage,
We Churchmen gay will wallow to-day
In apple-sauce, onions, and sage.

On the 17th of August, 1833, Macaulay wrote to his favorite sister Hannah, afterward Lady Trevelyan (trĕv-ĕl′yăn), to say it was probable, indeed nearly certain, that the position of member of the Supreme Council of India would be offered to him. He would, if he accepted, be absent from England for five or six years. The salary was so large that in that time he could save enough money to make himself independent for life, and the members of his family who were dependent on him as well. He decided to go. His sister accompanied him.*

"'Ply knife and fork, and draw the cork,
And have the bottle handy,
For each slice of the goose will introduce
A thimbleful of brandy.'

"Is it not good? I wonder who the author can be."

A longer poem commemorates the deeds of a country squire whom he knew, who had the habit of detaining people by the button, and more especially bishops. It begins:

"His Grace, Archbishop Manners Sutton,
Could not keep on a single button.
As for Right Reverend John of Chester,
His waistcoats open at the breast are.
Our friend has filled a mighty trunk
With trophies torn from Doctor Monk,
And he has really tattered foully
The vestments of Archbishop Howley.
No button could I late discern on
The garments of Archbishop Vernon,
And never had his fingers mercy
Upon the garb of Bishop Percy.
The buttons fly from Bishop Ryder
Like corks that spring from bottled cider."

These were almost invariably written for his sisters or nieces, with whom throughout his life he sustained a voluminous correspondence. He sometimes deplored the necessity of so employing valuable time, as in the following:

"Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
You must write to silly chits;
Be you Tories, be you Whigs,
You must write to sad young gigs."

* "It is now my duty," he writes to his sister Hannah, on their departure, "to omit no opportunity of giving you wholesome advice. I am henceforward your sole guardian. I have bought Gisborne's (*gĭz′ bunz*) 'Duties of Women,'

We must wholly pass over his life in India.* The four years he passed there might almost be omitted from his life. An immense amount of reading in the classics, the Essay on Bacon, and one or two other pieces, the ideas which run through the Essays on Lord Clive (klīv) and Warren Hastings, are the points which are of most moment. While in India, Macaulay worked hard on more than his official duties; indeed, it is almost inconceivable that a man could accomplish as much as he did. The most lasting result of this work is the "Indian Penal Code," drawn up by a commission of which he was President. He reached England again in the summer of 1838. He was now of an independent fortune, his own master in a way he had never felt before. But he was in other ways not so fortunate. His father had died while he was on the voyage home. His sister Margaret had died while he was in India; and his sister Hannah

Moore's 'Fables for the Female Sex,' Mrs. King's 'Female Scripture Characters,' and Fordyce's (*fôr dīs ez'*) 'Sermons.' With the help of these books, I hope to keep my responsibility in order on our voyage and in India."

* One anecdote of his Indian life is whimsical. At the British Residency at Mysore (*mī sōr'*) he met an Englishman, who at once addressed him with: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do you not think that Bonaparte was the Beast?" "No, sir, I can not say that I do." "Sir, he was the Beast. I can prove it. I have found the number 666 in his name (see Revelations xiii. 18). Why, sir, if he was not the Beast, who was?" Macaulay at once returned: "Sir, the House of Commons is the Beast. There are 658 members of the House; and these, with their chief officers, make 666." "Well, sir, that is strange. But I can assure you that, if you write Napoleon Bonaparte in Arabic, leaving out only two letters, it will give 666." "And, pray, sir, what right have you to leave out two letters? And as St. John was writing Greek and to the Greeks, is it not likely he would use the Greek rather than the Arabic notation?" "But, sir, everybody knows that the Greek letters were never used to mark numbers." Macaulay answered meekly that he believed that everybody did not know that; and went on to insinuate that a very different opinion—erroneous, no doubt—was universally embraced by all the small minority who happen to know any Greek. "So ended the controversy," he writes. "The man looked at me as if he thought me a very wicked fellow; and, I dare say, has by this time discovered that if you write my name in Tamul (*tĭt' mŭl*), leaving out the T in Thomas, B in Babington, and M in Macaulay, it will give the number of this unfortunate Beast."

had married.* It was his desire to write a History of England during the last century or so. It was a colossal task as he planned it, but he had confidence that he should be able to finish it if he kept out of politics and out of society. This winter he went on an Italian tour, of which we may see many results in the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which he published some time after.

Shortly after his return from Italy, Macaulay was elected to the House of Commons from Edinburgh, and was made Secretary of War in the Melbourne (mĕl′bûrn) Cabinet. This was all very well, but Macaulay did little good there,—the ministry fell in 1841, and Macaulay was glad to be his own man again. He published the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and went to work with his reviewing again. "Lord Clive," "Warren Hastings," and "Addison" were written at about this time. The Essay on Chatham, written in 1844, was the last thing of his that appeared in the *Review*. He wanted his time for his history. He still sat in Parliament. In 1846, on the fall of the Peel Ministry, Macaulay was made Postmaster General by Lord Melbourne; but in 1847, on the dissolution of Parliament, his constituents at Edinburgh, dissatisfied with him, for many reasons too long and involved to be particularized here, refused to re-elect him. After the first natural disappointment, he was by no means sorry for it.

* Macaulay, in writing to tell his sister Margaret of Hannah's engagements, writes:

"As for me, it is a tragical denouement (*dā nōō′ mŏng*) of an absurd plot. I remember quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when you left me in London to join Nancy at Rothley Temple or Leamington (*lĕm′ing tŭn*), I forget which. Those foolish lines contain the history of my life:

"'There were two birds that sat on a stone:
One flew away, and there was but one.
The other flew away, and then there was none;
And the poor stone was then all alone.'"

For some time, ever since his return from India, it had been his sincere desire to retire from political business, and indeed from every thing that would interfere with his literary work, and to give himself up entirely to writing a History of England. He felt that he was himself, on the whole, better qualified for the task than any other Englishman. His plan was one of stupendous magnitude; yet it only began with the reign of William the Third. But the minuteness with which it was to be written would have made it far longer than any History of England from earliest times. He spent six volumes on the reign of William the Third. His history complete would have been near a hundred volumes. To this work he gave himself up entirely. He stopped writing for the *Review*. He was not in Parliament. His life * from this point consists of the story of the writing of this great history, the most famous history, probably, ever published in modern times. He rummaged and examined libraries, private and public; he made journeys that he might have his scenes well in his mind; he wrote and corrected with the very greatest care and diligence. In truth, he thought nothing of traveling a hundred miles or recasting a dozen pages to make one paragraph as good as it could be made. He was the great master of local color,

* We must add to his work on the history another element in his life which is characteristic of the man,—his intercourse with his younger sisters and his young nephews and nieces. It is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which Macaulay took in children, or the delight which he gave them. He was, beyond all comparison, the best of playfellows; unrivaled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating them. He had an inexhaustible repertory of small dramas for the benefit of his nieces, in which he sustained an endless variety of parts with a skill that, at any rate, was sufficient for his audience. An old friend of the family writes to his niece later in life: "I well remember that there was one never-failing game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and of enacting robbers and tigers; you shrieking with terror, but always fascinated, and begging him to begin again; and there was a daily recurring observation from him that, after all, children were the only true poets."

of *mise en scène*, of descriptive writing, of clear narration. The first two volumes came toward the end of 1849. Macaulay was curiously timid and apprehensive of failure. He need not have been. The history was received with absolutely universal acclamation. His friends joined to a man in congratulation, and the public showed their appreciation by purchasing. Immense editions were (and are still) sold. All classes of society read and admired. A number of workmen near Manchester sent down a vote of thanks to Macaulay for having written a history which workingmen can understand.* The foreign publishers seized upon it, and the Americans. The sole voice raised in detraction was that of John Wilson Croker, Macaulay's old enemy in the House of Commons, who is chiefly known to those unfamiliar with modern English history from Macaulay's scarifying review of a book he once edited. The following volumes were received as they came out with the same enthusiasm. "I shall not be satisfied," he wrote on his beginning the work, "unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of the young ladies." He was not unsuccessful.

Macaulay was in Parliament once more after his defeat at Edinburgh. His former constituents in that

* This extract from Macaulay's journal is illustrative of his love of comprehensibility:

"*Nov. 23, 1848.*—I received to-day a translation of 'Kant' from Ellis' friend at Liverpool. I tried to read it, but found it utterly unintelligible, just as if it had been written in Sanskrit. Not one word of it gave me any thing like an idea except a Latin quotation from 'Persius.' It seems to me that it ought to be possible to explain a true theory of metaphysics in words which I can understand. I can understand Locke, and Berkeley (*berk' li*), and Hume, and Reid, and Stewart. I can understand Cicero's 'Academics' and most of Plato; and it seems odd that in a book on the elements of metaphysics, by a Liverpool merchant, I should not be able to comprehend a word. I wrote my acknowledgments with a little touch of Socratic irony."

town, feeling that he had not received the treatment due him, elected him once more to Parliament, with no pledges on his part, and in fact without his offering himself for their votes. He took part, however, but seldom in the business of the House, and resigned his seat, feeling the duties to be too much for him, engrossed as he was in his history. In August, 1857, he was created a peer, with the title Baron Macaulay of Rothesay (rŏth′sā).* The election was rapturously applauded by the public, and Macaulay himself was much pleased at it. Indeed, it could not but have been inexpressibly pleasant to him in his latter years to see the very great love and esteem in which he was universally held.†

He died the night of December 28, 1859,‡ and was buried a few days later in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

There, amidst the tombs of Johnson and Garrick and Handel and Goldsmith and Gay, stands conspicuous the statue of Addison; and at the feet of Addison lies the stone which bears this inscription:

"Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay."

* "I was born there," he says; "I have lived much there; I am named from the family which long had the manor. My uncle was rector there. Nobody can complain of my taking a designation from a village which is nobody's property now."

† Let us print here a summing up of his good and his ill, which we find in his journal:

"*Oct. 25, 1849.*—My birthday. Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relatives and friends; a great, I may say a very great, literary reputation.

"*Oct. 25, 1850.*—My birthday. I am fifty. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier. Some things I regret; but, on the whole, who is better off? I have not children of my own, it is true; but I have children whom I love as if they were my own, and who, I believe, love me. I wish that the next ten years may be as happy as the last ten. But I rather wish it than hope it."

‡ For the last years of his life he had been in ill health, suffering from an affection of the heart.

EMERSON.

1803-1882.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803. He died in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.

The traces of his early education may be found by a careful observer in the whole course of his life. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, his friend and contemporary, says in one of his amusing discussions of education, that it is always well for a man to be born of a long line of well-educated men and women, and he gives as a particular illustration, the good fortune of those who are born in New England from a family of clergymen. By this Doctor Holmes simply means to express his own gratitude that such was his own ancestry. As it happens, the words describe as well the ancestry of his friend. The father of Ralph Waldo Emerson was Dr. William Emerson, then the minister of the First Church of Boston. His paternal grandfather was the Rev. Mr. Emerson, minister of Concord, Mass. On the memorable 19th of April, 1775, when the American Revolution began, he saw from the window of the old house the advance of the Middlesex Minute-men upon Concord Bridge,—he saw the flash of the muskets of the English soldiers who held it,—he trembled for a moment, as his careful diary tells us, lest their fire should not be returned, and then heard with joy the shot which those "embattled farmers" fired, which was to be "heard round the world."

Further back in the lineage of the Emerson family, it connects with the line of Waldo. Mr. Emerson was thus connected with the first reformers in Lyons and the valleys of the Alps, a connection which he was glad to remember and trace.

He was one of a group of boys, many of whom afterward won distinction in the history of their country, who were prepared for college in the accurate Latin scholarship then recently introduced in the Boston Latin School. This was an illustration of the revival then recent in public education in New England. The school had been taken in charge by a committee of the best citizens of the town. It was placed under the direction of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, a competent and accurate scholar, by the standard of that day. After he was well satisfied with its standard, he printed for public criticism, for several years, the prize performances of the pupils; and the prizes were given with public *éclat* (ĕ klä′) and circumstances of dignity.

Among these boys who won early honors by the precision of their Greek and Latin, Ralph Emerson was one. His brother Charles, who followed him after a few years, was even more distinguished. He died young, but was long remembered, in circles wider than those of school companionship, as the most brilliant and promising young man who for many years passed through the University of the American Cambridge.*

* Rev. William Emerson, their father, died while these boys were yet young. They were brought up by an aunt, Mary Moody, a remarkable woman, to whom must be credited much of the ideal education of the philosopher. There is an anecdote which tells that the boys once stripped the larder of the house in providing for a beggar,—and that, on her return, she praised them for the lavishness which had deprived the family of a meal.

Mr. Emerson may well have had her in mind, when, in after life, asking a

Even in a brief sketch of Mr. Emerson's life, it is worth while to speak of this accurate school training. For in all his literary work there is a finished precision in the use of words, which belongs to the case of the well-taught linguist. And while Mr. Emerson always ridicules the perversity in which either a scholar or an unlearned person attempts to read in a foreign language that which he can better read in a translation, it is to be remembered that he himself read other languages than his own with ease, and that no man of his time knew better how to use words, whether for play or for their more serious purposes.

In the most regular and conventional way, he was admitted to Harvard College in 1817, and passed through four years of its course to receive his Bachelor's degree in 1821.* He then spent one or two years in the work of a school-master,—after which he entered on a course of theological study, under Andrew Norton and Henry Ware (Senior) at the Divinity School of Cambridge. This was a period when the more liberal churches of New England had announced themselves as distinctively "Unitarian,"—as for more than a century they had been known to be "Arminian" in their theology. In the enthu-

friend as to the circumstances of his home, he said, "Have you any illuminated Quaker near you?"

* He wrote verses while he was in college, and was chosen by the class to deliver their poem on class-day. He did not take the highest rank in his class, but was regarded as a person of very wide reading. In after life, he always spoke of a great library as in itself an invaluable educator.

In the later years of his life, Mr. Emerson was an overseer of Harvard College. A discussion came up in the board of overseers, as to the expediency of requiring attendance at chapel from the under-graduates. In a remarkable speech that he made on the subject, Mr. Emerson said that, much as he owed to Harvard College in other regards, he felt that no part of its discipline had been as important to him as the regular attendance at chapel on week-days and on Sundays, and he hoped that the custom might not be abandoned. His Phi Beta Kappa poem does not appear among his collected poems.

siasm of what assumed the forms of a new religious movement, Mr. Emerson entered the ministry. And among his earlier experiences in his new calling, after he had been "licensed to preach," it is recorded that he was once and again sent as a "missionary" to some places where the gospel of the Unitarian Church was a novelty. But such experiences of the frontier did not long continue. There was a charm about his presentation of divine truth which interested all who heard him. His delicate health required a residence in Southern States for the winters of 1827 and 1828. But in March, 1829, he was ordained as a minister of the Second Church in Boston,—as the colleague with Rev. Henry Ware, the younger of that name. The reader will observe that Mr. Emerson's father had been the minister at the First Church. So regular and decorous were the first steps of the poet-philosopher, whose utterances were eventually thought to savor little of ecclesiastical form.

Greatly beloved by his parishioners and generally admired as a preacher, and true to most of the traditions and habits of ministerial life as they had been handed down from the fathers of New England, he came to differ from them before many years had passed,—in regard to a form so central in Christian habits as the administration of the Lord's Supper. Still expressing reverence and regard for the person and work of the Saviour, Mr. Emerson declared his unwillingness to use the physical symbols of bread and wine,—and knowing that his congregation, or the majority of them, would not sympathize with him in giving up the visible sacrament, he retired, on that ground, from their service. Though he sometimes preached on Sunday in after life, his regular work as a clergyman ceased at this time, in the year 1832.

But his career as a public teacher had in fact only begun.

The system of education by popular lectures,—then generally called the Lyceum (lī sē′ŭm) System,—had been, within a few years, widely introduced in New England. At that time, more than now, such lectures,—usually delivered in the winter months,—were arranged by a committee of public-spirited men, vitally and eagerly interested in public education, who studied to supply by these lectures the deficiencies in other methods of popular education. Such men as Daniel Webster, Dr. Channing, the Everetts, and the Wares were among the "Lyceum lecturers." A "course of lectures" generally meant that special sub-courses were included, each by a lecturer who was particularly eminent in the matter on which he spoke. Among such courses on Chemistry or Natural Philosophy, would be included courses on subjects of morals or history or biography. Mr. Emerson had already proved himself an attractive speaker at "Lyceums" before his career as a minister had ended. He has one course on Biography, some or all of which lectures have since been printed in his collected works. So soon as his duties as a minister ceased, his services were demanded more and more as a lecturer before varied audiences. It was soon understood, and where the thought was not expressed, the truth was felt that in these lectures of his the hearer would gain more than a knowledge of connected facts. While they were never of that grade of lectures which long drew in large, promiscuous audiences, they soon attracted the more thoughtful persons in every community.* It was not to boys and girls only, to young

* Mr. Longfellow's notes on some of these lectures are interesting. They are taken from his journal.

men and maidens, or to the more ignorant or those least favored in education, that they were delivered. The most careful and thoughtful men and women found them well worth attention. If, in any quarter, suspicions were aroused as to the orthodoxy of his utterances, these very suspicions made them only more attractive in a community which took political form in asserting the right of private judgment, and in which this right had passed, long before, from being a privilege to be considered a duty.

Gradually the "Lyceum System" changed its form and the methods of its management. It came to be understood that there were certain public teachers who preferred this way of addressing men. If they chose, they announced their own courses without the intervention of a committee. They prepared but few discourses, but these were on central themes. They did not know who heard them, but they could rely on an intelligent

"*Dec. 11, 1845.*—Went to hear Emerson's introductory lecture on 'Great Men.' The Odeon (*ō dē′ ŭn*) (as the old Boston theater was then called) was full. T. [Mr. Appleton] and myself mounted to the third row. Many striking and brilliant passages, but not so much of that 'Sweet Rhetoricke' (*rĕt′ ō rĭk*) which usually flows from his lips; and many things to shock the sensitive ear and heart.

"*Dec. 16, 1846.*—As I sat in the twilight this evening, Emerson came in. He came to take tea, having a lecture at the [Cambridge] Lyceum. After tea, walked down with him. The lecture good, but not of his richest and rarest. His subject, 'Eloquence.' By turns he was grave and jocose, and had some striking views and passages. He lets in a thousand new lights, sight lights and cross lights, into every subject."

And here is Mr. Longfellow's comment on Emerson's Poems:

"Received from Emerson a copy of his Poems. F. read it to me all the evening and until late into the night. It gave us all the keenest pleasure; though many of the pieces present themselves Sphinx-like and 'struggling to get free their hinder-parts,' offer a very bold front to challenge your answer. Throughout the volume, through the golden mist and sublimation of fancy gleam bright veins of purest poetry, like rivers running through meadows. Truly a rare volume; with many exquisite poems in it, among which I should single out 'Monadnoc' (*mō năd′ nŭk*), 'Threnody' (*thrĕn′ ō dĭ*), and the 'Humble Bee,' as containing much of the quintessence of poetry."

audience. Among these teachers Mr. Emerson's name was that of one of the leaders. And as the new railroad system made it possible for the teachers in this new University to go anywhere in the nation to meet their pupils, Mr. Emerson traveled, more and more, with every winter, and became a personal force with more and more of the thoughtful and studious men and women of the land.

The precise moment when the more ecclesiastical traditions of his early life dropped away, may be said to have been the day when he delivered an address to the divinity students of Harvard College, in the summer of 1835. The young men were so enthusiastic in their admiration of his spirit and genius, that they had invited him to address them, when they left the college; an invitation which was thought not to have been dictated by their teachers. If there was any thing extravagant in the address then, the extravagance was so entirely in the direction of the steady advance of the time, that after half a century it is difficult to discover it. But, at the time, it offended the older ecclesiastics, even of the Unitarian communion; and from that time, probably, Mr. Emerson was seldom addressed with the title of a clergyman.

The first of his essays was "Nature," in 1836. It will be found, under this name, in the later collections. In 1842, he became the editor of the *Dial*, which had been published then for two years, as a quarterly periodical, which should meet the needs of the New England Transcendentalists,—men and women whose work was then looked upon coldly by editors not of their school. In 1841, he published the first series of his essays; in 1844, the second series; while in 1846, he published a volume of poems.

He had traveled in Europe in 1832, and in the next year, and had then made personal acquaintance with Carlyle (kär līl′), whose writings, before he knew his name, had "hindered his sleep." To his efforts and those of near friends, we owe the first edition of "Sartor Resartus." In 1837, he published, in four volumes, the first collection of "Carlyle's Miscellanies." "Sartor Resartus" was from the very first welcomed with cordial approbation in America, which, from the very law of its being, regards old clothes with less reverence than is awarded to them in Europe. The readers of Carlyle's life will remember the interest and sympathy with which, for half a century, the two friends regarded each other.

So far as mere systems of thought go, the philosophy of Emerson and that of Carlyle are by no means the same. But in a constant defiance of convention, in steady appeal to the divinity in man, and proclamation that if he chooses he can find out his duty and work out his destiny, the two are one.

When, in the critical political year 1848, Mr. Emerson visited England for the second time, he met many a disappointed follower of Carlyle, who came to him for the succor which the growling philosopher could not or would not give. "Carlyle," they said, "has taken us out into the desert, and he has left us there. Where shall we go?" On the deck of the steam-ship, which was to bring him to America, Mr. Emerson said to Arthur Clough (klŭf), who was one of those disconcerted followers of Carlyle, that many of them had brought to him the same complaint. He laid his hand playfully upon Clough's head, and said: "I ordain you bishop of all England; you shall go out and find these dissatisfied stragglers, and shall bring them into the Promised Land."

The mission was one which needed a Joshua of more nerve than Mr. Clough proved to be master of.

The correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle has been published, and it should be carefully studied by any person who wishes to comprehend the most important movements of opinion and life in America and England during the half-century to which it belongs. Different as they were, in habit of thought and in lines of study, they never lost their respect and regard for each other. When, in England, young men asked Mr. Emerson to introduce them personally to Carlyle, he would say: "Why should you go? You like him now; you reverence him, perhaps. Why should you come away, not liking him,—shocked, perhaps, or displeased, by what he will say to you?" "Yet, mark me," he would say again, "he is good. You must not think he is not good because he says these things." There could, indeed, be no contrast more sharp than that between the cross-grained defiance of the Scotch critic, and the loving, sympathetic cordiality with which the American poet-philosopher received the most humble even, or the most ignorant of the pilgrims, who came to pay their homage to him or to thank him.

Mr. Emerson's philosophy is pure Idealism. Since Plato there has been no prophet of the Idea more unwavering than he. The reader who follows him is made to see that one Spirit pervades all Nature, and gives to it its forms; sways all men and orders History; or, in any time, controls Manners, Arts, Literature, Science, and the other moods of thought. Such a philosophy is in itself Poetry. For the business of the Poet, and that which distinguishes him from other men, is to show that the passions and experiences of men have their analogies

in the life and method of what is called "Nature"; that the world outside of man and the world within him belong to each other and resemble each other, in lines which the poet traces for his readers. Mr. Emerson would have been recognized as a poet, therefore, by his readers, though he had never forged out a line in meter or two lines in rhyme. But, in fact, he was born with what is called a "lyric ear"; and his training for accuracy in language helped him in precisely that epigram or conciseness, which is a great help in the language of poetry. His school-boy prizes were won for verses. When he left college, he was soon asked to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem; and as early as 1836, he contributed some charming poems to the *Western Messenger*, a monthly magazine published by his friend, James Freeman Clarke. He never afterward made a toil of poetry. To use one of his most apt expressions, "he never pumped." The phrase is borrowed from what he had seen in the oil countries. If the sacred oil did not flow free, he never helped its current. But when the stream did flow, it flowed bright and pure. The quotations in familiar use already from his poems show how perfect was his success in saying what he had to say.

"He builded better than he knew."

"For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

"The self-same power that brought me there, brought you."

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

These are quotations from his lyrics which have become proverbs among the American people.

Mr. Emerson lived long enough to see that a community which at the first regarded him as an extravagant fanatic, had grown up to be proud of him, as one of the leaders of his time.*

In his sunny and cheerful old age, it was a privilege to see him. He had a word of sympathy for every aspirant. He was kind even to the most obtrusive and disagreeable worshiper, and readily met the thousand appeals which were made to him for the expression of his interest in every movement which concerned the public good.†

The calmness and even precision of the language of his essays must not make any reader suppose that his manner was cold, or that he was in any sort reserved. Quiet he was, and of course serene.‡ But his whole life was instinct with affection, and those lines in his poems which are treasured as showing the tenderness of his

* For many years it was the fashion of the more foolish writers to speak of Mr. Emerson as unpractical and vague, "swinging in rainbows," as if he were quite unable to attend to terrestrial detail. But in truth, his life united a pure ideal philosophy with the shrewdness and interest in affairs which is supposed to be characteristic of the New Englander, or of the Scotchman, who is the Yankee of Old England. When the "Town and Country Club" was formed in Boston, it was soon observed that Mr. Emerson was the judicious leader of those persons who wished to find in the club a convenient center for their daily work with the best club conveniences, for meals and other comforts. He had no thought of sinking the new organization into a mere convenience of hearing and reading "papers" or talk.

† He was a good citizen of Concord, believing heartily in the New England system of town government, and ready to lend his aid in any affair of public spirit. The Concord Lyceum has been maintained from the beginning on the systems of the lyceums of his youth, and until his death, he was always ready to lecture in its annual courses.

When the crisis of the Civil War came, Mr. Emerson gave his personal sympathy and his practical help in all measures for the encouragement of recruiting, for help to the soldier, or for upholding the National government. His poem "Boston," which holds a leading place in the national poetry of America, was not published until he delivered it in Faneuil (*făn' ĕl*) Hall in 1873, on the anniversary of the Boston Tea-party. But many of the stanzas were written in the heat of the war.

‡ "The gentleman is quiet, the lady is serene."—*Essay on Manners.*

feelings give the very impression of him which those who knew him cherish habitually.

He was twice married. His first wife, Ellen Tucker, a lovely young lady of Roxbury, Massachusetts, died a few months only after their marriage in February, 1831. In 1835, he married Lidian Jackson, daughter of Charles Jackson, of Plymouth. He had three children.*

* If we are to select a single poem for quotation from the shorter poems, it shall be "The Rhodora" (*rō dō′ ra*), first published in the *Western Messenger* in 1836.

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

THE materials for a sketch of Thackeray's (thăk′ĕ rĭz) life are of the smallest. Before his death, he begged his daughters that no letters of his should be published, that no life of him should be written, and his wish has been respected. It is of less matter than in the case of other men; for we are, perhaps, more interested in studying his mind in his works, than we should be in reading the story of all his goings and comings up and down the world.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811, and in India he lived for some little time. His father was in the Indian civil service. But at the age of six he was brought to England. He received an education at the Charter House* and at Cambridge,

* The Charter House still exists in London. And though the school has been removed from the city, away into the country, the Poor Brethren still remain. There are eighty of them, having each his own room, dining at the commons table, and going twice a day to their little chapel to thank God for His goodness. "It had been," says Thackeray, in 'Vanity Fair,' "a Cistercian (*sĭs tĕr′shăn*) convent. * * * Henry the Eighth seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and * * * finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous hospital for old men and children. An extra school grew round the old, almost monastic, foundation, which subsists still, with its middle-age costume and usages; and all Christians pray that it may flourish."

"My recollection of him," we quote from a friend's remarks, in Anthony Trollope's Sketch, "though fresh enough, does not furnish much material for biography. He came to school young—a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy. I think his experience there was not generally pleasant. Though he had afterward a scholar-like knowledge of Latin, he did not attain distinction in the school; and I should think that the character of the head-master, which was rigorous, unsympathetic, and stern, though not severe, was uncongenial to his own. With

though he took no degree at the University.* University life has made small impression on his works. We recall almost nothing except Pen's experiences at St. Boniface (bŏn′ĕ fās). But of the Charter House we hear more than once. He wrote of it, at first, as the Slaughter House, but afterward, his feelings softening, it was Greyfriars, where Colonel Newcome went to school when a boy, and afterward found a refuge as an old man. Arthur Pendennis, Clive (klīv) Newcome, George Osborne, and Philip Firmin went to school there, and Thackeray notes with pleasure that Addison and Steele were Charter House boys.

On leaving Cambridge, Thackeray turned to the cultivation of his talent for drawing; and, being in the possession of a fair allowance, traveled a good deal abroad,—and then he studied drawing at Rome and at Paris, thinking he might become an artist.† There must be

the boys who knew him, Thackeray was popular; but he had no skill in games, and, I think, no taste for them. * * * He was already known by his faculty of making verses, chiefly parodies. * * * He took part in a scheme, which came to nothing, for a school magazine, and he wrote verses for it, of which I remember only that they were good of their kind. When I knew him better in later years, I thought I could recognize the sensitive nature which he had as a boy."

* We believe he was originally intended for the bar.

† "Had it not been for the direct act of my friend," said Thackeray, at a dinner, speaking of Dickens, "I should most likely have never been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be, not a painter, but a designer of pictures. This was the object of my early ambition; and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, of which I can not mention the name, but which were colored light green, and came out once a month ('Pickwick'); and I recollect that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable." And a good thing too, we think; we had rather have Thackeray's novels than the best illustrations that could be made to Dickens.

A word or two ought to be said, perhaps, about Thackeray's drawings, many of which are in existence. As for the artistic execution of his sketches, Thackeray was always weak, very weak. He must have spent his time in Paris, where he took lessons, in doing almost any thing beside drawing. But setting aside correctness of drawing, Thackeray's sketches are wonderfully good. Their humor,

much that is autobiographical in Clive Newcome's early experiences, in the Studio at London, and then away with J. J., to Germany and then to Rome. But it is impossible to sift the fact from the fancy, and we must let it be.

On coming back to London, Thackeray shortly inherited his fortune,—no large sum, but one which would have supported him comfortably could he have kept it. This he did not do. He invested it in an attempt to start a newspaper,* which failed, lost it, and was forced to rely on himself. As he could not live by drawing pictures, he resolved to turn his other talent to account, and holding an easy pen, he began to write for a living. And his first regular work was for *Fraser's* (frā'zẽrz) *Magazine.*

Fraser's Magazine, at this time, contested with *Blackwood's* the honor of being the leading magazine in the country. Less heavy and formal than the Reviews, *Blackwood's* (and after it *Fraser's*), set up a peculiar tone of its own, scholarly, critical, witty, partisan, reckless,

like the humor of his prose, is inimitable. How it is possible to convey more exactly the precise humorous meaning of the text than is done in his illustrations to "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," we are at a loss to understand. It seems as though other novelists must have envied Thackeray for his ability to obtain such exact delineation of his ideas.

* There is an allusion to this venture in "Lovel the Widower." "I dare say," says Mr. Batchelor, "I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded "Museum" (the name of Thackeray's paper was *The National Standard*), and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I dare say I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I dare say I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself on the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astonished at my own knowledge. I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

severe, and literary. Christopher North is the type. Oliver York, of *Fraser's*, is, we must admit, but a copy of the unrivaled Kit. And *Fraser's* adopted its tone from *Blackwood's*. In truth, Maginn, the editor, was one of the protagonists in the earlier "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (nŏk′tēz ăm brō sē ā′nē), and was himself the carnal embodiment of the tone of the magazine, being at once scholarly, and so on as above. And *Fraser's* had at this time an able band of contributors. Among the Fraserians were Lockhart (lŏk′ärt), Coleridge (kōl′rĭj), Southey, (sowth′ĭ), Washington Irving, The Ettrick Shepherd, Barry Cornwall, Harrison Ainsworth, Count D'Orsay (dor sā′), Theodore Hook, and—curiously enough—Thomas Carlyle (kär līl′). Among these did Thackeray enroll himself when he determined to support himself by his pen.

For *Fraser's*, and afterward for *Punch*, Thackeray wrote much. It is for them that the greater part of his shorter pieces were written, his tales, burlesques, and verses. And he wrote some things that he did not include in his published works. The most important of his contributions to *Fraser's* were some of his shorter stories—"Catherine Hayes," "A Shabby Genteel Story," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon," and also "The Yellowplush Papers." And for *Punch* he wrote the "Snob Papers," and much else. To this part of his life belong the Paris, Irish, and Eastern Sketch-books and some of his Christmas-books.

There was much good work in these earlier writings of Thackeray.* "Barry Lyndon" is as good a thing as

* We should give a terribly incomplete picture of Thackeray if we made no reference to his verse. He wrote enough to make up a good-sized little volume, and a delightful volume it is.

Instead of speaking about it, let us quote from one of the best of them all, and also give another entire. We are sorry we can not reproduce more:

he ever wrote. "The Yellowplush Papers" and the Burlesques have as true a ring of genuine humor as any

"THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

"To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

"This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

"Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed,
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me."

The poem goes on with lines full as fascinating as these, but we can not put in any more. We will only add one other extract, that seems to us as fine a drinking lyric as we know of,—except the song about "Martin Hannigan's Aunt," that we read of in one of Lever's novels:

"LARRY O'TOOLE.

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l,
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

"'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any strong dthrink,
Was it whiskey or Drogheda (*drŏh' ghĕ da*) ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

"Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best.
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl."

thing else he ever did. But they did not make him a general reputation. Dickens was twenty-five when he sprang at once into favor with "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." Thackeray was thirty-five and had written for years when he made his first great success in "Vanity Fair."

In 1846 appeared the first number of "Vanity Fair," a long novel, to be published in monthly parts. It was by this that Thackeray first made for himself a really great reputation. He was previously well known by many as a clever and brilliant writer in *Fraser* and in *Punch*. He had published various stories and books of sketches, and Christmas-books. "Vanity Fair" was his first long novel. It stands rather by itself; it is a compendium of Thackeray's so-called cynicism—a primer of his philosophy. No other of his novels has so much of his philosophy, pure and simple. It is little more than a study of character,—the plot is of the slightest. The constant theme seems to be how stupid and ridiculous are the good, how clever and successful are the bad, and yet how plain it must be to every one that the bad do not always prosper, and that the good probably enjoy being stupid and ridiculous, and so that every thing is well enough. Thackeray is remorseless in "Vanity Fair." There is no good trait in Becky, only cleverness and wickedness; there is no mercy for Amelia, she must be plain and slow, though good and loving. Even the hero, who is truly good and noble, who waits and waits, patiently befriending the woman he loves, till she will marry him, even he, because he is good, must be ridiculous, otherwise why is he called Dobbin? The general run of the world of "Vanity Fair," is bad, and those who are good hardly get their deserts. To many this is

the best of Thackeray's books,—to us the few touches of real tenderness, make even the "Shabby Genteel Story" seem better.

At about this time Thackeray, being at last in a good position, moved from Kensington, where he had been living, got him a good house in Onslow Square, and settled himself as comfortably as might be. But his family life was not of the happiest, poor man. He had married some time before (1837), and had three daughters, whom he dearly loved. But his married life was made wretched by the illness of his wife, and it was finally too apparent that she was losing her mind. And in a few years it seemed best for her to live quietly with one who understood her and would care for her. Thackeray had a pleasant enough position among the literary and social world of London. He was known and liked by the literary men. He was a favorite at dinners. He was always full of spontaneous humor, but he was never without, as it seems, a sort of hidden melancholy.*

* Thackeray was not a great conversationalist, at least not in general company. Indeed, he is one of those whom we always picture to ourself as mingling in the world rather more as a spectator than actor, as listening to the conversation of others rather more than talking himself. But, as would perhaps be imagined, he was in the company of two or three friends very delightful and charming company. Good things were perpetually coming from his lips, and his pen was not infrequently employed in concocting doggerel rhymes upon occasion. Mr. Anthony Trollope preserves the following:

"In the romantic little town of Highbury,
My father kept a circulating library.
He followed in his youth that man immortal, who
Conquered the Frenchmen on the plains of Waterloo.
Mamma was an inhabitant of Drogheda,
Very good she was to darn and embroider.
In the famous Island of Jamaica,
For thirty years I've been a sugar-baker,
And here I sit, the Muses' 'appy vot'ry,
A cultivatin' every kind of pot'ry."

Nothing very great all this, but amusing, and indicative of a happy turn for conversational humor.

In the course of the next three years, Thackeray wrote what are to us the most pleasing of his novels,—"Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes." "Pendennis," unrivaled as the story of a young man; "Esmond," certainly his best in plot and in its art, though we can not take to the characters, or to the life which it portrays, as we do to the others; and "The Newcomes," the story of Ethel and of the Colonel. "Pendennis" is, it is true, a rambling sort of story; very little plot to it. There is nothing of the direct attention paid to the *denouement* (dĕ nōō′mŏng), which we see in more carefully conceived novels. But then life is not a carefully conceived romance, which goes on to the end of the third volume, and then takes a round turn and leaves off. The plot of "Pendennis" bears very much the relation to the conventional plot of a novel, that Pendennis himself bears to the conventional hero. But both are more true to Nature—neither is perfect, nor is life. The story of Pendennis, and the character of the man himself, are both bits of life. And what fine characters are in the book,—the Major, Captain Costigan, The Fotheringay (fŏth ĕr ĭng gā′), Mr. Foker, Ned Strong, Blanche Amory, Lady Clavering, Laura Pendennis, and George Warrington, as well as Arthur Pendennis himself. It is no galaxy of angels; there is as much bad as good, or more, but indisputably life-like.

As for "Esmond," it is a bit different. "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are near enough our own life for us to note the closeness of the drawing; "Esmond" is the picture of a century and a half, or more, ago. There is nothing that seems unnatural, but it is farther from us. Thackeray was well read in the literature of Queen Anne's (ănz) day. He was by no means so much at

home in the days of Elizabeth and the Armada (ăr mā′dȧ), or of Cavalier and Roundhead, as in the days of Marlborough (mą̇l′brŭh) and the Chevalier (shĕv ă lēr′) of St. James, of Addison and Swift. Very probably the reading which he did for his course of lectures on the English Humorists, suggested the idea of writing "Esmond." But his fondness for the time began long before. "George de Barnwell" is as good a bit of burlesque as any of the others, and in "Catherine Hayes" he found a period in which he loved to work. He lingers more lovingly over the wits of Queen Anne's day in his "Humorists," and the reign of George the First is the best of his second set of Lectures. But in "Esmond" he surpasses himself; not only did he strive to give the air of the period to the work, but he aimed at the language and style of the period, and hit it well. There are, indeed, those who think the mannerism never left him. The style, then, of "Esmond" is nearly perfect. The plot is more complete and artistic than his plots usually are, and many call the book his very best. But to many it is uninteresting. To us it seems as good an historical novel as we can imagine. The characters are romantic, not life-like; the surroundings are the same, as far as we are concerned. The impression can not be one of reality, such as produced by an every-day story like "Pendennis," or "The Newcomes."

In this last, Thackeray, though beginning a new book, takes up some of his old characters, as he loves to do. "The Newcomes" is a continuation of "Pendennis," in the same way that "The Virginians" is a continuation of "Esmond." To us it has the same beauties and the same faults as its predecessor. It has no more plot, but it has as much life. But what grieves us a little in "The New-

comes" is, that life is a little more bitter, a little darker, than in "Pendennis."

In 1851, Thackeray turned his attention to a new plan, which Dickens afterward took up in a little different shape. He delivered in Willis' Rooms, in London (formerly Almack's), a series of six lectures, called "The English Humorists." He gave them afterward in the provinces, as the expression is, and made two trips to America, where he delivered them again. He wrote no book about the country on his return. Beside his original lectures on "The English Humorists," he wrote a second set, "The Four Georges," hardly so interesting as the first, we should say, or so successful. There was this difference between Thackeray's lectures and Dickens'. Dickens read selections from his own works, while Thackeray wrote his lectures on purpose. Those who heard them, probably, enjoyed Dickens the more; but we, who had not that pleasure, are probably more grateful that Thackeray should have lectured than that Dickens should. For these lectures are delightful reading. They are not history. They do not set down all the battles fought in the reign of George the First, nor all the books written by Jonathan Swift the Great; but in a charmingly sympathetic manner, they give us a picture of the men, or the time, which they have as subjects. There are few essays on literary or historical subjects that are more delightful reading.

In 1857, Thackeray stood for the University of Oxford, in the Parliamentary election of that year. He was not elected, and probably it was quite as well that he was not. Disraeli (dĭz rā′lē), Bulwer (bo͝ol′wẽr), and Justin McCarthy are the Parliamentary novelists whose names we recall at this moment, and delightful as their works

are, we are glad that "The Virginians," "The Adventures of Philip," and "The Roundabout Papers" should not have been written in time snatched from duty on committees, or in the House.

"The Virginians," which Thackeray published next, is a resumption of the story of "Esmond." We know how Thackeray loved to talk over the same characters in all his different novels; you hear of Lord Steyne (stān), not only in "Vanity Fair," but in "Pendennis." Pen himself and Warrington may be found in "The Newcomes" and in "Philip." So Thackeray pleased himself by connecting "Esmond" with the later books. The Virginians, grandsons of Henry Esmond, are named Warrington, and who should they be but ancestors of the same old George Warrington, who used to sit up in Chambers with Pen, and smoke a pipe and drink porter. We fancy that his characters became so real to him that, long after the particular novel was done, he found himself thinking of them, and wondering what they might be doing. "The Virginians" is a rambling story,—has no especial plot,—but it is as good reading as one can want. The two Virginians, George and Harry Warrington, the brilliant life at Tunbridge and London, Theo and Hetty Lambert, Parson Sampson, the life of the prodigal at London with my Lord March,—are they not things that we could read over and over, again and again?

"The Virginians" ran for two years, and ended in 1859. In that year, began the *Cornhill Magazine*, a new venture, of which Thackeray was to be the editor. The magazine succeeded admirably, and we may all of us be thankful that it did so; for in it, Thackeray published "The Roundabout Papers," on different subjects, as they came into his head. More delightful essays were, to our

thinking, never written. Even the Essays of Elia seem to us to be hardly so charming. Here, too, was published "Lovel the Widower." And in the *Cornhill Magazine* Thackeray published his last completed long novel, "The Adventures of Philip on his Way Through the World." Thackeray brings in some of our old friends. There is that "Shabby Genteel Story," he wrote some time since. The Little Sister and the wild young Brandon appear in Philip. So, also, Arthur Pendennis and Laura. "Philip" is, by no means, Thackeray's best. In fact, it is his least good; but there is so much in it that we could not bear to be without, that no one can call it his worst.

In 1862, Thackeray moved into a great new house he had built for himself; but he lived there only a little more than a year. On the morning before Christmas, his man, bringing in his morning coffee, found him lying quietly in his bed, having died before the morning. He had been unwell only for a few days, and then not seriously. The immediate cause of his death was effusion on the brain. He had not seemed in ill-health; but his nearer friends had, for some time, noticed with pain that he was not in the very best of health.*

* "He went out Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moaning, as if in pain, about twelve on the eve of Christmas morning. Then all was quiet, and then he must have died—in a moment. Next morning his man went in and, opening the windows, found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same child-like, unspoiled, open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of,—his lying there, alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them and us all!"—*John Brown.*

DICKENS.

1812-1870.

IT is always said that to get a fair idea of the childhood of Charles Dickens, the easiest way is to read "David Copperfield."* There is, in truth, much in "David Copperfield" that is drawn from Dickens' own life. Take it word for word, and the two do not run together; but what is important, the atmosphere of the two is just the same. Dickens lived a hard and miserable life for not a few years in his youth, a life not unlike David's, though incident rarely matches with incident in the two stories.

He was born February 7, 1812, at Landport, in Portsea, the second son of John and Elizabeth Dickens. His father, who had a place in the Government Naval Office, was in a year or so ordered to London, and then to Chatham, where Dickens passed much of his boyhood. When he was nine years old, however, his family moved back to London, and his troubles began. His father's pay was cut down, the family constantly became poorer

* We may read in Foster's "Life of Charles Dickens," an autobiographic bit communicated to the author by Dickens himself, which shows how closely the beginning of David Copperfield followed the experiences of his own childhood. Dickens' father, the improvident, shiftless, and cheerful prototype of Micawber, was in the Marshalsea Prison, and Dickens himself was employed in Jonathan Warren's blacking warehouse. The hard work, the small pay, and the strange companions that David had while he pasted labels over the beer bottles, were drawn from the experiences of the author himself, as he pasted labels over blacking bottles. Mrs. Micawber's boarding-place, where David lived, was drawn from Dickens' own miserable lodging. On Sundays, the poor fellow used to go and visit his father and family in the prison. Dickens never forgot this hard beginning of his life. It is said that he never mentioned any portion of it till he gave the piece of autobiography alluded to, to Foster.

and poorer. The employment in the bottle place (they were really blacking bottles, not beer bottles), the school life, the Doctors Commons experiences, the parliamentary reporting for the daily papers which we remember in "David Copperfield," are all bits of Dickens' own boyhood. The parliamentary reporting seems to have been the most serious of his occupations. He began in 1831, and three years later he became one of the reporting staff of the *Morning Chronicle*.*

But before this, he made his first attempt at the great occupation of his life. The *Monthly Magazine* in December, 1833, published his first story. He sent them many more in the next year or so, signed generally "Boz" (bŏz). The *Monthly Magazine* did not pay, but Dickens was fortunate enough to get an engagement with the *Evening Chronicle* to supply them with sketches, in addition to his reporting for the morning edition. He received seven guineas a week, and was well off.

In the early part of 1836, Dickens collected his "Sketches by Boz," and sold the copyright. And, a little later, in April, appeared the first number of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," edited by Boz, to be published in monthly parts. Chapman & Hall, a young firm, were the publishers, and Dickens had agreed to sup-

* Readers of "David Copperfield" will remember the difficulties David had in learning short-hand, "the changes that were run on dots, which in such a position meant such a thing and in such another position something else entirely different," the mock parliament made up of Traddles, Mr. Dick, and Miss Betsy Trotwood, wherein David sought to prove himself. Later on, David progressed more favorably.

"I have tamed that savage stenographic mystery," says he. "I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper. * * * I have come out in another way. I have taken with fear and trembling to authorship. I wrote a little something in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published in the magazine. Since then I have taken heart to write a good many trifling pieces. Now I am regularly paid for them. Altogether I am well off."

ply a series of sketches, to hang together in a measure, on the adventures of a Nimrod Club (as the idea was at first), the parts to have illustrations by Mr. Seymour. Mr. Seymour died by his own hand before the second number appeared, but the publication was continued. Before the first number came out, however, "Sketches by Boz," with illustrations by Cruikshank (krŏŏk'shănk), had come out, and was well received.

Shortly after the first number of "Pickwick," Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of a comrade of his among the reporters. "Pickwick" was to run some time. Before it was finished, Dickens began to write for *Bentley's Magazine* his first real novel, for "Pickwick" never pretended to be a connected story. "Oliver Twist" is a wonderful piece of work for a young man of twenty-five. So his hands were full at the beginning of 1837.

He did other literary work too, rather of a hack nature, and had no sooner finished "Pickwick" than he at once entered into an agreement with Chapman & Hall whereby he agreed to write another work of similar character and similar extent to "Pickwick," to be ready in the spring of the next year. This was "Nicholas Nickleby," which began in April, 1838, and ran in monthly numbers for about a year and a half. So these first novels of his sandwiched together. "Oliver Twist" began as "Pickwick" drew toward a close, and before "Oliver" was done he had begun on "Nicholas Nickleby." He had also agreed with Bentley, in whose magazine "Oliver Twist" was appearing, to produce a new story, "Barnaby Rudge," in the November of the year in which "Nicholas Nickleby" began. This, he felt, however, would be too much for him. He made an arrangement by which "Barnaby Rudge" should follow

on immediately after the completion of "Oliver Twist." But even this he could not manage. Barnaby and his career pursued him in his thoughts for some time, but it was long before he could put them into definite shape.

As "Nicholas Nickleby" closed, Dickens had some doubts as to whether it was for the best to begin at once on a new novel, to be published in the same way. "Pickwick" and "Nickleby" had been published in twenty monthly numbers, and Dickens had an idea that the public might not take kindly to a third. So for his next work was planned "Master Humphrey's Clock," which was to be a sort of narration, of which "the best general idea might be given, perhaps," the agreement runs, "by reference to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and Goldsmith's *Bee*. I should propose to start, as the *Spectator* does, with some pleasant fiction relative to the origin of the publication; to introduce a little club, or knot of characters, and to carry their personal histories and proceedings through the work; to introduce fresh characters; to re-introduce Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller; and in this framework to introduce stories, essays, and so on." But only a few numbers were written on this plan, and his work finally drifted into the novel of the "Old Curiosity Shop," which ran its course, and was succeeded at once by "Barnaby Rudge." At the end of this last, "Master Humphrey's Clock" stopped.

Dickens had for some time had America in his mind. He had a great constituency there, a multitude of admirers, and with a feeling which seems to have been with him through life, he longed to see the people for whom he wrote. And for other reasons, too, he finally determined to make the trip, and also to write a book about the country when he got back, and to sell it for

half a guinea. He wished to take with him his wife and family; but his children were finally left at home. He sailed for America, and, after a bad passage, arrived at Halifax on the 22d of January, and reached Boston on the 28th. He was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. We will not follow him through the country (he saw much of the great cities of the East, South, and West), but simply say that he came home in the beginning of the summer, by way of Canada.

After he arrived home, he published his "American Notes," by which his various and many friends on this side the water must have felt that he returned a very pretty compliment to their warm and really hearty greeting to him. However, words break no bones, and no one need read the "American Notes" who doesn't want to. Fortunately, the condition of the country which he described with such plainness exists now only in rather remote spots; in fact, the book is, on the whole, out of date. With "Martin Chuzzlewit," of which the first number was published about six months after his return, the case is a bit different, for it is as characteristic a novel as Dickens ever wrote, though not the best, by any means. The satire on the Americans is, however, rather too savage to suit our taste, and we fear the novel will never be appreciated in this country at its true worth.*

* The question as to how far Dickens was justified in his vigorous attack on American manners and customs is hardly one which we need to handle. Undoubtedly Dickens was warmly and enthusiastically received in this country, and was treated in as kindly and hospitable manner as his American friends knew how. In the face of this it seems a bit ungrateful to return to England and send out such showers of sarcasm as may be found in the two books written immediately after his tour. But America is a large country. Undoubtedly Dickens was in a great degree just in his criticism on the remote parts which he visited, and in a measure just enough in his stricture on society in general. He could not help perceiving material for humorous criticism in the people at large, and the fact that a large number of them had been particularly kind to him,

He loved to move about, did Dickens, and it is hard to keep the run of him in so short a sketch as this. After returning from America, he was much abroad, saw Italy, and lived in Genoa for some little time. But before leaving for Italy he wrote the "Christmas Carol," and published it about Christmas time in the year 1843. This, the first of those delightful Christmas stories, was a great success. Dickens seems to come nearer than any other to being the embodiment of our idea of the spirit of the real old English Christmas, with the beef and plum-pudding and the snap-dragon. The "Carol" was followed the next two years by the "Chimes," and the "Battle of Life," and the "Cricket on the Hearth," and later by the "Haunted Man."

Coming back from his house at Genoa, Dickens took hold of the *Daily News*, a new daily paper, of which he was to be the chief editor. But he was not cut out for a journalist—his experiences in the press were chiefly reportorial—and Dickens was connected with it for only a short time. He was glad to be free from the confining duties of the editor of a great daily, and flitting over to the Continent, he passed up the Rhine, and settled himself at Lausanne (lō zän'). There he spent the summer, went home by way of Paris, and was in London again in 1847. "Dombey and Son" was being published, the first number having come out in October, 1846.

In the year 1848, while "Dombey" was still coming out, occurred perhaps the greatest of the numerous "private theatricals,"* if that be a proper name for such

was in his eyes no reason why he should abstain from criticising the rest of the nation.

* Dickens was very fond of the stage, and of the whole theatrical profession. His books are filled with kindly specimens from the many steps of the ladder.

very public performances, which Dickens dearly loved all his life. There was in his nature a very close affinity to the dramatic at all times; many of his characters are "stagey," or farcical, many of his situations are highly dramatic, and not a few of his novels have furnished the plots for good plays. So all through Dickens' life we find that one of his chief delights was to be stage manager of private theatricals. On this occasion, they were got up on a grand scale for the relief of Leigh (lē) Hunt, who was then in destitute circumstances. Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in his Humor," was given, with Dickens himself, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, John Leech, George Cruikshank, and others in the company. Bulwer supplied a prologue to be spoken at Liverpool, and Talfourd (tawl'fûrd) wrote one for Manchester. They realized a pretty sum for Hunt, and Dickens conceived the idea of writing an account of the expedition from the point of view of Mrs. Sairy Gamp, who, he was pleased to imagine, accompanied "the party unbeknown, in a second-class carriage—'in case.'" But he never followed this up.

All this time Dickens was vigorously at work at "Dombey"; and shortly after its completion, in spite of all his duties and pleasures, he found time to write another novel—a novel which he loved best of all that he ever wrote—a novel which a majority of his readers would agree on as being his best. Undoubtedly one of the reasons that he looked so fondly on "David Cop-

Macready (*mak rē' dĭ*) and Fechter (*fĕsh'ter*) were intimate friends of his, and he must have been well known to many of less eminence. As we have said, he had a great turn for acting himself, and it is always said that he acted remarkably well. His line was especially for melodrama and farce, it seems, and the theatrical characters of his books are usually exponents of this branch of the profession. But all ranks of theatrical life were dear to him, even down to Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show.

perfield," was because of the autobiographic parts, the bits of his own life that he put into it. But beside this, there is so much in the book, it is so many-sided, so multifold, and yet withal so well and skillfully blended, that the plot can in no way be seriously objected to. The story of Little Em'ly might stand alone; there is the episode of David and his young child-wife, and yet both are so well wrought into the whole story. It is a compromise between the old narrative of incident after incident, the reminiscence of Fielding and Dickens' old favorite, Smollett, between this and the more complete story which he wrote so well when he told "A Tale of Two Cities."

The story interests us, as well as each separate incident and each separate character. Yet, what characters they are—Micawber (mĭ kaw'ber), Uriah Heep, Traddles, Agnes, Betsy Trotwood, Dora, Peggotty, Steerforth, Mr. Peggotty, Little Em'ly, and David himself, all so natural, real, life-like, that one almost wonders that Dickens could have constrained himself, as for once in his life, to produce nothing that was utterly and only grotesque.

Following "David Copperfield" came "Bleak House," another great book, though scarcely so agreeable as its immediate predecessor. More popular than "Copperfield," however, at the time, so its author chronicles. But in "Bleak House" Dickens fell into what all his admirers must regret, as he, himself, regretted it. Lawrence Boythorn and Harold Skimpole were at once recognized as drawn from the life. Walter Savage Landor could hardly have been offended, for although there were absurdities in Lawrence Boythorn, they merely served to make more attractive an agreeable character. But Harold Skimpole! Hunt was deeply grieved, and with reason.

And with equal reason was Dickens sincerely sorry that he should have thoughtlessly injured a man whom he had never known, save as a warm friend.

Shortly after "Copperfield" was published, Dickens had reverted to his old idea for a periodical. He would have started again something after the fashion of "Master Humphrey's Clock." A weekly journal, he thought, should contain part original and part selected matter. "Now, to bind all this together, and to get a character established, as it were, which any of the writers may maintain without difficulty, I want to suppose a certain shadow, which may go into any place, by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, firelight, candlelight, and be in all homes and all nooks and corners, and be supposed to be cognizant of every thing. It presents an odd, unsubstantial, whimsical, new thing, a sort of previously unthought-of power going about. I want to express in the title that it is the thing at everybody's elbow and in everybody's footsteps. At the window, by the fire, in the street, in the house, from infancy to old age, every one's inseparable companion." He could not get his idea into a concrete shape, but it remains in the name, *Household Words*, of the magazine of which the first number appeared March 30, 1850.

About this time comes "A Child's History of England," a curious little history, very well for children whose parents desire them to imbibe the views Dickens happened to possess, but hardly so for others.

"Bleak House" was ended in September, 1853. The next year saw the beginning of "Hard Times," and the year 1855, of "Little Dorrit." Both books written with a purpose—the one called forth by the evils in the cotton-spinning towns near Manchester; the other, by the evils

of the Circumlocution Office in the Crimean War.* But neither, we think, was equal to his former books, where he gave himself up only to telling his story, to being funny or pathetic, to making his characters exist before the readers.

The "Tale of Two Cities" came next, a book of rather a different kind from the rest of Dickens' books. It is a capital novel—there are few of Dickens' books of which this could not be said justly—and by many held to be the best thing he ever wrote. It is more serious; it certainly proves that Dickens could do something more than make his hearers laugh. In the course of the next year was published "Great Expectations," and shortly afterward "Our Mutual Friend."

We can hardly go here in detail into even a small part of the incidents of such a life as Dickens'. We must note, however, a few of the important matters. In the year 1858, occurred several things of importance. In April of that year, Dickens gave the first series of his Public Readings from his works. This was a favorite project of his; he had often read from his works for charities, but he had never before undertaken readings for his own profit. He by no means needed the money, but he seems to have longed for something of the sort to use up some of his inordinate energy, to get face to face with those for whom he wrote, as well perhaps as to

* The evils of official red tape in the English Government were brought to light in a fearful manner by the shocking and miserable failure of the commissary department in the Crimean War. It is hardly possible to imagine the hardships and miseries undergone by the wretched men of the British army encamped before Sebastopol (*sē bàs' tō pŭl*). Whether Dickens' satire of it, in "Little Dorrit," had an effect we can hardly say. But it was most certainly written with a glow of generous indignation. Dickens was somewhat taken to task for this attack, and defended himself in *Household Words*. There can be little doubt, however, that the satire was in the right direction, in accordance with facts, and therefore beneficial.

direct his attention from painful things in his private life. For in the same year, shortly after his first reading, Dickens separated from his wife, and henceforth they lived apart. Dickens felt the whole thing keenly; no one was to blame, was his view, but he and his wife could not live happily, and the matrimonial experiment had turned out a miserable failure. At this time, too, he purchased his famous place at Gad's Hill, in Kent, well known to the readers of Henry IV. And the year afterward his magazine, *Household Words*, was discontinued and a new one, to be called *All the Year Round*, was started. There was little difference in the two, but there had arisen certain misunderstandings in the management of *Household Words*, and it was thought for the best to wipe off the slate and begin again.

Dickens continued his readings for several years. He had four series,—one in 1858, one in 1861, one in 1866. In 1867, came his second American tour. Here were Dickens' old friends and many new ones. The "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" were forgotten by the Americans, and Dickens himself saw the necessity of revising first impressions. He returned home in 1868.

When Dickens returned home, he was by no means the man he had been five years before. Fatigue and anxiety, excitement and hard work, had told on him, and he was worn, and by no means in strong health and good spirits. Nevertheless, he began on a new series of Readings,* introducing into them a fearful description

* Even during his second American tour, Dickens felt his readings somewhat too much for him. He describes himself as being often "so dead beat," at the close of a reading, "that they lay me down on a sofa, after I have been washed and dressed, and I lie there extremely faint, for a quarter of an hour." He says, also, that he was very sleepless at night. He had some ailment in his foot, which was greatly irritated by the continual standing necessary in his lecturing. His

of Nancy's murder, in "Oliver Twist." It wore upon him greatly. During the last few readings, he was forced to have medical assistance. The end came at last, and he died June 9, 1870, leaving unfinished the work then on his hands, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."*

readings were not infrequently of a very exhausting character. After his reading of the murder of Nancy, from "Oliver Twist," he was as tired as though he had gone through a hard day's work. In spite of all this, he kept up his readings (though they were by no means a pecuniary necessity) until he utterly and entirely broke down.

* It would be pleasant if we could say more on the personal relations of Dickens with the other great English novelist of his time, Thackeray (*thăk' ĕ rĭ*). Each was a warm and sincere admirer of the genius of the other, though they utterly differed from each other in their style and in their lines of thought. Thackeray was often warm in praise of Dickens (his tribute in "Pendennis" to Dickens' works will occur to all his readers), and at other times he referred to his supposed rival in the most becoming and appreciative manner. Dickens, though he was not frequent in his remarks on Thackeray, during the life-time of the great novelist, contributed to the *Cornhill* a most "kind and unstinting tribute of admiration" after his death. They were never intimate personal friends, but, we believe, there was never any disagreement between them, rumor to the contrary notwithstanding.

In regard to Dickens' daily habits, the following is of interest:

"He was an early riser, if for no other reason, because every man in whose work imagination plays its part, must sometimes be alone; and Dickens has told us that there was to him something incomparably solemn in the still solitude of the morning. But it was only exceptionally, and when hard-pressed by the necessities of his literary labors, that he wrote before breakfast; in general, he was contented with the ordinary working hours of the morning, not often writing after luncheon, and, except in early life, never in the evening. Ordinarily, when engaged on a work of fiction, he considered three of his not very large MS. pages a good, and four an excellent, day's work; and, while very careful in making his corrections clear and unmistakable, he never rewrote what a morning's labor had ultimately produced. On the other hand, he was frequently slow in beginning a story, being, as he himself says, affected by something like despondency at such times, or, as he elsewhere humorously puts it, 'going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about and about his sugar before he touches it.' A temperate liver, he was, at the same time, a zealous devotee of bodily exercise. 'He was fond of riding, but walking was his particular exercise. He must have walked all over London many times, joining to the physical pleasure he always derived from the exercise, a species of mental photography of any thing quaint or curious in the scenes through which he passed.' 'But the walks he loved best were long stretches on the cliffs, or across the downs by the sea, where, following the track of his "breathes," one half expects to meet him coming along against the wind at four and a half miles an hour, the very embodiment of energy and brimful of life.'"

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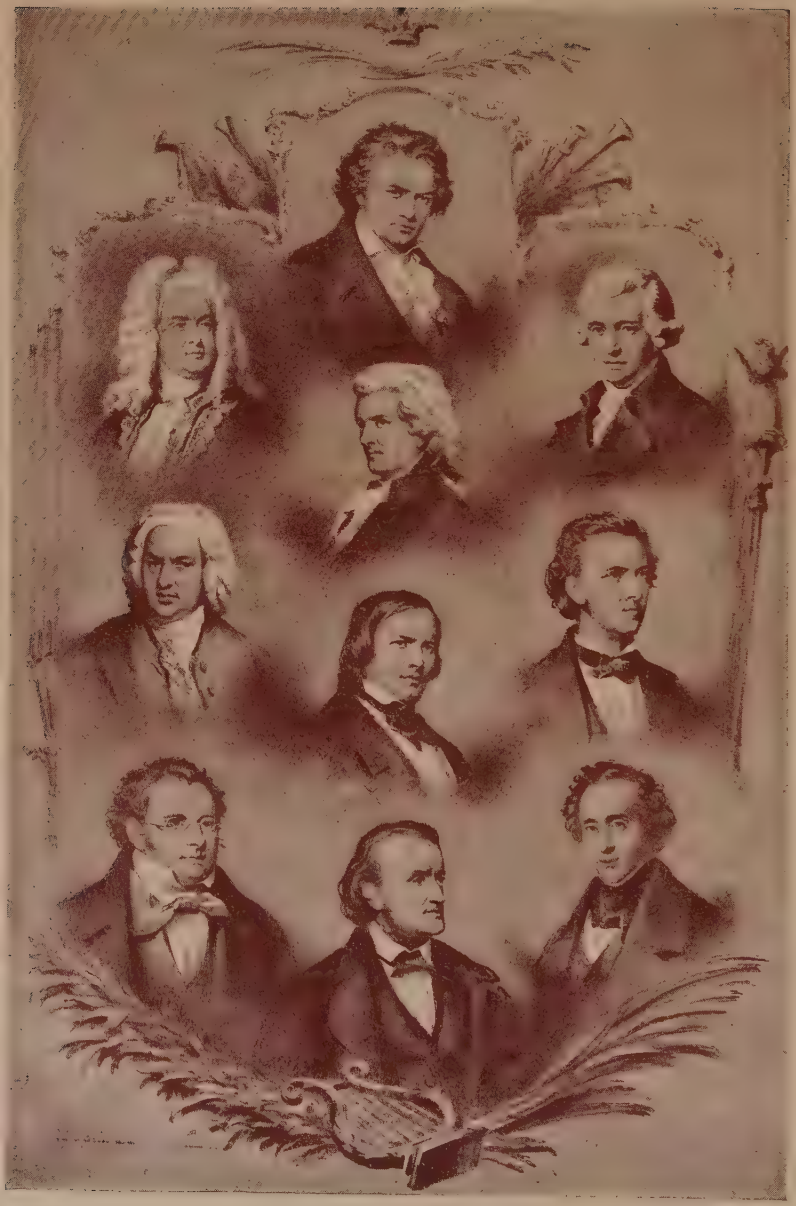

Handel.
Bach.
Schubert

Beethoven.
Mozart.
Schumann.
Wagner.

Haydn.
Chopin.
Mendelssohn.

BACH.

1685-1750.

We would better say here a few words on a subject which will present itself to us in the lives of all the great composers of the eighteenth century. That is in regard to the political system of Germany, as far as it affected the musical development of the country.

Germany was politically very different from France, England, or Italy, and for a long time had been so. France had gradually grown into a kingdom, in which Paris and the Court were utterly overshadowing, and the power of the monarch destroyed the individuality of the nobles. In England, the nobles as a body were, at this time, the chief holders of power, but no one of them was individually great—they were great as an order. Italy and Germany differed from these two, and from each other. Italy was composed of small States, grown up around the large towns once republics, to which the Papal dominions and the kingdom of the two Sicilies should be added. Germany, or the Empire, was, till 1870, an aggregation of many hereditary principalities and of various free cities. Prussia and Austria were the largest and most important of its members during the eighteenth century, but their importance was by no means overshadowing, except politically. There were electorates, archbishoprics, bishoprics, grand duchies, principalities, margraviates, landgraviates, and so on, without number. And each elector, archbishop, and bishop down to the smallest landgrave, felt that he was by birth, though perhaps not in power, the equal of any other prince in Germany. Therefore, to keep up the dignity of his position, it was necessary that each princekin should have his fully appointed court, as though he were the Emperor himself. Hence at every electoral or grand ducal court, must be a capelle (kă pĕl′), and a capellmeister (kă pĕl′mīs tĕr). This was naturally not so in France or England. In France, the nobles were (in the time of Louis XIV. and later) nothing more than ornaments of the great Court at Versailles (vĕr sālz′), rather than the centers of little Courts of their own. And, in England, the effect was the same, though for different reasons. The great

nobles were great as a body; individually they were, by no means, such supreme lords as were their German contemporaries.

Hence, there was in Germany and in Italy, during the eighteenth century, a field for musicians, which did not exist in France or England. Handel (hăn′dĕl), in England, fought his way with his Operas and his Oratorios, through the ups and downs of popular favor and disfavor. Haydn (hā′dn), in his visits to London, relied entirely on the public patronage of his concerts. Contrast this with the lot of composers in Germany at the same time. Bach (bäk), at the very beginning of his career, was received into the musical service of first one, then another of the German princes, and later was musical director of one of the great free towns, while no less than twenty of his near kindred held positions as capellmeisters, cantors (kăn′tôrz), or town musicians all over Germany. Handel was made capellmeister to the Elector of Brunswick. Haydn to Prince Esterhazy (ĕs′tĕr hä zē). Mozart's (mō zärtz′) father was subdirector of the chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg (sawlts′-bûrg), and Mozart himself, had he lived longer, would have longer enjoyed his titles of Imperial Court Composer and Capellmeister of St. Stephen's. Beethoven's (bā′tō vĕnz) grandfather was capellmeister to the Archbishop of Cologne (kō lōn′), and Beethoven himself was sought by the King of Westphalia (wĕst fā′lĭ ȧ).

These are only a few examples from the multitude which exist to show how great were the opportunities in Germany, for a musician, to obtain position and the leisure necessary to a great composer. It was not till, with the nineteenth century, the public stepped into the place formerly held by the patron, that England or France produced any great composers.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN (yō hän′ sĕ băst′yȧn) BACH was one of a family which ha followed music as a profession for many generations. Probably further back than we can trace, there were musical talent and skill in the family. Certain it is that, beginning with Hans (hänz) Bach (about 1625), the carpet-weaver, there were few in the family who had not some taste for music, and some skill in playing. His father, Veit (vīt) Bach, was a baker and a miller, and played upon the cithara (sĭth′ȧ rȧ). Hans himself was given a musical education; and his sons,

his brother, and his nephews, as a rule, were musical as well. But even at this early time, the Bachs were scattered over Germany, forming a sort of musical guild. They kept up their intercourse, intermarried, assisted each other in difficulties; the sons of one branch learnt their art of the elders of another. Every-where through the seventeenth century, there were in Germany capellmeisters, choir-masters, organists, cantors, court musicians, town musicians, or choir boys of the name of Bach. Not a few, as the custom was, composed not a little for the choirs, or orchestras, or instruments over which they presided.

Johann Sebastian was born at Eisenach (ī′zĕn äk) in 1685—on the 21st of March, Old Style. His father was Johann Ambrosius, who played the viol in the town band at Eisenach. His grandfather was Christoph (krēs′-tōf), town musician of Erfurt (ĕr′fo͝ort) and of Arnstadt (ärn′stät), who was the son of the before-mentioned Hans. Others of his immediate relations had held more lofty positions in the musical world.

Johann Sebastian learned of his father to play on the viol, but both of his parents died while he was yet a child, and he was taken charge of by his brother, some years older than himself, who was town organist in Ohrdruf (ŏr′dro͝of). Here he received much of his education.*

* They tell a story of Bach in his youth which is very characteristic of the man's later devotion to study. His brother put before him such pieces of music as he thought fit for him, but these Bach mastered with ease, and desired more. There was in particular a certain manuscript which Johann Christoph kept carefully shut up behind a lattice. Sebastian could see it through the wires of the book-case, but he was not allowed to take it. So he would get up on moonlight nights and pull it between the wires and read it. Finally, he copied it all off so as to use it. It took him six months or more. The melancholy part of the story is that his brother, on finding him with his hardly-made copy, took it away from him. It is said that Bach injured his eyes by this working by moonlight, and that his blindness later in life came partially from these youthful labors.

He learned Latin and Greek at the Lyceum (lī sē′ŭm), learned at home to play on the Clavichord, and at school to sing the music in the church choir.

At fifteen, Bach left Ohrdruf, and traveled with a friend to Luneburg (lū′nĕh bûrg), where they joined the choir of the School of St. Michael, for boys from Thuringia (thū rĭn′jĭ á) were especially sought for on account of their musical training, as well as their unusually fine voices. Here he applied himself almost entirely to musical studies. He was not rich enough to continue his other studies beyond the routine of the school, and he gave up his time to music. He learned much of the organ and of choral singing here. But principally he worked on the organ, and became a fine performer, beside learning much about the instrument.

He left Luneburg at eighteen years of age, and for a short time held a place in the band of Prince Johann Ernst at Weimar (vī′mär). He did not stay here long; for happening to visit the town of Arnstadt, he found one of the churches about to choose an organist, and offering himself as a candidate, his skill was considered by the burghers such as to warrant engaging him at once upon a salary which was very large for the time and place.

It does not appear that his labors here were very great, or such as to gain for him a very broad reputation. He did little beyond the regular work of the position, which was small, and spent the remainder of his time chiefly in studying by himself. How much he composed at this time, it is hard to say; for in after-years, he very carefully went over the work done here, and probably much more work was done than is now

left to us. There are several instrumental compositions which show very plainly the influence he was under of Dietrich Buxtehude (dē′trĭk bo͝oks tā hū′dĕ), a Danish organist settled in Lubeck (lū′bĕk), whom Bach visited, and from whom he learned much.

This visit which he made at Lubeck* was to have been a month in length, but Bach protracted it to three. He got into difficulties, therefore, with his church people, who complained not only of this, but also of various other proceedings of his of which they could not approve. Bach was, therefore, not sorry when the place of organist in a church at Mülhausen (mūl how′zĕn) became vacant. He offered himself as a candidate, and was chosen. He entered upon his duties in the summer of 1707. In the fall he married. His wife was apparently, according to the custom of the Bach family, one of his cousins. Maria Barbara was the daughter of Johann Michael Bach, the organist at Gehren (gā′rĕn). She bore her husband seven children, but beyond this we know little of her.

Bach remained at Mülhausen for only a year. His life there seems to have been not unpleasant. He received the same salary he had enjoyed at Arnstadt (no very large one, according to our ideas at present) and

* It is perhaps a little curious that Bach, at a period when the Italian masters were so highly esteemed, should have never seen Italy, more especially as that country was, in the eighteenth century, "the Eldorado (*ĕl dō rä′ dō*) of the German musician," as has been well said, and also as Bach was very frequently engaged in art-journeyings through various parts of Germany. Handel spent much time in Italy, where he was highly appreciated and greatly loved. Mozart also saw Italy frequently in his youth. But Italy was not at a later time so famous for its musical affairs as it was in the time of Bach. Our readers will note that no Italian composers figure in our list of the greatest composers. though many will think that there are, perhaps, two or three who ought to have been included. No one will deny that in the last hundred and fifty years, Italy has not been a leading country, musically. But it was not so in Bach's time.

certain dues of corn, wood, and fish. He entered upon his work with ardor, but unfortunately met with opposition on the part of the pastor of the church. Bach could hardly venture on the production of some of his compositions, for the pastor esteemed them too worldly. About a year after accepting the position, Bach resigned it, to enter upon the duties of organist* at the Dukes' Chapel at Weimar. He had become acquainted with that city some years before, as we have seen, and was now apparently drawn thither both by the musical renown of the place as well as for the opportunities it presented for the development of his talents.

He remained at Weimar nine years—from his twenty-third to his thirty-second year. It was a period of great use to him, though chiefly in the way of study, which he conscientiously continued through his whole life. He composed works at Weimar which are fine enough, though wholly eclipsed by his later labors. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (săks ā vī′mar) was a man of cultivated tastes, and, though of a serious and gloomy temper, was a good patron of the arts. He took a very great pleasure in caring for the music in the ducal chapel. His nephew also, the son of the prince, in whose band Bach had formerly been enrolled, was mu-

* Bach became the first organist of his time, and he was often called upon to give his opinion on organs throughout Germany. His biographer says: "He could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instrument as a bad organist. He was therefore very severe, but always just, in his trials of organs. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not in any case be deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops and play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the instrument had good lungs. He then proceeded to examine the single parts. His justice to the organ-builders went so far that, when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently have been a loser by his work, he endeavored to induce those who had it to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained."

sical, but fonder of the lighter French and Italian music than of the more serious church music.

In both of these directions Bach's genius had play. Besides being organist, he became concert-master. A part of the duties of the office lay in supplying certain pieces of church music, and in performance of this duty Bach composed a series of church cantatas. He did much in these years in the way of study and composition, and, as far as can be made out, lived happily. In 1717, however, he was offered the position of capellmeister at the court of the Prince of Anhalt-Cœthen (ăn′hält koi′ten), and accepted the position.

In this new position, Bach for some time left the organ and church music. His position at Cœthen gave him no control over any of the churches, and he turned his attention chiefly to conducting and to writing for stringed instruments and for the clavichord. Prince Leopold, of Anhalt-Cœthen, was an enthusiastic musician, and became much attached to his capellmeister.

While he was in the employ of the prince—in fact, when he was on a journey with him—his wife died before he could return to her. This was a very great grief to him. Bach loved his family and lived much with them, though we have, unfortunately, little enough from which to form any idea of his family life. He was now left with four children—one daughter and three sons. For the eldest of these latter, Bach occupied himself with a system of musical education,—a Clavier-Buchlein (klä vĕ ā′ būk′līn), Inventions, and the Wohltemporirte (vōl tĕm pō rĭr′tĕ) Clavier.*

A year and a half after the death of his first wife,

* That is to say, an easy book for the piano, exercises, and the well-skilled piano-player.

Bach married a second. Anna Magdalena Wuelkin (vūl′-kĭn) was a singer in Duke Leopold's court. Although much younger than her husband, their union seems to have been a very happy one. She was a fine singer, and Bach loved to arrange music for her, while she aided him by her copying.*

Shortly after Bach's marriage, Prince Leopold married, and began to give to his wife the attention he had formerly lavished upon music. The position of capellmeister lost a great part of its attractiveness. Bach had never been able to command a large outside audience, but had been forced to depend upon the attention of the court, which, while Leopold interested himself, was keenly musical. With the defection of the prince came lack of interest by the court, and Bach was very glad to accept the position of cantor at the School of St. Thomas, at Leipsic. It was in the summer of 1723 that he left the ducal palace for Leipsic, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The Tomasschule (tō mäz shōō′lĕ), at Leipsic, was the lineal descendant of an old Monkish school of the Middle Ages. There the Augustine canons of the Tomaskloster had trained the choir-boys at the same time that other little boys were taught to become learned clerks or priests. The cantor, or musical instructor, was one of the superior

* "They are all born musicians," writes Bach of his family, "and I can assure you that I can already form a concert, both vocal and instrumental, of my own family, particularly as my present wife sings a very clear soprano, and my eldest daughter joins in bravely." Bach himself delighted to conduct at these concerts, in which his wife, his eldest daughter, his sons, and perhaps some of his pupils would join in and take part. He had in his house a multitude of musical instruments. They seem to have been the only luxury that he allowed himself. He had five or six claviers, counting a little spinet, also a lute, two lautenclaviers (*low′ tĕn klă vē′ ĕr*), a viol da gamba (*vē ōl′ dä gäm′ bä*), and violins, violas, and violoncellos, in such number, that he could supply enough for any of the more simple kinds of concerted music.

masters, and had the musical training of all the boys in the school. Beside this, however, which was comparatively unattractive, the cantor had the oversight of the choirs of four or, indeed, five churches in the city, and all these choirs the cantor was to furnish with choir-boys from the Tomasschule, and was to compose music for them as well; and beside this, he had the supervision of the various organists of the churches—that is, the cantor of the Tomasschule was the musical king of Leipsic, or rather, he ought to have been. And, undoubtedly, it was the idea of holding some such place that caused Bach to leave what was really a dignified position in his art. He thought that he needed a broader field for activity than was afforded him in the ducal palace.

Unfortunately, the condition of the Tomasschule was not at this time all that could be wished, and of this Bach was probably aware. We must suppose that it was with the idea of building up what had in a measure fallen into decay, that he accepted the position of cantor on the death of Kuhnau (kū′now), the former holder. Be this as it may, the years spent by Bach at Leipsic were troubled by constant quarreling with very many persons. Bach was by nature independent and hot-tempered. He was intent on raising the Tomasschule to its former position of eminence, and on raising the position of cantor therein to its former importance. We can not well go into these disputes. He quarreled with the rector, with the town council—with whom he had certain relations—and, indeed, with many persons.* At

* Bach, like a good many artists, sometimes allowed his temper to get the better of him at those who could not do things as he himself knew they ought to be done. "The organist of St. Thomas' was one day playing the organ at a rehearsal and made some mistake. Bach snatched off his wig in a rage, flung it at the criminal, and thundered out he had better have been a cobbler." Mendels-

one time, he thought he must give up the task set before him, so disappointed was he. But though he wrote to a friend asking if there were not some other place to be got, he did, as a matter of fact, remain in Leipsic until his death.

In his home-life, as we have noted, he was happy. His second wife was an aid to him, his children were, as he said, born musicians, so that he could arrange a concert with his family "*vocaliter* and *instrumentaliter*." His two elder sons played, and his eldest daughter, and there were always at his house pupils to whom he was teaching the theory and practice of music; and where more were needed to fill out the little orchestra or to make up the desired voices, the pupils of the Tomasschule might be called on. Much of his writing was done for this chamber orchestra of his, and, without a doubt, it kept his family busy to prepare the music, for it must all be copied out by hand, as printed music was at that time an expensive luxury.

For a time, while Gesner (gĕs'nĕr) was rector at the school, Bach enjoyed immunity from the constant bickering which had been kept up with his predecessor. Gesner appreciated Bach and gave him sympathetic aid. These years were the best years of Bach's later life. When Erneste (ĕr nĕs'tē) succeeded to the rectorship, the troubles began again, and Bach's later years were years of declining influence in his own town, though in the world outside, which he sometimes saw by little journeys here and there, his disciples and admirers constantly increased.*

sohn (*mĕn' dĕls sōn*), in his teaching at the Leipsic Conservatorium, was at times so irritated at a pupil as to cry out, "So spielen die katzen" (so play the cats). And almost all musicians have at one time or another broken out against those who were not so correct as they should have been.

* It was not at once that Bach was appreciated and loved even in his own

He had, very shortly after his establishment at Leipsic, been made capellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels (vī'sĕn fĕlz), receiving the emoluments of the office without attending the Court, and in 1736, he was made Royal Court Composer by the famous Augustus the Strong, of Saxony and Poland. Late in his life, he was persuaded to visit Frederick the Great at Potsdam. He arrived with his son just as a concert was about to begin at the palace. When Frederick was told of it, he had his flute in hand and was about to play his part in a concerto,—for he was a famous amateur. "Gentlemen," said the King, laying down the instrument, "Old Bach is come," and he insisted that Bach should appear before him at once. The King gave up his concert and begged the great musician to try his new piano-fortes,—for he had just provided himself with fifteen. The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited every-where to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. From this visit resulted the "Musical Offering," which Bach composed on returning home on themes suggested by the King.

Bach died July 28, 1750. For about a year he had been quite blind, owing to the unfortunate operations performed to benefit a disorder in his eyes. The immediate cause of death was a stroke of apoplexy.*

Germany. But later the worship of the great master began, Mendelssohn being in a way the high-priest. Readers of "Charles Auchester" will remember this passage: "My dear and revered Sebastian Bach—of all the Bachs alone the Bach, though indeed to any one Bach one of us present is not fit to hold a candle. You do not love Bach—I do. You do not reverence him—he is my religion. You do not understand him—I am very intimate with him. If you knew him, you too would worship and desire of him to know more and more." Mendelssohn, as we shall see, held for a great part of his life the chief musical position in Leipsic as Bach had done one hundred years before, and one of his most loved tasks was the diffusion of a knowledge and love of the sturdy old composer.

* As to his character and appearance, we find the following: "Bach's nature

was, above all, grave and earnest, and with all his politeness and consideration for his fellow-men, his demeanor was dignified and commanded respect. If we may trust the portraits which remain of him, his appearance answered perfectly to this. To judge from them, he must have been of a powerful, broad, and stalwart build, with a full but vigorous and marked face, a wide brow, strongly arched eyebrows, and a stern, or even sinister, line between them. In the nose and mouth, on the contrary, we find an expression of easy humor; the eyes are keen and eager, but in his youth he was somewhat short-sighted."

If he was great as an artist, equally great was he as a man. He was an affectionate husband, a good father, and a trusty friend. His modest and unassuming manners, his kindly and sympathetic disposition, his open-heartedness and benevolence, made him beloved and esteemed wherever he went. Amongst his friends, he numbered kings and princes, as well as men of humble rank. He was a man that never traveled; had he done so, he might have been richer and have made more friends than he did, or, as some one says, "he might have gained the admiration of the whole world."

Bach and Handel never met, though they lived at almost exactly the same time. Handel was, for the greater part of his life, in England, but there were many times when he was in Germany, even after he, as well as Bach, had made their great reputations. There was great curiosity and desire for a meeting of these great masters and for a trial of skill between them. Bach several times tried to arrange a meeting between them, but neither time was he successful. Otherwise we get little idea of their opinion one of another, which is unfortunate. We know of the beautiful and affectionate intimacy and respect existing between Mozart and Haydn. We know Beethoven's opinion of Haydn, and Schubert's (*shōō' bĕrts*) reverence for Beethoven. It would be interesting could we learn how these early masters regarded each other. From stray bits here and there, Spitta (*spĕt' tä*), the biographer of Bach, conjectures that Handel knew and cared little for Bach, while Bach had much desire and curiosity to meet his great contemporary.

HANDEL.

1685-1759.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL (hān′dĕl) was the son of a surgeon in the town of Halle (hăl′lĕ), a man of some position in his way, but not musically. It is worth noting that the two great composers of their time were both born in the year 1685. Bach was of a family which, for generations before him and after him, was famous for its musical disposition, while Handel, who in his day achieved a far more brilliant success than Bach, was of a family so unmusical that his earliest efforts in that direction were systematically thwarted. Bach took to music as a matter of course. Handel was intended by his father for the law, but was driven by the force of his genius to becoming a great musician. His father, as we say, opposed the musical disposition which showed itself at an early age in George Frederick, and forbade him even to go to houses where music might be heard. It is said he went to no school for fear he might hear too much. But, in some way, the boy got a clavichord into his room, a dumb instrument, on which very little noise is made, and on this he taught himself to play at such times as he could escape from his father's notice. And, on one occasion, going with his father to visit a relation in the service of the Duke of Weissenfels (wīs′sĕn fĕls), Handel was so fortunate as to be allowed to climb up surreptitiously on the organ stool and play away to his heart's content. The Duke, on hearing him, was struck

by his playing, and argued with his father to such an extent that not only were all restrictions removed, but he was even allowed to have some teaching in his favorite art.

He still continued his legal education, however, and passed through the schools of the town and entered the University at Halle. His father died in 1697, but this does not seem to have altered his plans. At the same time that he entered the University, he was engaged as organist of one of the churches of Halle for a year. At the end of the year, he seems to have finally decided to give up any idea of a legal career, for he left the University, and the town of Halle as well, and taking all his belongings with him, he set out to seek his fortune in Hamburg, then the musical center of Germany, the seat of German opera.

At Hamburg, Handel fell in with one Mattheson (măth′ĕ sŭn), from whom we learn the most of what we know of his life at this time. He was a young musician, only a few years older than Handel, but he was well known in the place, and he was of good service in putting Handel into the musical set in the town. At first, Handel obtained a place in the Opera orchestra. "He played ripieno (rĭp ĭ ā′nō) violin," says Mattheson, "and affected to behave as if he could not count five, being naturally inclined to dry humor. But on an occasion when there happened to be no clavierist, he was persuaded to take the place, and proved himself such a man as no one but myself had ever suspected."*

* There are various anecdotes of Handel's life at Hamburg, of interest. Having shown as above that he could play the harpsichord, he frequently did so at the Opera. On one occasion Handel was at the harpsichord, at the first performance of "Cleopatra" (*klē ō pā′tra*), an opera by Mattheson, in which the composer took the part of Antony. Antony died before the piece was through, and Mattheson, a man of immense conceit, having finished his part for the evening, came out

Besides this orchestra playing, Handel occupied himself with composing an opera, which was given in the beginning of 1705. And the next year another opera by him was produced, entitled "Nero." But neither has been preserved to us, and neither seems to have been very successful.

Handel also gave music lessons in Hamburg, and to very good effect, we may imagine—that is to say, he must have had a considerable number of pupils, for after he had been in Hamburg for three years, he started for Italy, to further cultivate his talents and enhance his reputation. So leaving behind him an opera which was produced some time after he had gone, he departed from Hamburg toward the end of 1706, and, stopping at Halle to see his mother, found himself, in the spring of the next year, at Florence. He stayed here but a short time, and passed on to Rome.

At Rome, he either composed, or didn't compose, a number of pieces which pass under his name; and this brings us to a curious feature of Handel's organization which we may just note here in passing, so that it will be unnecessary to trouble about it again. Handel at this time, and also later, very frequently introduced into his compositions pieces composed previously by himself. One of the things which are assigned to his stay in Rome is a *magnificat* (măg nĭf'ĭ kăt), which Handel subsequently worked over in several of the numbers in "Israel in Egypt." Whether it is Handel's own or not, is disputed. "Judged by the strict modern standard," remarks one of

and wished Handel to give up his place to him. This Handel refused to do, and Mattheson, much irritated, gave him a vigorous blow on the side of the head, as he was going out of the theater. A duel at once followed, in which, it is said, Handel owed his life to a broad brass button on his coat, which caught the point of Mattheson's sword and interrupted an otherwise deadly thrust.

Handel's later biographers, "he certainly was a very great thief." This is no place to discuss the question, which would become too long for our limits. The fact is, all that we can note, Handel reproduced his own compositions without scruple, and it is not improbable that he worked over other persons' compositions.

From Rome, Handel returned to Florence, where he produced "Rodrigo" (rō drē′gō), the first Italian opera he ever wrote, and shortly afterward to Venice, where his "Agrippina" (ăg rĭ pē′nà) was given with very great applause; then back again to Rome. In Rome, he spent some time—a year or so—where he found favor with the dilettante (dĭl ĕt tăn′tā) of the town, as well as with the musicians there. He composed somewhat, the "Resurrection," a sort of oratorio, and the "Triumph of Time," a cantata, which he subsequently made use of for an English oratorio with the same name.

He left Rome for Naples in 1708, and there he remained about a year, finding, as ever, many friends, and writing much music, which we do not particularize on account of the number of the compositions, as well as because they are by no means well remembered. In 1709, he started to leave Italy, stopping at Rome and at Venice again, and after a visit to his mother, found himself at Hanover, whither he was tempted by two friends he had met in Italy, one of them capellmeister to George, the Elector of Brunswick, and the other, Baron Kilmansegge (kĭl′man sĕg gĕ), a nobleman well known to the Elector. Through these gentlemen Handel was offered the place of capellmeister to the Electoral Court, from which his friend Steffain (stĕf′fīn) desired to retire. Handel accepted the position, but desiring to visit England, was granted a leave of absence of one year, and in 1710 found himself in London.

Literature was at this time in a highly flourishing state in England. Pope, Addison, Swift, Prior, Gay, Steele, and De Foe, not to mention numbers of others, have made that age a glorious one in the history of English letters. Music, however, was by no means in so good a condition, and it is a bit curious that Handel should have been tempted from Germany and Italy, where he was flattered, courted, and appreciated to the full, to go to England, where he passed the remainder of his life in constant difficulties.

But Italian opera was becoming the vogue in London. English noblemen, returned from the Continent, had attracted to that metropolis musicians and singers, and it is probable that it was due to the representations of the English whom he met in the musical circles of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, that Handel crossed the Channel. However this may be, Handel reached London toward the end of 1710, and in February of the next year, his "Rinaldo" (rē näl′dō) was given at the Haymarket. The opera was given with great spectacular magnificence and good singers, and was received with great pleasure by the audience.* Handel became at once well known. He met with many of the wits and art-lovers of the town, who valued him highly. Curiously enough, the meeting place

* "Rinaldo" is said by some to be the best of Handel's Italian operas. It was certainly very successful in its time. The music was delightful, the singers were excellent, the scenery was—for its day—magnificent. It was in "Rinaldo" that, during an aria for the soprano, accompanied by two flutes and a flageolet, living birds were let loose in great numbers, which fluttered about on the stage, adding to the spectacular effect. This proceeding, Addison—who ridiculed Italian opera in every form—found to be particularly silly, and animadverted upon it in the *Spectator*. Tradition says that, owing to the inclemency of the season ("Rinaldo" was first given in February), it was found impossible to obtain any other birds beside English sparrows. Whether hosts of sparrows would have added to the realistic effect of a scene representing a tropical garden is, in our mind, matter for doubt.

of these most cultivated ornaments of the metropolis, seems to have been the house of one Thomas Britton, an enthusiastic lover of music, who was known by the name of the "Small-coal Man," from the fact that it was his business to carry around on his back small coal, which he peddled for a living all day. In the evening (having washed his hands), he entertained at his concerts the best known musicians of the city.*

Not to delay here too long, however, Handel left London in the summer for his post at Hanover, where he stayed for about a year and a half. But he seems to have been thoroughly pleased with London, and in 1712, he returned thither (on leave of absence for a reasonable length of time), and presented his "Faithful Shepherd" some time in November of that year. It was not a great success, giving way shortly to "Theseus" (thē′sĕ ŭs), which, though not very much better than its predecessor, was much more successful.

Handel may be now considered as settled in London. He remained there, with occasional absences, until his death. He seems to have utterly forgotten his position at Hanover, until, as will appear later, it was brought to his recollection in rather a disagreeable manner.

* A word or two about this worthy may not be uninteresting. Although "poor, low-born, and entirely self-educated, this humble amateur was one of nature's truest gentlemen." All the day he spent in carrying about small coal, which he peddled from a sack which he carried over his shoulder. "When his day's work was done, he retired to his meanly furnished dwelling, removed all trace of the morning's occupation from his person, and spent the evening either in practicing on the viol da gamba, or in studying the books and MSS., of which, during his long life, he contrived to amass a very valuable collection." His house had been originally a stable; it was divided, however, into two stories, of which the lower served as a storehouse for his coal, while the upper made "a long, narrow room, so low that a tall man could scarcely stand upright in it. In this rude concert-room he was accustomed, every Thursday evening, to entertain his friends with intellectual conversation and the best chamber music that London could produce."

It will be impossible for us to be as particular as we should desire in narrating Handel's life in the great city. For the next thirty years, his chief occupation was in the composing and directing Italian opera. In this time, he composed no less than thirty-six operas, besides writing songs and arranging others. It is manifestly impossible within our limits, as it would be uninteresting were it not so, to relate in detail the fortunes and misfortunes of each one of these productions.

We will anticipate a bit to speak of Handel's connection with Italian opera, a connection more important to a student of his life than to one of his works. At present, he composed no more of them. But, beginning with 1721, nearly every year saw a new opera composed by Handel, and frequently more than one. In that year, was started the Royal Academy of Music, an institution for the performance of Italian opera, in which Handel was interested. But things did not work altogether well. Some of the operas succeeded, others failed. Finally, Handel himself became manager, and in partnership with one Heidegger (hī′dĕk ĕr), managed the business for some time. But they did not achieve in this way any very great success. Handel is not remembered by his Italian operas, though they occupied, perhaps, the greater part of his life in England.

To go back to Handel's life where we left it. In 1713, he composed two very fine pieces,—the one for Queen Anne's (ănz) birthday, the other in celebration of the Treaty of Utrecht (ū′trĕkt). They are the beginning of his truly English works, the works to which Handel owes his very great fame. He did not, however, compose much at this time, being much sought after in society, and finding the intercourse with those whom he

met, to be, perhaps, more congenial to him than the hard work necessary to be done in writing Italian operas and such like. He enjoyed a pension from Queen Anne, had many friends at whose houses he stayed, and led, on the whole, a butterfly existence.

In 1714, Queen Anne died, and George I. was crowned King of England. This placed Handel in a painful position, for George I. was, as may be remembered, the very Elector of Hanover from whose court Handel had been excused "for a reasonable time," which time Handel had interpreted to mean nearly two years. George was justly incensed at his truant capellmeister. But the genius of Handel, aided by his friend Baron Kilmansegge,* overcame the monarch's dislike, and Handel was taken into favor and another pension was added to that granted by Queen Anne. So, when the king left England in 1716, to visit his beloved Hanover, Handel went in his suite, and spent some six months or so before returning to England.

When he again came to England, an opportunity offered itself to him, which presented many attractions, and was at once accepted. The Duke of Chandos,† at his

* The means by which Handel became reconciled to his royal patron is the subject of what seems hardly more than a tradition, yet is worth telling. Handel's old friend, Baron Kilmansegge, at whose instance Handel had first come to Hanover, and Lord Burlington, a musical nobleman, contrived a plan, and at their suggestion Handel wrote a piece of music to be played on the occasion of an excursion the king was about to make on the Thames (*těmz*). Handel himself engaged an orchestra, and followed the royal barge so closely that all on board could hear the music, which being written especially to be heard across the water, sounded most delightfully. The king was much pleased at the performance, and asked about it. This gave Kilmansegge an opportunity to intercede for his friend, and he did so with such effect that a reconciliation soon followed.

† "James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, after having served as Paymaster of the British forces, under the command of the Duke of Marlborough (*mărl' brŭh*), retired from active duty with an enormous fortune, which he spent with the liberality of a monarch. In 1712, he built himself a palace at Cannons, in Middlesex, at an estimated cost of £230,000. In this splendid retreat, the Grand

splendid palace at Cannons, pursued many of the customs of the numerous small sovereigns scattered over Germany, and among his other magnificences had a private chapel, choir, and necessarily a chapel-master. This position Handel was asked to accept, and did so. He was to live at Cannons, and oversee the music in the chapel. He spent three years here, years of much pleasure, as it may be imagined, and activity, directing the chapel choir, playing the organ, and writing much music. Here were composed the "Chandos Anthems" and the "Chandos Te Deums," the oratorio of "Esther," and the cantata of "Acis (ā′sĭs) and Galatea" (găl ă tē′ a). These last two are, perhaps, the most important of his compositions here. "Esther" was his first attempt at what became his greatest glory. And the operetta of "Acis and Galatea" (the words by Gay), is a beautiful little thing, perhaps the best piece of work Handel had yet done.*

In 1721, Handel left the household of the Duke of Chandos and returned to London. The next twenty years were taken up, as we have noted, in devotion to Italian opera. For that time, the story of his life consists of a succession of operas, more or less successful, of visits to

Duke, as he was popularly called, lived in little less than regal state; protected by a guard of veterans, selected from among the pensioners at Chelsea Hospital, who attended him even to church; and surrounded by every luxury that wealth could purchase, or boundless liberality suggest. For the services in his private chapel, he maintained not only a numerous choir, but a band of instrumental performers, also, on a scale as grand as that of the kapelle of a German potentate."

* It was at Cannons that Handel composed the well-known "Harmonious Blacksmith." It is said that while walking through Edgeware, the village near the Duke's palace, he was overtaken by a shower, and found refuge in a blacksmith's shop. There he heard the blacksmith singing a tune, to which he kept time with his hammer on the anvil. On going home, Handel sat down and wrote a set of variations on the blacksmith's tune. The anvil on which the smith beat out the accompaniment has been traced through a hundred and fifty years. It passed from hand to hand, from one blacksmith to another, till it became the property of an amateur. Since that time it has passed through several hands, and is now in the possession of a well-known musician of London.

the Continent to engage singers, of quarrels and bickerings with the singers when they were engaged.* They were years of alternate favor and disfavor in the eyes of the general public, but toward the year 1737, Handel must have felt that he had worked that vein to the utmost. His last opera was written in 1740.

On January 16, 1739, Handel produced at the Haymarket Theater the oratorio of "Saul." It had been composed during the previous autumn, and was of the nature of an experiment. "Esther" had been written at Cannons, while Handel was in the household of the Duke of Chandos, and "Deborah" (dĕb′ō rä) and "Athaliah" (ăth ā-lī′ä) had been given in 1733, the one in London, the other in Oxford, but neither seems to have been a striking success. No more was "Saul," although the "Dead March" by no means failed of having an effect. But the importance of "Saul" lies in its being practically the first of an unbroken line of oratorios, — compositions which, though at first received with small favor, were in

* The most notable of these many quarrels was the rivalry between Cuzzoni (*krōōt sō′ nē*) and Faustina (*fą s tē′ nä*), two *prime-donne* (*prē′ mā dŏn′ nā*) of the first rank. This became a dispute of immense proportions, embroiling all of polite London. The means taken to get each one to do her best are somewhat entertaining. As neither would sing if she thought her rival was in any way given the precedence, it was a bit difficult to arrange so that they might both sing in the same opera. In "Alessandro" (*ä lĕs sän′ drō*), however, Handel arranged the two parts, so that neither could possibly object. They sang song for song, duet for duet, throughout the piece, and when they sang together, the parts were so artfully varied that neither could be said to sing the first or the second. Lady Walpole (*wŏl′ pōl*) used to have difficulties with the two, for she was in the habit of inviting them both to dinner on Sundays, and she desired to hear them sing afterward. Neither could be asked to sing first, for the other would then have been so offended as to remain utterly dumb. Lady Walpole once found a way out. She enticed Faustina into a distant room to look at some rare china. Cuzzoni was told that her rival had gone, and forthwith consented to sing. On some other pretense she was herself removed from the music-room, and Faustina returning, favored the company herself.

But beside mere rivalries, there were other and more annoying quarrels, intrigues, and disputes, and, on the whole, Handel's career as an *impresario* (*ĭm prĕ-sä′ rĭ ō*) seems to have been by no means a royal road.

the end so successful that, on the whole, they make up almost the whole reputation of Handel. "Saul" was followed by "Israel in Egypt," but this was received with even more coldness than was "Saul." It was the day of Handel's failures. His operas, which he still wrote, were unpopular, and it might perhaps have been expected that his oratorios would not have been successful. Probably he was not by any means sorry to accept an invitation to Ireland, on the part of the Duke of Devonshire. The visit was quickly arranged. Handel agreed to compose an oratorio, to be performed for the benefit of the charitable societies of Dublin. This was the oratorio of the "Messiah."*

With the "Messiah," which was given to the great delight of a crowded audience on the evening of April 13, 1742, Handel seems to have reached a turning point. From this moment, with times of bad luck, he was on the whole successful. To the end of his career, Handel turned his attention to English oratorios. He wrote thirteen after the "Messiah," about one every year, sometimes two. Henceforth, his greatness was incontestable. His oratorios were produced in London to appreciative audiences, so that, though he was in 1746 reduced so low as to become for the second time bankrupt, he was, at the time of his death, worth a sum equal to $100,000.

* The "Messiah" was first given April 12, 1742, "for the relief of the prisoners in the several gaols, and for the support of Mercers' Hospital and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay." Gentlemen were requested to come without their swords and ladies without their hoops, and by these means, room was found for one hundred more than could otherwise have been accommodated. This large audience was greatly pleased with the performance. "It was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of music that was ever heard." It was afterward given in England, and it was on its first performance in that country, March 23, 1743, that the whole assembly, with the king at their head, rose to their feet at the "Hallelujah Chorus," and remained standing throughout the number—a custom in England to-day, whenever the "Messiah" is given.

A history of his later years would consist of little else than an account of the production of one after another of these great works.* He wrote little else.

Toward the end of 1751, Handel began to lose his sight. Although every thing that could be done for him was done, the care of surgeons was unavailing, and he became totally blind. His last true oratorio, "Jephtha" (jĕf'thä), was produced early in 1752. One more did he write, an adaptation of his Italian work, "Triumph of Time and Truth," and this was his last work.

His strength began to fail shortly after he became blind,† and finally, on Good Friday, April 13, 1759, he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner.

* It may not be useless to add here a list of Handel's oratorios, with the date of their first production. The list is from Rockstro's admirable "Life." Twenty-two oratorios: "1st Passion Oratorio," 1704; "La Resurrezione" (*rā sōōr rĕt sē ō' nā*), 1708; "Il Trionfo del Tempo" (*ēl trē ŏn' fō dĕl tĕm' pō*), 1708; "2d Passion Oratorio," 1717; "Esther," 1720; "Deborah," 1733; "Athaliah," 1733; "Saul," 1739; "Israel in Egypt," 1739; "Messiah," 1742; "Samson," 1743; "Joseph," 1744; "Belshazzar," 1744; "Occasional," 1746; "Judas Maccabæus," 1747; "Alexander Balus," 1748; "Joshua," 1748; "Solomon," 1749; "Susanna," 1749; "Theodora," 1750; "Jephtha," 1752; "Triumph of Time," 1757. Handel also wrote forty-seven operas in all, but as these are by no means so well known as his oratorios, we conceive that we may be pardoned the omission of the list of their names.

† Handel, after he became almost totally blind, was greatly aided by John Christopher Smith, an old pupil, with whose aid he found himself able to oversee (if we may use the expression) the production of his works. He himself frequently played the organ at these performances, sometimes playing from memory, but more usually extemporizing. "To see him led to the organ," says Burney, "after this calamity, at upward of seventy years of age, and then conducted toward the audience to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly affecting and deplorable, to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure on hearing his performance." It is said, too, that when Smith played the organ, when Handel was first blind, the passage from "Samson":

"Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
All dark, amid the blaze of noon,"

would bring tears to the eyes of the whole audience.

HAYDN.

1732–1809.

FRANZ (fränts) JOSEPH HAYDN (hā′dn), like many other famous musicians, was remarkable for his talents at a very early age. Musical genius, more than any other, manifests itself almost at birth. It is, as it were, an extra sense. Those who have it, have it at birth. Those who have it not at birth, seldom gain it. Bach (bäk), of a musical family, was musical from his earliest years. Handel (hăn′dĕl) played away on his dumb clavichord before he was seven years old. Mozart (mō zärt′) appeared at a public concert at six years of age; Mendelssohn (mĕn′dĕls sōn) at eight, Chopin (shō păng′) at nine. Beethoven (bā′tō vĕn) took music lessons when only five. Haydn, like the others, was an infant genius.

He was the son of Matthias (măth thī′ăs) Haydn, a wheelwright of Rohrau (rō′row). He seems to have been an honest and worthy, but by no means remarkable, peasant. He was fond of playing the harp and of singing, but it does not appear that he was remarkable at either of these amusements. Indeed, he played always by ear, and knew nothing of music as a science.

Franz Joseph Haydn was born on the last day of March, 1732. For about six years, he was allowed to be a child, and at the end of that time, he went out into the world to make his fortune. That is, his mother's cousin, one Frankh (fränk), was chorregent (kōr′rē gĕnt) at Hainburg (hīn′bo͝orgh), but a few miles away, and to him

little Joseph, who had shown signs of musical promise, was sent to gain a musical education and his living. From this time till his death, fifty-nine years later, Haydn lived practically alone, with little but his music to interest him, and to be loved.

Under his cousin Frankh, Joseph learned to sing correctly and well, and learned also some things about music, —notably, if we may believe an anecdote of the time, to play the drum, which he did when only six years of age, at a public funeral procession.* But he had not been at Hainburg long (about two years), when his singing attracted the attention of the capellmeister (kă pĕl′mīs ter) of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. The capellmeister, Reutter (roi′tĕr) by name, was on the lookout for voices, and saw at once that, although the boy's voice was nothing very great, his musical talent and instinct would probably do credit to any one who should befriend him. An arrangement was made. Reutter offered to make himself responsible for Joseph's musical education, and it was agreed that the boy should shortly leave for Vienna, where he should become one of the choristers at the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

At the chapel of St. Stephen's, Haydn remained for ten years. What he learned of music beyond the art of

* They were on one occasion about to have a procession; in fact, several processions, for it was in Passion week. Frankh was to direct them, and among his other difficulties, was the sudden death of his kettle-drummer. He was at a loss, till he bethought himself of his young pupil. He showed Joseph how to use the sticks, and left him to learn to drum. Joseph got hold of a basket, which had been used to hold flour, and turning it upside down on a chair, he beat away the whole morning, and learned to drum quite well. Frankh, however, was displeased to observe that the flour, which had sifted through the basket, had utterly ruined the chair. But he was somewhat consoled to observe that Joseph had made himself a fairly skillful drummer. The little fellow marched in the procession behind a drum, which was carried for him by a hunchback, and though he drummed well, created some amusement on account of his small size. He was, in fact, only about six years old.

singing, he learned by himself. Reutter, it is said, gave him two lessons in theory of music, during the whole time. He did, however, learn to sing well, and he had some time to himself, and this he employed in efforts at composition, and in studying the church music, of which he heard so much, and also solo singing and instrumental music. In fact, it was a remarkably good apprenticeship, although it was necessarily supplemented by subsequent study. Even while in the chapel choir, though he learned little from Reutter, he procured one or two theoretical works, and studied till he must have known them almost by heart.

But this could not last. His brothers came to Vienna, and were given places in the choir, but Joseph, being the eldest, was the first to become superannuated. His voice broke; the Emperor declared that he sung like a crow; Haydn gave Reutter a chance, and was dismissed. He found himself almost alone in Vienna, without money or a home, and very little idea as to how he might get one. For eight years, he lived practically from hand to mouth, doing any thing musical to which he could turn his hand. But in these eight years he worked hard, learned much, and made himself something of a reputation.

For a time after he left the cathedral, he lived in a small garret,* and supported himself by playing the violin

* In these days, he was often in want of enough to eat, and frequently strolled about the country to places where he hoped he might obtain some employment. On one occasion, he found himself in a cloister in Styria (*stĭr′ ĭ ȧ*). He asked to be employed, but was refused. So, he made the acquaintance of one of the singers, and asked him to allow him just to sing once in his place. The boy refused. So, Haydn stood beside him and, as the music began, he quietly possessed himself of the boy's music-book (and gave him a bit of money in exchange), and began to sing. He sang so well, though his voice was not of the best, that the chorus-master was delighted with him, and was sorry he had before been uncivil to him. And the priests entertained him for a week or more, during which period, as he said, he filled himself up for a long time to come.

at balls, or in orchestras, by arranging music, or by giving lessons. He was often in actual want, and, though at the cathedral his life had been none of the easiest, it was worse with him now. But good luck fell in his way now and then.* A worthy man left him a small sum of money. He attracted the notice of the Italian Metastasio (mā täs tä′ sē ō), who later introduced him to Porpora (pōr′ pō rä), the then famous music-teacher. He worked hard on his books of composition and theory, and probably found delight in his studies, although he was often enough near starving.

Little by little his compositions became known to a few. It is to this period belongs the tale of how Haydn and a friend of his found their way into a beer-cellar, where a half-drunken orchestra were rendering one of Haydn's own pieces. "Whose piece is that?" inquired he. "It is Haydn's," returned the fiddler. "And a mighty poor thing, too," answered Haydn; whereupon the orches-

* Among other things, he wrote an opera, of which they tell the following tale: It was composed when he was about twenty years old. Haydn and two or three of his friends were engaged in serenading the handsome daughter of Bernadone Kurtz (*bĕr nā dō′ nā kōōrts*), a famous comic actor. Kurtz, on hearing the music, was much struck by it, and came right down-stairs. "Who composed that?" he asked. "I did," said Haydn. "What; a boy of your age?" "At my age." "This is droll; come up-stairs." Haydn came up-stairs, and then Bernadone opened to him his mind. He wished an opera to be written to a libretto he had,—"The Devil on Two Sticks," by name,—would Haydn write it? Haydn would, and took the libretto home with him. He met with one whimsical difficulty. He had to compose music for a storm and, having never seen the sea at all, was somewhat at a loss. Bernadone could not help him much, although he tried to imagine what it must be, and to describe it to Haydn. "Imagine mountains rising, and valleys sinking; a mountain becomes a valley, and a valley rises to a mountain; they follow each other; at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other. Add thunder and lightning, but be sure to represent these mountains and valleys." Haydn got no idea at all of what was wanted. He ran his hands over the key-board, but could, by no means, reach the desired end. "The devil take the tempest," he cried, slamming his hands on either end of the key-board. "You have it; you have it!" cried the actor, embracing him. Haydn afterward, in coming to England, had a chance to see how near his description came to the reality.

tra rose upon him, and would have done something serious to this Philistine had not the friend hustled Haydn unceremoniously out-of-doors.

He wrote a comic opera, too, at about this time, and was paid twenty-five ducats for it, with which he seemed well enough satisfied, and, as the music has been lost, we can not say how much more or less it may have been worth.

It was about this time that Haydn began to give lessons to Marianne (mā rĭ ăn′), the daughter of Nicolai Martinez (nē′ kō lī mär tē′ nĕz), who was in the train of the Papal representative at Vienna. The place was got for him by Metastasio, the Italian poet, who was then living with the Martinez family, and it had this good effect. Haydn used to go with his scholar to Porpora, her singing-master, to accompany her singing upon the clavier. Porpora was a man of great knowledge in the matter of composition, and Haydn undoubtedly gained much from thus being with him. He also accompanied various other of Porpora's scholars, and became in this way better known. He thus fell into the way of getting more pupils, and his circumstances became much brighter. He devoted his time to study as well as to teaching, and also composed somewhat, though this was by no means a prolific period with him.

In 1759, Haydn was made capellmeister to Count Morzin (môrt′ zēn), an enthusiastic amateur. His struggles for daily bread were over. He might have remained happily with Count Morzin, almost forever, but that he chose to marry, and as this was contrary to his contract with Count Morzin, he left that nobleman's service. Another reason, indeed the principal one, was that Count Morzin was obliged to curtail his expenses, and did so by dis-

charging his musical establishment. The result of this was that Haydn, in the year 1760, found himself married, and also capellmeister to Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy (powl än′tōn ĕs tĕr hä′zē).

The first of these seems to have been an almost unmixed evil. Why he married his wife can not be made out. She was one of his pupils, the daughter of a wigmaker, older than himself, and she seems to have been as bad a shrew as could well be imagined. She is said to have been quarrelsome, imperious, unfeeling, and malicious, a spendthrift, and a bigot. But Haydn, though he never loved her after his marriage, never allowed her to trouble him very much, and she seems to have kept as well out of his way as might be. Altogether, it was a stupid thing to have married her, and Haydn seems to have appreciated the fact later.

His connection with the Esterhazys was, on the contrary, one of the most fortunate events of his life. He remained capellmeister to three successive princes, until his death—a period of forty-nine years—with one or two absences.

Haydn's position in the Esterhazy household was, more properly, that of vice-capellmeister for Werner (wĕr′nĕr). The former capellmeister was still to hold the title, though Haydn was to perform the duties. Prince Paul Anton died in the early part of 1762, and was succeeded by his brother Nicholas,* the one of the

* Prince Esterhazy himself played the barytone, an instrument now superseded by the 'cello. The prince played only in one key. Haydn practiced for six months, day and night, upon the instrument, often disturbed by the abuse of his wife, and upon one occasion, incurred the censure of the prince, for neglecting his compositions. Thereat, impelled by a fit of vanity, he played upon the instrument at one of the evening entertainments in several keys. The prince was not at all disturbed, and only said, "Haydn, you ought to have known better." At first he was pained by the indifference of his honored master, but

family best known to the world, in all probability. For Prince Nicholas, an enthusiastic lover of music, Haydn labored until the good prince died, in the year 1790. His life was, on the whole, unvaried for all these years. The prince was a man of enormous wealth, and of enormous estates, which he dearly loved. He was far fonder of living at his palace of Eisenstadt (I'zĕn stät), or later, of Esterhaz, than of visiting at Vienna. And, as a natural consequence, his capellmeister remained in the country, too, for it was his duty to appear before the prince every day, to learn his pleasure in regard to the day's music. Undoubtedly Haydn found this a little painful. He would have liked to see more of Vienna. But he was wonderfully loyal to his master, and perhaps was, to a degree, comforted by the rule that musicians' families should not reside at the princes' abode, whereby he enjoyed a freedom which Vienna could not have possessed. We can not easily describe his life here *in extenso* within our limits—a few notes must be sufficient.

Haydn's duties at Eisenstadt were, on the whole, of a somewhat stereotyped nature. He had to arrange every thing, to drill his orchestra and chorus, to compose music for them, to compose music for Prince Nicholas himself, who loved to play on the barytone, to arrange the music on all festal occasions, of which there were various, during the thirty years that he was in active service. Five of these years were passed at Eisenstadt, the others at Esterhaz, the newly finished palace and estate of Prince Nicholas. And shortly before the Esterhazy establishment was removed to its new abode, at

he immediately felt it was a gentle reproof, because he had wasted so much time and neglected his proper work to become a good barytone player, and turned to his compositions again with renewed earnestness. For the barytone alone he has written upward of one hundred and seventy-five pieces

the death of the old capellmeister, whose place Haydn had filled, he was himself given the title and honor which belonged to the work which he had all along done.

We can not very well make any statement of Haydn's work during this period. He wrote much, however, symphonies, operas, cantatas, and many other pieces, both vocal and instrumental. And he began to become well known and highly valued at Vienna, although he was unfortunate enough to be seldom there.

It was at Esterhaz that Haydn wrote the "Toy Symphony," having bought the toy instruments at a fair. He brought them home secretly, wrote the symphony, and subsequently produced them at one of the regular rehearsals. Here, too, he wrote the "Surprise Symphony," so called. The orchestra was in despair at having to remain at Esterhaz two months longer than they had expected. Haydn sympathized with them, for he, too, loved Vienna. So they conveyed a hint to their master by the following means: In the very midst of the symphony one evening, one of the players quietly arose, put out his light, and went into the anteroom; so another, and another, until, to the great astonishment of the audience, Haydn and Thomasini (tō mä sē'nē), Esterhazy's favorite violinist, were the only ones left. Haydn arose, put out his light, took his music, and joined the rest of the orchestra. In a minute, Thomasini also retired. "If all go, we may as well go, too," said Nicholas. "Haydn," he went on, "the gentlemen have my consent to go to-morrow."*

*Haydn used to grieve much at the privations he suffered in being kept away from his dearly-loved Vienna. "I became three pounds thinner on the way," he remarks, on one occasion, speaking of a journey to Esterhaz, "because

We should say a word or so about the friendship which existed between Haydn and Mozart.* Both were Freemasons, and each had for the other a great and fond admiration. They probably saw each other but little; for Haydn was more at Esterhaz than Vienna, throughout the time that Mozart was residing there. Mozart died while Haydn was in London, and Haydn said that his only regret in seeing Vienna again, was that he should not see also the great Mozart.

This visit to London was a sudden change in Haydn's routine of life. His first visit was in 1790. He had by this time become well known in many foreign countries, by means of his compositions, and had been invited to visit many different parts of Europe. From London, he had received flattering and pressing invitations. Much as Haydn longed to see some other country than his own, and especially Italy, he felt himself bound to the Esterhazy family, and all these temptations were sternly

of the loss of my good Vienna fare. * * * Here, in Esterhaz, no one asks me, 'Would you like chocolate?' 'Do you desire coffee with or without milk?' 'With what can I serve you, dear Haydn?' 'Will you have vanilla or pine-apple ice?' Would that I had only a piece of good Parmesan (*pïr mĕ zän'*) cheese, so that I might the more easily swallow the black dumplings! Pardon me for taking up your time with such piteous stuff—much allowance must be made for a man spoiled by the good things in Vienna; but I have already commenced to accustom myself to the country by degrees, and yesterday I studied for the first time quite in the Haydn manner."

* Haydn first met Mozart in the year 1781, when the latter had moved to Vienna permanently. Their respect and esteem were mutual, and each had a thorough admiration for the other. "Sir," said Mozart to an envious musician, "if we were melted down together, we would be far from making a Haydn." And he dedicated to Haydn a series of six quartets in the most respectful and loving terms. As for Haydn, he declared to Leopold Mozart, that he believed his son to be the greatest composer with whom he was acquainted. He also said that if Mozart had composed nothing but his quartets and his requiem, he would be immortal, and always heard Mozart's music whenever an opportunity offered. On Mozart's death, which occurred while he was in London, he was deeply moved, and afterward said, "Mozart's loss is irretrievable. I can never forget his playing in my life. It went to the heart."

put on one side. But, in 1790, Prince Nicholas died, and his successor decided not to keep up the musical establishment. Thus Haydn was free to do as he chose.

At this moment, Salomon (säl′ō mŏn), a London violinist, made his appearance. He was one of the most successful impresarii (ĭm prĕs sä′rĭ ē) of London, and Haydn at once acceded to his desires. Salomon guaranteed Haydn £1,200 for one year, and Haydn promised an opera, six symphonies, various new compositions, and so forth. In December, 1790, he left Vienna, with Salomon, for London. He was received with great hospitality, and arrangements were at once set on foot for his concerts. It was some time, however, before these could be given. In fact, the first concert did not take place until March 15th. And, before this, a strong opposition had been created, which seriously threatened Haydn's success. The managers of the Professional Concerts, who had themselves tried to obtain Haydn, were now vigorous in depreciating him. And as their concert came off first, thanks to unfortunate delays in Salomon's arrangements, there was much danger that Haydn might not prosper. But these apprehensions were not fulfilled. The concerts were a great success. Haydn played the piano, while Salomon himself played first violin. At each performance, new compositions of Haydn's were rendered, and the whole series was a great success. And the next year, the same thing was repeated.

It was for these concerts that Haydn composed his twelve grand symphonies. "You will never surpass these works," remarked Salomon. "I never mean to try," returned Haydn. In regard to his projected opera, Haydn was not so successful, for Gallini (gäl lē′nē), for whom it was to be written, could by no means obtain a license, and his new theater was therefore unopened for opera.

Haydn received many honors in England. His benefit concert was filled to overflowing. He was created Doctor of Music at Oxford. He sat near the king at the great Handel Festival, and, at London, he was fêted and lionized to a great degree. He was courted by the Professionals, who would have given much could they have seduced him into breaking his engagement with Salomon. Toward the end of July, 1792, he returned to Vienna.

On his way, he stopped at Bonn (bŏn), to meet Prince Anton Esterhazy, and here, too, he met with Beethoven, then a young man of twenty-two, who was about to be sent to Vienna by the Elector of Cologne (kō lōn′), for a musical education. It is not improbable that Haydn made arrangements here to receive Beethoven as his pupil, which he did the next year. The arrangement was not very successful. Haydn did not devote himself to Beethoven as much as would have been well. Beethoven conceived a jealousy of the older man, and the intercourse between them was, by no means, so pleasant as had been the friendship between Haydn and Mozart.

Haydn used to say that he was never popular in Germany, until he had been in England. However this may be, he was certainly very popular in Vienna during the year or so following his London trip. His concerts, at which he produced his London compositions, were well attended and much applauded, and he himself was courted and lionized in a manner which could not but have been very pleasing to him.

At the beginning of 1794, in accordance with an agreement made with Salomon, Haydn again journeyed to London * to conduct a series of concerts. His stay here

* Sir G. Smart, who was at this time a violin player with Salomon, relates a good tale of Haydn's second visit to London. At one of the rehearsals, there was

was, like his first, most successful. The Professional Concerts, which had offered rival attractions during his former tour, no longer existed, and Haydn and Salomon for two seasons delighted London with their performances. The pecuniary results of the visit were most gratifying, and Haydn returned to Vienna in the summer of 1795, with a modest competence for the rest of his life. He had received, while in London, a letter from Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the grandson of Haydn's former patron, stating his desire to reconstruct his grandfather's musical establishment, and asking if Haydn would act as capellmeister. Haydn replied that he was now, as always, devoted to the Esterhazy family.

After his return from London, Haydn lived quietly in a little house he had purchased in one of the suburbs of Vienna, composing, performing his duties as capellmeister, and otherwise enjoying the evening of life. "God preserve the Emperor Francis," was one of the compositions of this epoch. Two others of more fame, perhaps, are his two oratorios, "The Creation" and "The Seasons." It is said that Salomon first suggested to Haydn the idea of composing an oratorio, and had shown him a poem on the subject of the Creation. This poem Haydn brought to light at the request of Van Suieten (văn swē ā′tĕn), a Viennese connoisseur, and composed

need of a drummer; for the regular performer failed to appear. Haydn asked the orchestra if any one could play the kettle-drum. "I can," said Smart. He was then eighteen years old, and though he had never before had a drumstick in his hands, thought that correct time was the only thing needed. After the first movement had been played, Haydn praised him for his execution, but added, with mild sarcasm, that in Germany they had a way of striking the drum, so as to stop the vibration after each stroke, and added that the effect was thereby heightened. With a consciousness of the skill gathered from his lessons on the meal-tub, Haydn showed how the thing was done. Smart looked on composedly, and remarked that, if Haydn preferred that style, they could undoubtedly do so in England as well as in Germany.

the oratorio. It was a work of eighteen months, undertaken piously and seriously, and with true religious feeling.* It was given (in 1800) in the Schwartzenburg (swärt'zĕn bûrg) palace, and then in public in Vienna. Every-where did it achieve the greatest popularity. In London, there were at once produced two versions, and it long remained a favorite, although now, if we mistake not, it is seldom produced.

It was in the later years of Haydn's life that Beethoven came to him as a pupil. Of their intercourse, we shall have more to say under our Life of Beethoven. They did not get on well together, though there was no serious quarrel.†

"The Seasons" was not so successful a work. It was undertaken on the encouraging reception given to "The Creation," but Haydn by no means felt as inspired by this second subject as by his first. "In 'The Creation,' angels speak of God," said he. "In 'The Seasons,' no one greater than Farmer Simon."

For the next few years, Haydn lived on happily, though doing but little musical work. His strength had been seriously drawn upon by his labors in composing

* One thing which should be noted about Haydn, was the very strongly-marked religious element in his life. All his scores have marked at their beginning, "In nomine Domine" ("In the name of God"), or "Soli Deo gloria" ("To God alone be glory"). And at the end is written, "Laus Deo" ("Praise be to God"). "The Creation" was a distinctly religious work, and was written by Haydn in a most reverent spirit, with frequent recourse to prayer.

† "Although neither cordially liked the other, a tolerable appearance of friendship was maintained. It was, perhaps, impossible that between two such totally different natures the connection could have been otherwise. Haydn was genial and affable; from his long contest with poverty, rather obsequious; not apt to take offense, or to imagine slights; ready to render unto Cæsar his due; in short, a courtier.

"What greater contrast to all this can be imagined than our proud, reserved, brusque Beethoven? *He* pay court to princes, or wait with 'bated breath' upon their whims! He the stormy republican, who regarded all men as on the same level, and would bow to nothing less than the Divine in man."

the oratorios, and he became weaker and weaker. The political troubles of the time were trials to him, and he finally died on May 31, 1809, while Vienna was in the hands of the French.*

* "Haydn was slender but strong, and below the medium height, with legs disproportionately short, and seeming all the shorter, owing to his old-fashioned style of dress. His features were tolerably regular, his face serious and expressive, but, at the same time, attractive for its benignity. "Kindliness and gentle earnestness showed themselves in his person and bearing," says Griesinger (*grē'zĭng ĕr*). When he was in earnest, his countenance was dignified, and in pleasant conversation he had a laughing expression, though Dies (*dēs'*) [a friend], says he never heard him laugh aloud. His large aquiline nose, disfigured by a polypus, was, like the rest of his face, deeply pitted by small-pox, so that the nostrils were differently shaped. The under lip, which was strong and somewhat coarse, was very prominent. His complexion was very brown. One of his biographical sketches mentions that he was called a Moor. He considered himself ugly, and mentioned two princes who could not endure his appearance, because he seemed deformed to them. He stuck to his wig, in spite of all the changing modes through two generations, even to his death; but it concealed, to the disadvantage of the general expression of his physiognomy, a large part of his broad and finely-developed forehead. * * * There were great joyousness and mirth in his character, and in his old age he said himself, "Life is a charming affair." Joy in life was the fundamental characteristic of his existence and his compositions. * * * The unvarying simplicity of his life gave him good health."

MOZART.

1756-1791.

LEOPOLD MOZART (mō zärt′), the son of a bookbinder of Augsburg (owgz′ bûrg), became in 1743 one of the musicians in the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg (sạlts′ bûrg). In time he was made sub-director of the archbishop's chapel. Besides his other duties, he gave lessons on the violin. He married Anna Maria Perte (mä rē′ ä pêr′ tā), a woman of much beauty. Of this marriage were born seven children, but only two survived—a daughter, Mary Anne, by name, and a son.

Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus (yō hän′ krĭs′-ŏs tŭm wo͝olf′ gäng äm ä dē′ ŭs) Mozart was the full name of the son, who was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756. He was, in our estimation, the most remarkable infant prodigy that ever existed. His father took great pains with the musical education of his children. When Mary was seven, her father began to give her lessons on the harpsichord. Wolfgang, who was, at the time, but three years of age, desired to learn also. His father, however, thought him rather young, and Wolfgang was reduced to finding out for himself on the piano such chords as he was able to compass with his baby fingers. But in a year or so, his father began to teach him also, some little things, more in fun than for any other reason, and the little fellow learned the simple pieces with the utmost ease. He became so fond of his music, that it took the place of the usual amusements of childhood.

For a time, he was led away from it by his love for the other studies which he was pursuing, but he returned to his music with the utmost vigor. When he was about six, he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, or rather part of one, that was so difficult that no one could play it, not even himself, though it was all composed according to rule and with very great care. Whether Mozart, in after years, was able to conquer the difficulties of this Frankenstein (fränk′ ĕn stīn) of his youthful days, is nowhere recorded.

Wolfgang's proceedings seemed so remarkable to his father, that it was thought a good plan to carry the children around through the various courts of Germany, to give exhibitions of their really wonderful powers. Anna Maria was at this time ten and Wolfgang six. The expedition was a most successful one. The children's playing was such that it would have been remarkable in an expert. They played before the Emperor Francis I. at Vienna.

Returning to Salzburg, little Mozart took the violin. Hitherto he had only played on the harpsichord. They tell this anecdote of him at the time. A certain violinist of note came to request the opinion of the elder Mozart on some trios. They sat down to play them together, Mozart playing the bass, while the archbishop's trumpeter was to play second violin. Wolfgang being present, requested to be allowed to play second,—he had his little violin with him,—but his father forbade him, saying that he had had no lessons. "It does not appear necessary to me," said the young man, then six years old, "to take lessons in order to learn to play the second violin." Finally, he was allowed to play second, together with Schachtner (shäkt′ nĕr) [the trumpeter], on condition

that he should play softly. So he began, but instead of playing softly, he played in such a manner as to render Schachtner's violin utterly useless. All six of the trios were played by him in this manner. He then thought he could play the first violin, and was allowed to try. "We could not forbear laughing," says Schachtner, "on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."

The next year, Wolfgang being seven, the family set forth upon another tour, and in this tour, Mozart may be said to have gained a Continental reputation; for he played all over Germany, in the Low Countries, and at Paris. The next year, they went to England. Both at Versailles (vĕr sālz′) and at London did Mozart play the organ in the royal chapel. In London, his organ performances were thought finer than his playing on the harpsichord. He remained in England some time, where he met with Christian Bach (bäk), the son of Sebastian, who was music-master to the queen. The little fellow performed the most astonishing feats in the way of playing, and also composed several things. From this time forward,—that is, from his eighth year,—he composed almost as much as he played. The next few years were passed in various parts of Europe, in Holland, in Paris, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in Vienna, where Mozart, then twelve, composed an opera for the Emperor Joseph II.

Last of all, Mozart went into Italy. Here he was every-where received with the utmost admiration and enthusiasm, and here, as well as every-where else, did he perform feats that would have been wonderful for trained and experienced musicians. He seems never to have made a false step. He developed fugues on subjects set by the amateurs; he set down the whole of the

"Sistine Miserere" from memory; he composed an opera, which was performed at Milan for twenty nights running. All these things he did with the same sureness and firmness. He was honored throughout Italy by orders, diplomas, titles, and such. He left the country in 1771, and returned with his father to Salzburg. For the next few years, he remained here, composing much—cantatas for various events, an opera, masses, an opera-bouffe, and so on. He then passed a year or so in Paris, and in 1779 found himself in Vienna.

He was now twenty-three. He had passed through a childhood the most remarkable that child ever lived. He might consider himself at the very summit of his art. He had all Europe before him to choose where he would go to seek his fortune, for it seemed as if he must prosper anywhere. He remained in Vienna. The city was delightful to him for many reasons, and he lived here for the remainder of his too short life. Here are dated most of his compositions, operas, symphonies, instrumental pieces of all kinds. We can not name them all in their place.

He was, in appearance, small and delicate. He never attained his full growth. His parents had been distinguished for their great beauty, but he himself was by no means remarkable in his appearance. He was rather clumsy than otherwise with his hands, save at the piano.

But he had the most extraordinary musical sensibility. Even in his childhood, a false or a rough note was painful to him. The noise of a trumpet blown loudly before him would almost send him into convulsions. Being in Berlin one evening, he learned from the waiter at the inn that one of his operas was to be performed. He set out at once to hear it, and got into the pit, where he

might listen without being observed. But being continually agitated by the trifling mistakes made by one or another of the pieces in the orchestra, or by variations played by them, he gradually edged his way up to the orchestra rail. About the time he got there, an air was sung that had been slightly altered. Mozart, unable to restrain himself, cried out to the orchestra the manner in which it should be played. The people stared at the man who thus disturbed every one, and somebody recognizing him, informed the actors, several of whom were so troubled that they would not come on the stage, whereon Mozart, learning the difficulty, went behind the scenes and succeeded in restoring their complacency by some compliments, so that the performance might be carried through.

He loved best to work in the morning, rising, perhaps, at six or seven, and working for several hours. After that, he seldom desired to do any thing else. He was by nature procrastinating and indolent, unless, indeed, he was seized with some inspiration, in which case he would work away with the utmost vigor, till the fit passed away. But, as a rule, he was lazy. On one occasion, he was to write something for a court concert, but put it off so that he barely had time to write out the parts for the other performers, while his own remained undone. He played away, however, and the Emperor Joseph, observing that he never turned the page of his music, coming up behind him, was surprised to see him playing from empty lines. The same thing came near happening to the overture of "Don Giovanni" (jō vä′ nē). It was written the morning of the performance, and played by the orchestra without a rehearsal.

Mozart composed much and easily. He made com-

paratively little money by his productions, for various reasons. He would almost as readily write for nothing as for pay, and when he was paid, he usually spent the money with such looseness and lack of forethought, that it was as if it never had been. He married, in 1782,* Constanza Weber (kŏn stän′zȧ wĕb′er), but she was too like himself, as far as money matters were concerned, to regulate the household economy properly. Mozart, however, lived comfortably enough, though he could by no means, at this time, reach the object of his ambition in the matter of successes, positions, and honors. At this period, there was a great and determined rivalry between the two schools of music, Italian and German, and the war was waged at Vienna as well as elsewhere. Joseph II., although a great admirer of Mozart and his powers as a performer, was by training and taste an Italianist. Mozart contributed his share in the strife by the "Marriage of Figaro" (fē gä rō′), first performed in Vienna in 1786, and received with triumphant acclamation. Intrigue prevented the full measure of its success, and it was given only nine nights. In Prague† (prāg).

* He had for some time been much in love. His courtship was not much less troubled than the proverbial course of true love. His father greatly disapproved of the match. But his disapproval seems to have been general, his idea being that it would interfere with the future which he had marked out for his son, to have him marry at twenty-six. Then, too, the guardian of Constance was not well pleased with the idea. But the two young people were deeply attached to each other, and finally, as is usually the case (in romance, at least), Youth and Love won the day, and they were married, and lived very happily indeed. Mozart was utterly devoted to his wife, who knew how to appreciate not only his personal qualities, but his artistic greatness.

† Mozart went to Prague at about this time as guest of a Bohemian nobleman. "I went to a ball," he writes to a friend, "where we should meet all the Prague beauties. I fancy I can see you hopping after the pretty creatures. I neither danced nor flirted with them, because I was too tired for the first, and my natural reserve preserved me from the latter. I watched them, however, with great pleasure, tripping about to the music of my 'Figaro' transformed into various forms of dance music. Nothing is talked of here but 'Figaro,'

however, it was taken up and given throughout the winter with enthusiasm. Mozart was delighted. He offered to compose another opera for the Prague company. "Don Giovanni"* was the result, which was given at Prague in 1787,† and received with more applause than had been offered to any other of Mozart's works. About this time, the death of Glück (glĭk) left a place in the imperial household at Vienna which was offered to Mozart. The Viennese desired to hear "Don Giovanni," and it was given in the spring of the next year, but was at first coldly received. On being performed several times, however, it became a very great success.

nothing whistled and hummed but 'Figaro,' and no opera so well attended as 'Figaro.' Very flattering, certainly."

So much was Mozart pleased with all this, that one day, in talking with the manager of the theater, he said: "As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must compose something expressly for them." So he went back to Vienna, thinking of "Don Giovanni," though he did not put pen to paper to write it, till a month before its performance.

* Mozart stayed with Dussek (*dōōs′ĕk*), while in Prague, at the time he was writing "Don Giovanni." The house was much resorted to, and all manner of sports seem to have gone on while Mozart was at work, for it is said that he would often leave his work when his turn came at the game they might be playing, and then go back serenely to his writing as though in his own study. Another story is told in regard to Boudini (*bōō dē′ nē*), who sang Zerlina (*zĕr-lē′ nä*). She was unable to scream, according to Mozart's ideas, at that place where Zerlina is seized by Don Giovanni. Time after time did she fail to suit Mozart's ideas. After a while, he went up quietly on the stage, without her noticing him, and when the moment came, laid hold of her himself in so vigorous a manner that she cried out in good earnest. "That's the way," said he, contentedly; "you must cry out just so."

† "Don Giovanni" was received with enthusiasm. "I hope," wrote Mozart afterward, "that it may some time be heard in Vienna." So it was, some little while after. But the Viennese, who were never great at appreciating Mozart, did not at first like it particularly. "This is a heavenly work," said the Emperor; "it is even more beautiful than 'Figaro,' but it is not a morsel for my Viennese." Mozart, on hearing of this, remarked, "Only give them time and they will relish it." He was right, for the opera increased in success with each performance. It became a great subject for discussion, for the whole style was to the Viennese a novelty. Haydn was asked his opinion by a number of friends, who were pointing out the bad points in the piece. "I can not enter into the argument," said he, "but I do know that Mozart is the greatest composer now in the world."

Mozart was now established again in Vienna,* and lived a laborious but successful life, doing much work, making much money, and spending or lending it with reckless extravagance. He passed the summer of 1789 in a tour through Germany, in which he was everywhere received with great honor and appreciation. Frederick William II. of Prussia was earnest that he should become his capellmeister, at a salary three times as large as that which he received at Vienna, but Mozart was disinclined to leave the Emperor Joseph. On the death of Joseph, however, and the accession of Leopold, Mozart found himself in a worse position than before, for Joseph had desired and intended to befriend him, and Leopold had no such idea. But Mozart's own resources were not small. He composed about this time "The Magic Flute," † and was appointed to the reversion of the capellmeistership of St. Stephen's Church, one of the best musical positions in Vienna. He also wrote at

* We ought to note at least, if we can do nothing more, the productions of the year 1788, namely, his three great symphonies, those in E flat major and G minor, and the "Jupiter Symphony" in C major. These three great pieces were composed in the astonishingly short space of a month and a half. They are held to be a sort of picture of his life: the first quiet, joyful calm, representing his youth; the second, representing his struggles and difficulties when he had his way to make in the world; and the last, representing his triumphs and successes. In the next year, he performed one of his greatest feats, the satisfactory instrumentation of Handel's "Messiah," for the resources of the orchestra had been largely developed since Handel's day, when sixteen performers were the number usually employed.

† In regard to "The Magic Flute," a story is told not very creditable to human nature in general, but very characteristic of Mozart. Schikaneder (*shĭk à nā' dĕr*), a theatrical manager in ill success, came to see him one day and blandly asked Mozart to write him an opera. Mozart hearing of the wretched condition of his affairs, consented to do so, and that for nothing, only asking that Schikaneder should not sell it to any other theater. This was agreed to, and Mozart wrote "The Magic Flute," which did much for Mozart's reputation, and also for Schikaneder and his opera-house. What Mozart got from it we can not say. As for Schikaneder, he sold the score to as many theaters as would take it, utterly careless of his agreement with the generous composer who had saved him from misfortune.

this time the opera, "The Clemency of Titus," for the coronation of Leopold as King of Bohemia.

Mozart was painfully apprehensive at the thought of death, and was continually in fear that he should not live long. In the summer of 1791, a stranger called upon him, and saying that he acted for a person of consequence, asked if Mozart could compose a "Requiem (rē′ kwĭ ĕm) Mass," by which the loss of a much loved friend might be annually commemorated. Mozart consented to compose the "Requiem." On his asking for whom he was doing this work, the stranger said that his friend desired his name to be kept secret; but he left a hundred ducats and promised to return in a month, by which time Mozart promised to have the "Requiem" completed. He worked at it with much vigor with a strange ardor. One morning, he fainted while at work, and shortly after he said, "It is certain that I am writing this 'Requiem' for myself; it will do for my funeral service." And this impression remained fixed in his mind.

At the end of the month, the stranger called again, but the Mass was not completed. Mozart was going to Prague to see the production of his "Clemency of Titus." He said to the stranger that he must ask further time. The stranger readily accorded a longer time, but remarked that if the work was to take more time than was originally agreed upon, it would be worth more money, and he left fifty ducats more. But he would not leave his name, and Mozart became more and more convinced that his visitor was from the other world, and that the "Requiem Mass" was to be sung over his own remains. He never finished his work; when the stranger called again, the composer had died, leaving his work

incomplete. Mozart had worked too hard, a combination of several ailments fastened on him, and after an illness of only two weeks, he died December 5, 1791.

We add here a number of notes on Mozart's character and habits which did not appear pertinent at any special point of the narrative.

He was short, but his figure well proportioned, his hands and feet small; in his youth, he was slender, but rather more corpulent in the last years of his life. His head was rather too large for his body. His face, naturally pale, was not unpleasing, but betrayed no particular genius. Mozart's nose only appeared too large while he was thin; his eyes were large and well shaped, but rather languid, with good eyebrows and eyelashes; his glance was restless and wandering.

He usually was up and writing by six or seven o'clock in the morning, and yet he had often come home at a very late hour from musical parties. It was his invariable custom to devote the early morning hours to composition, and in later years, the only difference he made was, that, to be more comfortable, he wrote in bed. "He wrote music as others do letters," says a lady in the most naïve and forcible manner, "and never tried over his compositions till completed; on the other hand, in his mature years, he passed half the night at the piano, and these were the creative hours of his heavenly songs." Sebastian Bach used to make a great point of this form of composition, insisting that his pupils should compose away from the piano, and those who were accustomed to compose at the instrument, he dubbed "piano-hussars."

He was not at all business-like in his habits, but on his marriage he set out to keep accounts. But he could not keep it up very long (after the manner of other unbusiness-like folk), and his wife tried her hand at it. Just what success she made, we can not say, but it does not seem as if she were the best and most careful housekeeper in the world. She lived with Mozart in a happy-go-lucky style, of which there are many anecdotes. The very day after they were married, a friend came to offer the customary congratulations, and, finding no one to come to the door, went through the house himself and, after a while, discovered the young couple, who had not seen fit to wake up. On being aroused by their visitor, they at once invited him to breakfast. But they could not find any servant of any kind in the house to get breakfast for them, so Constance herself set about making coffee, which she did in her wedding-dress, having no other at hand. On a later occasion, the young people having allowed themselves to become absolutely destitute of fire-wood, and having nothing to purchase it with, were found by a visitor dancing with each other round the room, "in order to keep warm, as there was no fire."

He was passionately fond of billiards. He had a table in his own house, rather an unusual luxury at that time, and played constantly. It seemed to divert him without taking up all his mental power. They say that it was while he was playing billiards at Prague, that he composed the second quartet in "The Magic Flute."

BEETHOVEN.

1770–1827.

THE life of Beethoven (bā′tō vĕn) has in it more romantic and artistic elements than that of any other composer with whom we have to do. The element of greatness is common to them all—Bach (bäk), Mozart, (mō zärt′), Mendelssohn (mĕn′dĕls sōn), Wagner (wăg′nĕr), and the others, were all great; but even here Beethoven's life has more interest, for it is that of the greatest composer who ever lived. There is the most unspeakable melancholy in his deafness, which imparts a shade to the picture, a minor strain which transcends our feeling for the unappreciated genius of Schubert (shōō′bĕrt), or of Wagner, or even the tender melancholy of the life and death of Chopin (shō păng′). After a hard fight in miserable and uncongenial surroundings, and after at last attaining a clear view of the goal before him, this crushing blow falls on Beethoven. The greatest composer of all time, utterly without power to hear his own heavenly work, is more pathetic even than the blind Milton, for Milton could hear his poems read aloud. Beethoven could only read the dumb evidence of his own greatness.

He was born, the son of a poor musician, in the town of Bonn (bŏn), December 17, 1770. Johann (yō′hän) van Beethoven was a singer attached to the Electoral Court, and by no means a great one at that, while as a man he had many wretched qualities. Miserably poor, he

added thereto a passion for drink, which kept his whole family in circumstances of almost absolute want.

Ludwig (lo͝ot'vĭkh) van Beethoven was one of those musicians who have their passion and genius for music given them at their birth. Had he been born under the same lucky star as Mozart, he might not improbably have rivaled the youthful extravagances of that prodigy. But to Beethoven's father, the gift of his son seemed only a good occasion for growing rich. So his musical education was at once begun, and was pressed on with hard ruthlessness under such advantages as could be found in his native town. He learned much and well, but it does not appear that his father's selfish project, of living by his son's genius, ever came to any satisfactory result.

As the boy grew up, the habits of his father became worse and worse. Beethoven found he could do something for his family in the position of assistant organist to Max Franz (mäks fränts), the Elector. This was when he was fifteen years of age. He was looking forward to a journey to Vienna, then the great musical center of Germany. In 1787, he was able to fulfill this dream. He played before Mozart, and improvised in such a way as to excite the master's amazement. "Much will one day be said about him in the world," said Mozart of the young fellow. But this visit to Vienna was a short one. He hurried home on hearing of the illness of his mother. He arrived at home only in time to see her before she died. By that event, he became the head of the family, for his father was worse than no one. He set about supporting his younger brothers and sisters by teaching, and worked hard for them at what was to him the most exasperating occupation that could be devised. But, in

time, he went again to Vienna. Joseph Haydn (hā′dn) passed through Bonn on his return from London in the year 1792. Beethoven presented to him one of his compositions, of which Haydn was warm in praise. Beethoven longed for good teaching, and his journey to Vienna was undertaken that he might take lessons of Haydn. The Elector supplied the funds, want of which had been the previous difficulty, and Beethoven left Bonn forever. Arrived at Vienna, he carried out his plan, and became a pupil of Haydn's. As is too often the way with geniuses, Beethoven and Haydn did not get along well together, and soon separated. We can hardly say whose was the greatest fault, probably both were to blame, though Haydn seems to have been the most in the wrong. He was careless and Beethoven hot-headed.

After leaving Haydn, Beethoven took lessons of Albrechtsburger (äl brĕkts bûrg′ĕr), and afterward of Salieri (sä lē ā′rē). With these he got on better, though both thought him self-willed and obstinate. However, his studies were to good purpose. He attracted the notice of musical patrons by his playing, and was, on the whole, started on the high-road to his later fame. His father, we may add, died in 1792, very shortly after he reached Vienna. About this time, Beethoven made the acquaintance of the Prince and Princess Lichnowski (lĭk nŏv′skĭ), enthusiastic lovers of music, and, at their suggestion, he made his home with them in 1794, and for some years afterward. There was no bargain, or any thing of the sort. Beethoven was as free as though he were living by himself. But the Lichnowskis had the pleasure of feeling that they were doing something to help forward a young man whom

they already felt was one of the most remarkable musicians of his time.*

Beethoven, now, at the age of twenty-four, found himself with genius, education, and leisure. He composed much. We can not easily particularize. "Opus 1" consists of three trios dedicated to Prince Lichnowski; it was composed in 1791. "Opus 2" consists of three sonatas for the piano, dedicated to Joseph Haydn, and so on. Many sonatas, trios, quartets, quintets, concertos, and so forth, came from his hand at this time. He played much in private; but this was a time when there was by no means so much playing in public as to-day. Music was cultivated by a far smaller number than now enjoy it, and reputations were made by playing at the private concerts of the great patrons of music. At many of these was Beethoven heard† and appreciated. He was beginning to be recognized.

* A well-known musician of the time (Czerny) thus speaks of an encounter with Beethoven:

"I remember Gelinek (*gā' lĭn ĕk*) telling my father one day that he was invited to a party in the evening to break a lance with a new pianist. 'We will make mince-meat of him,' added Gelinek.

"The next day, my father asked how the affair had gone off.

"'Oh,' said Gelinek, quite crest-fallen, 'I shall never forget yesterday! The devil is in the young man. I never heard such playing. He improvised on a theme I gave him in such a manner as I never even heard Mozart. Then he played some of his own compositions, which are wonderful and magnificent beyond every thing; he brings out of the piano tones and effects we have never dreamed of.'

"'Aye,' said my father, in astonishment. 'What is his name?' 'He is a short, ugly, dark, cross-looking young man,' said Gelinek, 'whom Prince Lichnowski brought here from Germany some years ago, to learn composition from Haydn, Albrechtsburger, and Salieri; his name is Beethoven.'"

† On one occasion, a new piano-forte quartet by Forster, a well-known composer of the day, was in progress of rehearsal. The violinist was suddenly called out, when Beethoven, who was at the piano-forte, instantly began to sing the missing part, in addition to going on with his own, which he read for the first time. The prince, astonished, asked him how he could sing music with which he was not acquainted. Beethoven smiled and replied, "The bass must have been so, otherwise the author could have known nothing whatever of composition." On

Up to this time, his life had been one of constant struggle through many and miserable hardships. Now, the way was appearing more and more plainly before him. It was at this time that premonitions of what was the most fearful misfortune of his life came upon him. He became conscious of approaching deafness. It was in 1798 that he had fears in regard to the matter. Three years passed, and they were realized.* Beethoven be-

the prince remarking further, that Beethoven had taken the *presto* so quickly, that it was impossible to have seen the notes, he answered, "That is not at all necessary. A multitude of faults in the printing do not signify. If you only know the language, you don't see them or pay any heed to them."

Here is another anecdote of the same kind.

"He invited me to turn over for him," says a friend, "when he played his concerto; but, good heavens! that was more easily said than done. I saw nothing but blank leaves, with a few utterly incomprehensible Egyptian hieroglyphics, which served him as guides, for he played nearly the whole of the solo part from memory; as it generally happened, he had not time to write it out in full. So he always gave me a secret sign when he was at the end of one of these unintelligible passages, and the anxiety I could scarcely conceal, lest I should fail at the important moment, afforded him huge merriment, and he shook with laughter as he recalled it at our sociable, jovial supper."

* "I may say," writes Beethoven in 1805, "that I pass my life wretchedly; for nearly two years I have avoided all society, because I can not possibly say to people, '*I am deaf*'! If I were in any other profession, it would not so much signify; but, for a musician, it is a really frightful condition. Besides, what would my enemies say to it—and they are not few!

"To give you an idea of this extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that in the theater I am obliged to lean forward, quite close to the orchestra, in order to understand the actors. The high tones of the instruments and voices I do not hear if I am a little way off. In conversation, it is surprising that there are some people who do not observe it—they attribute it to the absent fits which I often have. Many a time, I can with difficulty distinguish the tones, but not the words, of any person who speaks in a low voice; and yet, directly any one begins to shout, it is unendurable to me. What is to be the result, the good God alone knows. Vernig says that my condition will certainly improve, though I may not be perfectly restored. I have often already cursed my existence. Plutarch has led me to resignation. I am resolved, if possible, to defy my fate, although there should be moments in my life when I shall be the most unhappy of all God's creatures."

We must also print Beethoven's will, so called, in which he gives a most striking picture of his miserable condition:

"The Promemoria.

"*October 6, 1802.*

"To my brothers Carl and [Johann] Beethoven,—O ye who consider or rep-

came finally so deaf that he could neither hear sufficiently to play the piano nor to conduct. It was the most fearful grief to him. "If I had not read some-

resent me as unfriendly, morose, and misanthropical, how unjust are you to me! You know not the secret cause of what appears thus to you.

"My heart and mind have been from childhood given up to the tender feeling of benevolence, and I have ever been disposed to accomplish something great. But only consider that for six years I have been afflicted by a wretched calamity, which was aggravated by unskillful physicians -deceived from year to year by the hope of amendment—now forced, at length, to the contemplation of a lingering disease (the cure of which will, perhaps, last for years, if indeed it be not an impossibility).

"Born with a passionate, lively temperament, keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, I was obliged at an early age to isolate myself, and to pass my life in loneliness.

"When I at times endeavored to surmount all this, oh, how rudely was I thrust back again by the experience—the doubly painful experience—of my defective hearing! and yet it was impossible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder, shout; for I am deaf'! Alas, how could I proclaim the weakness of a sense which ought to have been with me in a higher degree than with others—a sense which I once possessed in the greatest perfection—and to an extent which few of my profession enjoy, or ever have enjoyed! Oh, this I can not do! Forgive me, therefore, when you see me turn away, where I would gladly mingle with you. My misfortune is doubly painful to me, inasmuch as it causes me to be misunderstood. For me there can be no relaxation in human society, no refined conversations, no mutual outpourings of thought. Like an exile, I must live. Whenever I come near strangers, I am seized with a feverish anxiety from my dread of being exposed to the risk of betraying my condition.

"Thus it has been with me during these last six months which I have spent in the country. The orders of my sensible physician, to spare my hearing as much as possible, were quite in accordance with my present disposition; although often, overcome by longing for society, I have been tempted into it. But what humiliation, when any one by my side heard from afar a flute, and I heard *nothing*, or when any one heard the shepherd singing, and I again heard *nothing!* Such occurrences brought me nigh to despair; but little was wanting, and I should myself have put an end to my existence. *Art* -art alone—held me back. Ah! it seemed impossible for me to quit the world before I had done all that I felt myself destined to accomplish. And so I prolonged this miserable life; a life so truly wretched that a sudden change is sufficient to throw me from the happiest condition into the worst.

"*Patience!* It would seem that I must now choose her for my guide! I have done so. I trust that my resolve to persevere will remain firm, until it shall please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread of life. Perhaps I may get better; perhaps not. I am prepared. Compelled to be a philosopher in my twenty-eighth year! This is not easy—for the artist, harder than for any one else. O God! Thou lookest down upon my heart, Thou seest that love to man and beneficent feelings have their abode in it.

where that man must not take his own life, I should long ere this have been no more, and that through my own act." He did not commit suicide; but his deafness had on his character a distressing effect. At all times somewhat brusque, obstinate, and gloomy, these qualities deepened through his affliction, and he became suspicious, irritable, prejudiced, and morose. One wonders that these qualities did not more affect his work. He still conducted at concerts; but it is doubtful whether he was more help than hinderance to his orchestra; for being unable to hear the effects, he would at times lose his place. His conducting had at all times been peculiar.*

From this time, the greater part of Beethoven's life lies in his compositions. We should like here to break off from our narrative, and to speak at once of his greatest works,—the Nine Symphonies,—without reference to other events in his life. Then we will return to chronological sequence.

"Oh ye who may one day read this, reflect that ye did me injustice, and let the unhappy be consoled by finding one like himself, who, in defiance of all natural obstacles, has done all that lay in his power to be received into the ranks of worthy artists and men."

* Spohr, who saw Beethoven conducting a concert at Vienna, was much surprised at his methods. "Although," says he, "I had heard a great deal about this, I was very much astonished with what I saw; Beethoven had accustomed himself to indicate the marks of expression by all kinds of peculiar movements. Whenever a *sforzando* (*sfôr dzän' dō*) occurred, he would vehemently open both arms, which had before been crossed on his chest. For a *piano*, he would bend down, and the softer it was to be, the lower would he stoop; for a *crescendo*, he would draw himself up more and more, till, at the arrival of the *forte*, he gave a leap into the air; he would frequently scream out to increase the forte, without being aware of so doing."

Another musician writes:

"He conducted the concert at which I saw him, when the music consisted only of his own, or music which he knew by heart and could bear in his mind; for, although his sharp eye nearly always detects the character of the performance, I perceived, by a decided, though brief confusion in the time and the omission by the performers in their anxiety of a *piano*, that he could hear nothing, for both mistakes escaped him. He stood as if on a distant island, directing his dark, demoniacal harmonies with the strangest movements."

These symphonies were written during the last half of Beethoven's life. The First, in 1800, when he was thirty; the Ninth, in 1824, only three years before his death. Although generally produced (and presumably composed) at an interval of three or four years, there are two exceptions. The Fifth and Sixth were first performed on the same day, and were undoubtedly composed at almost the same time. The Seventh and Eighth again were presented at an interval of less than three months. And after the performance of these two, more than ten years elapsed before the last came into existence.

Of the "First Symphony" we can say but little in so short a sketch. It was first performed in 1800, at a concert given by Beethoven in Vienna when he was already a musician of high repute. But just when it was composed can not be well stated; sketches of different bits may, however, be found in various note-books for some years previous. It is perhaps the least original of all Beethoven's Sonatas, though in the Minuet and Trio in the third movement, Beethoven showed that he regarded old rules as of very slight importance when they ran counter to his views. "The 'Second Symphony,'" says Sir George Grove, "is a great advance on the First. In the first place, it is bolder and broader in style. In the next, it is longer. The Scherzo and Trio and the Coda to the Finale are very new and original." This symphony was written some time in 1802, at a time when Beethoven seems to have been as despondent and gloomy as he ever was in his whole life. His complete deafness was no longer doubtful, and he himself had become gloomy, morose, and morbid to a degree. It is in this year that he wrote the curious letter to his brothers—

from which we have quoted — in which he speaks so touchingly of his depressed condition. But this low tone and depression do not find their way into the "Second Symphony." It is the only bright spot in this period of Beethoven's life.

Two years afterward, was finished the "Eroica Symphony" (the Third). It has a curious history. Beethoven, like many others, was an enthusiastic admirer of the earlier years of Napoleon's career. To him, the young Corsican rising almost from the ranks, grasping the reins of power, and quelling and guiding the diverse and discordant elements which had their birth in the French Revolution, represented the true type of Hero. And for him was written the "Third Symphony." And on its completion a copy was handed to the representative of Napoleon, to be given to his master, the First Consul. Shortly afterward, Napoleon became Emperor. "After all, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal," cried Beethoven, seeing his former ideal change into an embryo tyrant. So the name was changed. The Symphony became the "Eroïca," and the copy given to the French ambassador was recalled, and the name of the French Emperor was scratched out, though traces of it may still be seen on the MS. copy. But the fact remains that it was written for Napoleon Bonaparte.

The "Fourth Symphony" was written some two or three years after the "Eroica." It was first performed in March, 1807. The Third had been first given in April, 1805. The meantime had been taken up by the composition and production of "Fidelio" (fē dā′ lĭ ō). It is lighter and more gay and cheerful than the "Eroïca," but is as great a work. Both were greatly cried out upon on their first performance by some of the critics, who

had set up Handel, Glück (glĭk), and Mozart as the only models for composition. To such there was much in these two Symphonies of Beethoven that seemed like lunacy, pure and simple.

The "Fifth Symphony" and the "Sixth" have had their numbers transposed since their first performance. Both were performed December 22, 1808. But at that Concert, the "Pastoral Symphony" was numbered five, and the present "Fifth" was numbered six. But there is reason to believe that the present "Fifth" was earlier in the composer's mind, and that parts of it were put to paper earlier than any part of the "Pastoral Symphony," and toward the end of Beethoven's life the numbering was changed to that by which we now know them. "The 'C Minor Symphony,'" says Sir George Grove, "is often spoken of as if it were a miracle of irregularity, and almost as if, in composing it, Beethoven had abandoned all the ordinary rules which regulate the construction of a piece of music, put down whatever came uppermost in his mind, and by the innate force of genius, produced a miraculous masterpiece. Such ideas are simply contrary to the facts, and highly misleading. It may surprise the reader to hear that the 'C Minor Symphony' is from beginning to end as strictly in accordance with the rules which govern the production of ordinary musical compositions as any Symphony or Sonata of Haydn. It is no disobedience to laws that makes the 'C Minor Symphony' so great, no irregularity or improvisation; but it is the striking and original nature of the thoughts, the direct manner in which they are expressed, and the extraordinary energy in which they are enforced and re-enforced and driven into the hearer."

The next Symphony, the "Pastoral," is the greatest, and almost the earliest piece of "programme music" that has ever been composed. Beethoven ridiculed Haydn for his descriptive writing in the "Creation" and the "Seasons," and then himself wrote this great piece of descriptive music. There have been many written since; but none so fine as the "Pastoral Symphony." It is most perfectly adapted to carrying out the programme written at the beginning. To some unbelievers, it may be a question as to whether the music would suggest such pictures to the mind, had they not been first indicated in plain black and white.

The "Seventh Symphony" was given some time after the Fifth and Sixth, in the year 1813, at a concert given for the benefit of the Austrian soldiers wounded at Hanau (hä'now). It was a great occasion. All the musicians in Vienna were desirous to aid. Beethoven conducted. The greatest composers and virtuosi of the day played among the strings. Hummel (hoŏm'ĕl) and Meyerbeer (mī'ĕr bār) beat the drum. Moscheles (mōsh'ĕh lĕs) had charge of the cymbals. Salieri (Beethoven's teacher and Schubert's) marked the time for the drums and the cannon. And only three months afterward was given the "Eighth Symphony," the "little one," as Beethoven sometimes called it (not because he loved it especially, but because it was short). The two were written in the same year. It was not until ten years had elapsed that he wrote another, the Ninth, a "Choral Symphony." This great work was written for the London Philharmonic Society, who paid £50 for it, but was first performed, we believe, in Vienna, on just what principle we can not say; for it was in the agreement that it should belong to the Philharmonic

for eighteen months. Be this as it may, the "Choral Symphony," like the "Pastoral," was an original and extraordinary piece, and one far finer than all which have been written in imitation of it. It is, we believe, the first symphony written which has its finale extended by vocal movements. Schiller's (shĭl'ĕrz) "Ode to Joy" had long been a favorite with Beethoven, and its use in this symphony was, undoubtedly, the realization of a long-conceived idea. It was with immense difficulty that Beethoven obtained the proper connection between the instrumental and vocal. "It troubles me at the outset," he wrote; "once get into it, and it's all right."

Such were the nine great works which Beethoven created during the latter part of his life. We must also mention his opera—the only one he ever wrote—of "Fidelio." This work, originally called, we believe, "Leonora," was attended in its representation by all manner of difficulties. In the first place, Beethoven wrote four separate overtures before he could get one to suit. The first was discarded as being too light and trifling; the second was set aside as giving too great prominence to the wind, and the third because the strings were too prominent. It was not till the fourth was produced that all were satisfied. The first performance was by no means a success; for, either through the malice or the extraordinary carelessness of those concerned, it was presented only a few days after the French troops had entered Vienna. At this time, Lichnowski and all Beethoven's friends and supporters had fled to their country-houses, and the theater was filled with French officers and soldiers, so that "Fidelio" was coldly received and soon withdrawn. Not till 1814, did it receive a favorable hearing.

The latter part of his life Beethoven passed quietly at Vienna, well known and highly honored,* and, though by no means wealthy, in fair circumstances. His appearance was characteristic of the man. He was short, but thick-set, with hair once black but now gray, which he threw back from his forehead; rather a red face, with small eyes, deep-set, fiery, and full of intensity. His face is said by Nohl (nōl) to have borne no trace of happiness. All authorities agree that he was ugly, and his dress was not inappropriate. It was quite a contrast to the elegant attire customary in those days. He spoke with a strong provincial accent, his general bearing showed no signs of culture, and his behavior was very unmannerly. His habits, too, were peculiar.†

* He did not himself, however, feel properly appreciated throughout the musical world. Talking to a friend from Leipsic (*līp′sĭk*), in 1822, he said, "You hear nothing of mine here." "Not in the summer." "No, nor in winter either. What would you hear? 'Fidelio?' They can not give it, and would not care to hear it. The symphonies? They have no time for them. The concertos? Nobody plays any thing he has not himself written. The solos? They have long been out of fashion, and fashion is every thing."

† In winter, as well as in summer, it was Beethoven's practice to rise at daybreak, and immediately to sit down to his writing-table. There he would labor till two or three o'clock, his usual dinner-time. Meanwhile, he would go out once or twice in the open air, when he would work and walk. Then, after the lapse of half an hour or an hour, he would return home to note down the ideas which he had collected. The habit of going abroad suddenly and as unexpectedly returning, just as the whim happened to strike him, was practiced by Beethoven alike at all seasons of the year; cold or heat, rain or sunshine, were all alike to him. In the autumn, he used to return to town as sunburnt as though he had been sharing the daily toil of the reapers and gleaners. Some of his peculiarities in the matter of eating and drinking deserve to be ranked among the curiosities of housekeeping. For his breakfast he usually took coffee, which he frequently prepared himself; for in this beverage he had an Oriental fastidiousness of taste. He allowed sixty beans for each cup, and lest his measure should mislead him to the amount of a bean or two, he made it a rule to count over the sixty for each cup, especially when he had visitors. He performed this task with as much care as others of greater importance. At dinner, his favorite dish was macaroni with Parmesan (*pär mĕ zän′*) cheese. He was likewise very fond of every kind of fish, and consequently, fast days imposed no sacrifice on him. To certain guests, he gave invitations only on Fridays; for then his table was always adorned with a fine schill (a kind of haddock) and potatoes. Supper was not a meal which he

"When fairly domiciled, Beethoven's mode of life was very regular. After the day's work was over, alone, in the darkening twilight, he loved to breathe to his best, his only friend, his *clavier*, the thoughts which met with no response in human sympathy. During the evening, he would smoke his pipe, and play occasionally on his viola or violin, both of which must always be placed ready for him on the piano-forte.

"One proceeding Beethoven never omitted, viz.: the reading of the evening paper. In these stirring times, the newspaper was an absolute necessity, and our musician would never retire to rest without previously ascertaining the state of the political horizon. Ten o'clock rarely found him out of bed. Such was his simple, innocent day. It was no mere phrase, that declaration of his, 'I live only in my art.' It was, indeed, the all-connecting link between him and others."

Beethoven died on March 27, 1827.

cared much about; a plate of soup or something left from dinner was all he partook of, and he was in bed by ten o'clock. He never wrote in the afternoon, and but very seldom in the evening. He disliked to correct what he had written. This he always felt an irksome task. He preferred making a fresh copy of his notes. He was never seen out-of-doors without a little note-book, in which he jotted down his ideas. He observed this self-imposed rule with a firmness characteristic of great spirits; but in other respects a truly admirable disorder prevailed in his household. Books and music would be scattered in all the corners; in one place the remains of a cold snack, in another a wine bottle, on the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartet, near it the fragments of the breakfast, on the piano some scrawled pages containing a glorious symphony in embryo, or a proof waiting for correction, private and business letters strewing the floor; and then, despite this confusion, our master would take every opportunity of extolling with Ciceronian eloquence his accuracy and love of order, quite regardless of this practical contradiction. He only changed his tone when for hours, days, or even weeks, fruitless search was made for some object; then he would blame the innocent, murmuring in a complaining tone—"Yes, yes, it is unfortunate! Nothing will stay where I put it. All my things are mislaid. Every thing is done to vex me. O, people, people!" But the servants understood the good-natured growler, and let him grumble on to his heart's content; and in a few moments the annoyance was quite forgotten.

SCHUBERT.

1797-1828.

LIKE Beethoven (bā′ tō vĕn), Mozart (mō zärt′), and Haydn (hā′dn), the greater part of Schubert's (shōō′bĕrts) life was passed in Vienna, which, as far as famous composers go, was the leading musical capital of Europe toward the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

Franz (fränts) Schubert was named after his father, who was, at the time of the future composer's birth, a poor school-master in one of the suburbs of Vienna.* He was one of a large family; for his father married twice and had children by each marriage, though they did not all live. We do not hear very much of Schubert's family through his life. Mention now and then of his elder brothers—Ignaz (ēg näts′), Ferdinand, or Carl, or of his father, is about all we know of the family.

* We have ample proof of the comparative poverty of the Schubert family at this time, by the shortness of pocket-money of which Franz complains. The following letter, addressed to his brother Ferdinand, illustrates this, and also affords a glimpse of the young musician's character:

"You know by experience that a fellow would like, at times, a roll and an apple or two, especially if, after a frugal dinner, he has to wait for a meager supper for eight hours and a half. The few groschen that I receive from my father are always gone to the devil the first day, and what am I to do afterward? 'Those who hope will not be confounded,' says the Bible, and I firmly believe it. Suppose, for instance, you send me a couple of kreutzer a month; I don't think you would notice the difference in your own purse, and I should live quite content and happy in my cloister. St. Matthew says also that 'Whosoever has two coats shall give one to the poor.' In the meantime, I trust you will lend your ear to the voice crying to you incessantly, to remember your poor brother Franz, who loves and confides in you."

Franz was born January 31, 1797. He was the youngest of the boys born of his father's first marriage. He learned music while young from his father, who understood something of the art which was then very generally taught in German schools. He was somewhat precocious, as have been many other famous composers, but his feats in this line by no means rival the wonders of Mozart or Mendelssohn (měn′dĕls sōn). Nevertheless, he learnt music easily, and indeed, Holzee (hōl′tsā), the parish school-master who used to give him lessons, said, on one occasion: "Whenever I wished to teach him any thing new, I found that he had already mastered it. Consequently, I can not be said to have given him any lessons at all; I merely amused myself and regarded him with dumb astonishment." We may take this with a grain or two of salt, but, undoubtedly, the child showed musical genius at an early age.

Having a good voice and this musical taste, his father obtained for him a position in the Imperial Chapel as a choir-boy. Haydn, it may be remembered, and also Bach (bäk), served this apprenticeship to music, as well as Schubert.

Schubert composed a little during his youthful years. Though we hear of nothing like the wonderful harpsichord piece of Mozart, composed at six years of age, yet, among Schubert's known works are many composed before his fifteenth year. Much of his work is still unpublished. The only one of his earlier works that has seen the light is the "Klagelied" (klä′gā lēt), written in his fifteenth year. But beyond this, there are in existence in MS., many other things—overtures, quartets, trios, and so forth. His earliest known piece, written when he was thirteen, bears the sufficiently romantic

name of "Corpse Fantasia." It is for the piano—four hands.

Schubert was at this time receiving an education at the Stadtcouricl (stät'kōō rīkt),* one of the privileges of the Imperial choir-boys. But Ruczizka (rōōk zēz'kȧ), who was to teach him harmony, said, "He has learned every thing, and God has been his teacher." Nevertheless, Schubert received the instruction of Salieri (sä lē ä'rē), an Italian, and doubtless got much good from it.

When he was seventeen, Schubert's voice deserted him, and he left the Imperial choir. He left the Stadtcouricl also, where it does not appear that he had made brilliant progress. For this, however, he did not greatly care. He had done something in music, and as this was the chief object of his life, he was probably not ill-satisfied.

He had now no prospects at all. For a time, he taught school in Vienna, and it is said that he did it well. This argues no especial knowledge on his part. The alphabet and elementary arithmetic seem to have been the only things he was called on to teach. It must have been most horrid drudgery.

One advantage of this occupation was that it left him time to compose,† and during the three years that he

* At the time Schubert was at the Stadtcouricl, his compositions were wont to be performed by an amateur quartet, which consisted of Schubert himself, who played the viola, his father, who had the 'cello, and his two brothers, Ferdinand and Ignaz, first and second violins respectively. Franz possessed much artistic sensitiveness, and his quick ear detected the most trifling blunder. In the instance of one of his brothers, he did not scruple to rebuke either by word or look; but if his father played a wrong note, or made a false entry, he would ignore the mistake once, and if it occurred again, he would say, with hesitation, "Father, I fear there is a mistake somewhere."

† Schubert was one of the most prolific composers ever known. In the whole history of music, we can find no parallel to this inexhaustible fertility, and even if the entire mass had no art value, the mere labor expended in transferring the ideas from the brain of the composer to the paper on which they were written,

taught school, Schubert wrote much. It will, perhaps, appear curious to those who know Schubert only by his published works, to learn that the branch of music to which he devoted himself most ardently at this time, as for some time after, was the opera. In 1814, he finished the music for "Des Teufel's Lustschloss" (toi′fĕls lo͝ost′-shlo͝s), by Kotzebue (kŏt′sĕh bo͝o). But the opera was not acted, nor has it been published. This year, also, he wrote his Mass in F, the finest of all he wrote, with the exception of his last. Various other works, several of dramatic form, two masses, two symphonies, and an immense number of songs, were the amazing work of the next year. But many of these have never been published; none of them were published at the time of their writing. Indeed, Schubert was singularly unlucky in getting his productions before the public. Not even at the very end of his life would musical publishers, outside of his own city, accept his MS. without a good deal of persuading, and it was only late in life that he could get the Viennese to publish his pieces. As for his operas, they were as likely as not never to arrive at production.

The next year, 1816, the last of Schubert's school-teaching, were published his famous songs, "Der Erl-könig" (ārl′kû nĭkh) and "Der Wanderer," with many others, most of which have been since that time published.

A year after he had stopped school-teaching, Schubert

would testify to his industry. It is certain that it was absolutely no trouble to Schubert to compose. The subject chosen, the ideas came naturally and superabundantly without any expenditure of thought or energy. Unlike Mozart, he did not carefully perfect his works in his mind before writing them down; unlike Beethoven, he did not note his ideas in sketch-books, and build up his music, so to speak, by a slow and careful process of selection, compression, and elaboration. Handel, Bach, and Haydn wrote with extreme rapidity, but not one of them exhibited fecundity similar to that of Schubert at the age of eighteen.

received an offer from Count Johann (yō′ hän) Esterhazy (ĕs tĕr hä′zē), to become music-teacher for his family.* It was a very favorable position, and Schubert accepted it at once with great pleasure. He was then twenty-one, and it is said that he, at this time, fell in love with one of his pupils, Caroline, the daughter of the Count. But, as the young lady was at this time only eleven, it is not improbable that this mistake of Schubert's should be referred to a somewhat later period in his life and hers.

The Esterhazy connection was a good one. Schubert began to become better known. He had made various friends of one sort and another, and there were many in Vienna who recognized his genius. Among these, however, Schubert could number no publishers, and his works continued to lie in MS. for some time still. He was not the man to push his own fortunes. Of rather unprepossessing appearance, and by no means a pleasant address with those with whom he was unacquainted, he was the worst hand at business that could be imagined, and his affairs had to remain in the hands of his friends.

He composed about this time two more operas, which, although performed in public, failed of any success. In truth, Schubert's genius is not essentially dramatic. The overture to one of these works, however, afterward used as the overture to "Rosamunde," is remarkably beautiful.

* Schubert himself, unlike many of the most famous composers, was not a great performer on the piano-forte. Bach and Handel were wonderful performers on the organ; Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Chopin (*shō păng′*) were great on the piano-forte; but Schubert was never celebrated as a *virtuoso*. He was in the habit of accompanying his own songs, and did so with the most perfect feeling and expression. But some of his own pieces were too much for him. So, the great Fantasia in C, which he once attempted to play at a private party. At the *finale*, he found it so difficult that he utterly broke down, and jumped up from the piano, exclaiming, "The devil may play the stuff, if he likes."

Whether the rest of the opera be like it, we can not say, for the work has never been published.

In the year 1821, a change for the better took place. The efforts of Schubert's friends seemed to have, in a measure, succeeded. At any rate, through their efforts, the "Erlkönig" was accepted by a Viennese publisher, and its sale was such that Schubert realized quite a sum from it. Many other of Schubert's songs found a publisher this year, and many more were sung at concerts, public and private. He began to be known by the world, outside the little circle of his friends and admirers, as a writer of songs of much genius. He played frequently in private, accompanying his own songs.* Indeed, Schubert, though overshadowed, as far as the weightier parts of his work were concerned, by the mighty genius of Beethoven, then the object of great adoration, soon became sufficiently popular through his songs, to be able to support himself by the results of his publications. He would have been able, that is to say, if he had not been of an absolutely and utterly unbusiness-like nature, so that he would sell his things, often for almost nothing at all. His friends did what they could for him; but even they could not accomplish every thing.

To go on with Schubert's work—during these years, he wrote another opera and another grand mass, and also

* When visiting at the houses of the great, Schubert was reserved and shy. No sooner had he finished his exquisite playing of the accompaniment to his songs, than he put on a serious face, and withdrew to an adjoining room. Indifferent to applause, he avoided all compliments, and sought only the approbation of his intimate friends. Though he never danced, he was sometimes present at private parties given at friends' houses, when he would obligingly seat himself at the piano, and for hours together, extemporize the most beautiful dance-music. When not invited out, he would spend the evening at the inn with his friends. He was fond of wine; and at these meetings at the inn, which were often prolonged into the small hours, he frequently indulged in more than was good for him, when he became noisy and rather unpleasant society.

his unfinished Symphony in B minor. This seems to us the loveliest thing Schubert ever wrote. The first and second movements are complete. The first few bars of the scherzo are completely written, but there is not the slightest sign of what is to come next. The Symphony in E, also unfinished, differs from that in B in this particular, for that has a part written out in such a way that it would be perfectly possible to complete it as Schubert himself intended it should stand when finished. The unfinished Symphony in B is held by some to represent Schubert's own life,—unfinished, mingled melody and wildness, a curious thing in many ways. But of this theory there is little or no proof.

Schubert went on with his dramatic efforts apparently utterly careless of their lack of success. In 1823, he wrote the music to "Rosamunde" and of "Fierabas," and the next year "Der Hausliche Krieg" (hows'lĭch ĕh krēkh). Of this last the story is told that, having sent it to the managers of the Opera House, he heard nothing at all of it for a year or more, when, on going to inquire for it, he received it back in precisely the state in which he had left it, with the string and wrapper untouched; for it had never even been opened. It is no wonder that Schubert felt himself the victim of some unhappy fate, as we see he did by bits here and there in his letters. He seems for a time to have been miserably morbid and unhappy. "Every night," he wrote, "when I go to sleep, I hope never to awake, and every morning renews afresh the wounds of yesterday. * * * Picture to yourself a man whose health can never be re-established, who from sheer despair makes matters worse instead of better; picture to yourself, I say, a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing," etc. But this morbid feeling did not

last. Schubert's natural disposition was far too easy-going for him to trouble himself greatly over the misfortunes even of himself.

It seems to have been about this time that Schubert's love affair with Caroline Esterhazy came to an unfortunate termination. Just when his passion for her began can not be said. At their first acquaintance, in 1818, when he was first engaged by Prince Esterhazy to give lessons to his family, Caroline was but eleven years old, while Schubert was twenty-one. In 1824, Caroline was seventeen, and Schubert was twenty-seven. She could not return his love, and the affair seems to have come to an end at this time.

How much Schubert felt the unfortunate issue of this, his only love affair, we can not say. Although of a romantic disposition, he was not often in love, and usually jested in an unseemly manner at any of his friends who chanced to be, for the time being, hard hit. And it is certain enough that the year when his love affair had become a thing of the past, saw a great revival in the general spirits of Schubert. He made, with a friend, an excursion into Upper Austria, which assisted his return to a more happy and genial disposition. He was keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and his letters from the Austrian Tyrol are full of the spirit of the woods and the mountains.

In 1826, Schubert made two attempts to better himself in a worldly point of view by obtaining some post that would guarantee him a fixed income for the future. He applied for the position of vice-capellmeister in the Imperial Court, and also for that of conductor of the orchestra at the Karnthnerthor (kärn'thnĕr tōr) Theater, but it was Schubert's own luck to obtain neither of these

places. Weigl (vī′gl) was appointed vice-capellmeister, and it is said that Schubert lost the other place by his own obstinacy in refusing to alter a piece he had just composed, which it was manifestly impossible to render as he wrote it.* In spite of these two disappointments, however, Schubert's prospects were by no means so discouraging as they had been some years before. His reputation as a song-writer had spread to many cities beside Vienna, and though his more serious work was not appreciated, yet the revenue arising from the sale of his published songs was sufficient for his wants, which was more than it had ever been before.

The year 1828 was the last year of Schubert's life. But in it, he accomplished some of his most wonderful

* The story of Schubert's losing this place is told by Schindler (*shĕnd′ lĕr*), but has no other authority. It seems characteristic enough, and we give it in a note for what it is worth.

Schubert had attracted the attention of Duport (*dū pōr′*), the manager; but the decision rested upon his success in composing some operatic scenes arranged for the occasion. This was done, and Nanette Schechner (*nä nĕt′ shĕkh′ nĕr*) was to sing the soprano part. During the rehearsals, the lady called the attention of the composer to some insurmountable difficulties in the principal air, and requested him to make curtailments and to simplify the accompaniments, which Schubert flatly refused to do. At the first orchestral rehearsal, the artist endeavored in vain to master the air, and Schubert's friends begged him to make the required modifications, but without result. He persisted in his determination. At the last rehearsal, every thing went smoothly until the air, when it happened, as everybody anticipated. The singer struggled hard with the weighty accompaniments, especially with the brass, but was fairly overpowered. She sat down on a chair by the proscenium quite exhausted. No one spoke, and despair was on every countenance. Meanwhile, Duport, the manager, went from group to group and whispered mysteriously. As for Schubert, he sat motionless, during this most unpleasant scene, like a statue, his eyes fixed on the score lying open in front of him. At length, Duport advanced to the orchestra, and said, very politely, "Herr Schubert, we should like to postpone the performance for a few days; and I must request that you will make the requisite alterations in the aria, so as to render it easier for Fraulein Schechner." Several members of the orchestra now entreated Schubert to yield; but his anger was only intensified by Duport's observations and these added entrea ies, and exclaiming, "I alter nothing," he closed the book with a bang, put it under his arm, and strode away quickly. All hope of his appointment was, of course, abandoned.

work. In March of that year, he completed his Symphony in C, the grandest of his works of this sort. He wrote also, as always, some songs; but especially, he did his best work in church-music, in the composition of his Mass in E flat. He passed the year in Vienna, longing much to be able to get away into the lovely country of the Austrian Tyrol, which he loved so much. But he was forced to give up this idea, solely on account of his want of money. He began to make up his mind to give a concert. But this went no further.

Throughout the fall, he had felt unwell, at times being afflicted with giddiness and headache, but he had thought but little of it. Even when he became seriously unwell in the beginning of November, he seems to have been unable to thoroughly understand his weak state. But on the 16th of November, he became rapidly worse; the doctors suspected typhus fever; and on the 19th, in the afternoon, he died.*

* Schubert and Beethoven lived in Vienna together for thirty years, but there is no good evidence that they ever met each other. Beethoven knew little of Schubert until shortly before his death, when he studied some of his songs with careful attention. But Schubert had for Beethoven the greatest awe and veneration. On this turns a story which is not substantiated: Schubert, it is said, wrote some variations which he desired to present to Beethoven in person. He had previously dedicated them to him. Being timid, and in this case awe-stricken at the idea of approaching the great master, he only went to Beethoven's house with much trepidation, and then with a friend whom he implored to act as spokesman. Beethoven received them in the kindest manner, but Schubert was overcome with shyness. His condition became more miserable when Beethoven, on unrolling the music and reading, discovered one or two slight errors in the harmony. These he mildly poin ed out to Schubert, adding that they were of but little importance. But Schubert was utterly disconcerted. He left the house and never entered it again, nor did he ever see Beethoven again until he saw him on his death-bed. During Beethoven's last illness, Schubert was frequently at the house to inquire for news; and at the funeral, he was one of the torch-bearers. After the funeral, as is often told, he, with a couple of friends, went to a tavern, where they drank to the memory of Beethoven, according to the German fashion. The second glass was to the memory of him who should first follow him to the grave. Schubert himself was the man, for he died the next year.

MENDELSSOHN.

1809-1847.

THAT worthy man, Abraham Mendelssohn (mĕn′dĕls-sōn), was in the habit of remarking the fact that he only ceased being the son of his father on becoming the father of his son; by which he expressed the idea that he no sooner emerged from the overshadowing fame of Moses Mendelssohn, than he found himself again overshadowed by the wonderfully rapid growth of the reputation of his son, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (bär-tōl′ dē).

The Mendelssohns were a talented Jewish family. Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher and scholar, born 1729, was the father of Abraham Mendelssohn (the overshadowed one), and he in turn became, on February 3, 1809, the father of Jakob Ludwig Felix (yä′kŏp lōōt′-vĭkh fā′lĭks), one of the most popular, in England at least, of the whole list of great composers. Felix was born at Hamburg; but the town shortly falling into the hands of the French, the Mendelssohn family moved, in 1811, to Berlin, where they settled themselves permanently.

A year or two after this, Abraham and his wife left the Jewish faith for the Christian, as various others of the family had done before. So the children were baptized into the Lutheran Church, and the name Bartholdy was assumed in addition to that of Mendelssohn.

Very early in his life,—in fact, at three years of age,—Felix began to receive lessons on the piano from his

mother. As in the case of Mozart, the reason for this very early beginning lay in the fact that his sister, a little older than himself, was beginning to learn music, and it was thought as well that both should learn together. Although Mendelssohn's youthful performances were by no means so wonderful as those of Mozart, they were sufficiently remarkable; for he played in a concert at the age of nine, and also began to compose at that early age. But his father and mother carefully overlooked his education, and he received lessons from excellent teachers in piano-forte playing and on the violin, in thorough-base, and in composition. In fact, it is said that the children were expected to arise at five every morning to prosecute their tasks. Such are some of the trials of genius.

In the course of the next few years, Felix wrote much, played somewhat in public, and studied hard. The Mendelssohn family took a decidedly musical turn, and a miniature orchestra was frequently gathered at the house, Felix conducting (standing on a stool, for he was, at the time, short), his sister Fanny playing the piano, and his brother Paul playing the 'cello, while such amateurs as were on hand, helped to make up enough to perform the young artist's compositions. The house was known to all musicians who passed through the town: its atmosphere was truly artistic.

In the spring of 1825, began the artistic journeying which forms the chief feature of Mendelssohn's youth. His father took him to Paris, and here he met with all the most famous of the musicians who made that city a musical center. On his return to Berlin, Abraham Mendelssohn took possession of the Gartenhaus (gär′ tĕn hows) which became the center of the family life of the Men-

delssohns. The attachment existing between all the members of this family is worthy of note.* Father and mother and children were bound together in the fondest affection. In the Gartenhaus existed the same cultivated and musical atmosphere that we have just remarked. Here Mendelssohn composed his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for four hands on the piano, which was played by himself and Fanny. The overture was given before an audience of amateurs by an orchestra, in the great central hall of the Gartenhaus, toward the end of the year 1826, and later was given in public. In this year, too, was given Mendelssohn's opera, "The Wedding of Camacho" (kä mä′shō), which had but small success. It was about this time that Mendelssohn began to devote himself to trying to give in public the works of Bach (bäk), who was at that time quietly ignored, even by the music-loving part of Germany.

When he reached the age of twenty, Mendelssohn began his *wanderjahre* (vän dĕr yä′rā), as the phrase is—years wherein he traveled over the greater part of Europe, playing, composing, and listening, fitting himself in every way possible, for the work of his life.

He first visited England,—a country which he saw often afterward, which appreciated him to the highest extent, and in which many of his finest pieces were given for the first time. He conducted his own com-

* Every one knows how happy Mendelssohn was at home. His beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Raphael (*răf′ā ĕl*) Madonna. Little Carl, the eldest child, amused us intensely with his first attempts at speaking. Cécile's (*sē sēlz′*) family—charming people—were in and out all day, and the whole atmosphere was a sort of rivalry of amiability and affection,—it was a period of happiness which falls to the share of but few mortals. We laughed much when Cécile told us how, as she came out of a concert at the Gartenhaus, she had heard two women talking about her and pitying her because "her husband was so cruel, inhuman, and barbarous to her." —*Ferdinand Hiller.*

positions at several concerts, played much in private, saw much of the best people, and delighted everybody. In the summer, he went with a friend through Scotland, where he obtained the impressions which we see in the "Scottish Symphony" and in the "Hebrides Overture" [Fingal's (fĭng′ găl) Cave]. Then he passed through London, where he was detained by an accident, so that he could not be present at his sister's marriage, and after passing the winter of 1829–30 in Berlin, set forth again on his travels.

Rome was his object. He passed through Weimar (vī′-mär) [hence the music of the "Walpurgis (väl pŏŏr′ gĭs) Night"], then Munich and Vienna, and in the fall settled in Rome. Here he set to work in earnest, studying hard and composing somewhat. At the Chevalier Bunsen's (bŏŏn′ sĕnz), at Horace Vernet's (vĕr nāz′), and at many other then celebrated salons (să lŏng′), he met with the very agreeable and cultivated society that then existed in Rome. It was here that he met Liszt (lĭst), and also Berlioz (bĕr lē ō′).

In the spring, he made a tour of many of the Italian and German cities, and reached Paris in December.* But Paris did not please him. He met various friends—Hiller (hĭl′ ĕr), Chopin (shō păng′), and Liszt—but, on the whole, he thought there was too much clap-trap, too much display, and too little real art. So he was glad to cross to London again, where he aroused great excitement among music-loving people by his organ playing.

* "Toward the spring, Liszt arrived in Leipsic," writes Hiller later, "fresh from his triumphs at Vienna and Prague (*prāg*), and revolutionized our quiet town. It will be remembered that in Paris he had excited Mendelssohn's highest admiration. At his first concert, as he glided along the platform of the orchestra to the piano, dressed in the most elegant style, and as lithe and slender as a tiger-cat, Mendelssohn said to me: 'There's a novel apparition, the virtuoso of the nineteenth century.'"

Here, too, he published his first book of "Songs Without Words." He reached Berlin, however, in the summer.

The next year (1833), Mendelssohn, after conducting at the Lower Rhine Festival, given at Dusseldorf (dŭs'-sĕl dôrf), was offered the position of director of the various musical societies and establishments of the town for three years, and this position he accepted, and entered upon its duties in the fall.

At Dusseldorf, Mendelssohn can hardly be said to have had a satisfactory time.* For he disagreed with various people in the musical circles of the town. But he composed somewhat, beginning the oratorio of "St. Paul," and writing many songs (some with words, some without), as well as much else. But before his time had elapsed, he was asked to accept the position of leader of the Gewandhaus (gā vänd' hows) concerts at Leipsic (līp'-zĭkh). It was, perhaps, the chief musical position in Germany at the time. It was practically the same po-

* "*March 14, 1835.*

"There is simply nothing to be done here in the way of music," he writes, "and I long for a better orchestra, and shall probably accept another offer that I have had. * * * You know that from the very beginning, all I wanted here was a really quiet time for writing some larger works, which will be finished by October. Besides, it is very pleasant, for the painters are capital fellows, and lead a jolly life; and there is plenty of taste and feeling for music; only the means are so limited that it is unprofitable in the long run, and all one's trouble goes for nothing. I assure you that at the beat, they all come in separately, not one with any decision, and in the *pianos*, the flute is always too high and not a single Dusseldorfer can play a triplet clearly, but all play a quaver and two semiquavers instead, and every *allegro* leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E natural in C minor, and they carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine, they don't cover them at all—and if you once heard me conduct this overture, not even four horses could bring you there a second time. * * * There is a choral society of one hundred and twenty members, which I have to coach once a week, and they sing Handel (*hăn' dĕl*) very well and correctly, and in the winter, there are six subscription concerts, and in the summer, every month, a couple of masses, and all the *dilettanti* (*dĭl ĕt tăn' tē*) fight to the death, and nobody will sing the solos, or rather everybody wants to, and they hate putting themselves forward, though they are always doing it; but you know what music is in a small German town. Heaven help us."

sition that Bach had held a hundred years before. Mendelssohn, finding that the Dusseldorfers could spare him, went to Leipsic, and established himself there for the rest of his life.

His life here was a perpetual delight to him.* He sprang at once into a sure place in the hearts of his audience, and between himself and them existed the most sympathetic feelings. He had here a position which was greatly to his taste,—it was not too confining,—for he had at hand as concert-master his friend, Ferdinand David (dä vēd′), on whom he could rely whenever he chose. Some time afterward, to anticipate, Moscheles (mōsh′ĕh lĕs), a warm friend, came from England and settled in Leipsic, and with two such able supporters, Mendelssohn must have felt that he could make the Gewandhaus concerts the wonder of the world.

During his first year at Leipsic, occurred one of the very great griefs of his life-time, the death of his father. To console himself, he fell to work on the oratorio of "St. Paul," in which his father had taken a great interest, and finished it by the spring of 1836. It had been originally composed for the Frankfort Cécilia Society; but the illness of the director broke up this plan. "St. Paul" was given at Dusseldorf, and afterward, Mendels-

* Mendelssohn's house was pleasantly situated, with a nice, open lookout from the front upon the Leipsic boulevard, and the St. Thomas school and church, once the sphere of the great Bach's labors. * * * "Our way of life was regular and simple. At about eight, we breakfasted on coffee, and bread and butter. Butter, Felix never ate, but broke his bread into his coffee, 'as he had been accustomed to do.' We dined at one, and though he despised butter, he always liked a glass of good wine, and we often had to try some special sort, which he would produce with great delight, and swallow with immense satisfaction. We generally made quick work with our dinner; but in the evenings, after supper, we used often to sit round the table for hours, chatting (not smoking), unless we moved to the *pianino* (*pĭ ä nē′ nō*), which had been presented to Madame Mendelssohn by the directors of the Gewandhaus."

sohn, for a time, took the place of Schelble (shĕl′blā), the director of the Frankfort Cécilia. In the course of his residence at Frankfort, he became acquainted with Mlle. Cécile Jeanrenaud (zhŏn rā nō′), with whom he fell deeply in love. September 9, he writes to his mother, "I can settle nothing till I have written to tell you that I have just been accepted by Cécile Jeanrenaud. My head is quite giddy from the events of the day, but I must write to you." He was married at Frankfort, on the 17th of March, 1837.

But he was not able to remain long with his wife. He grieves greatly in his letters of this period that he has promised to go to Birmingham to conduct his "St. Paul." "Possibly," he remarks, "the death of the King of England will intervene, and put a stop to the whole project." William IV., however, lived along tranquilly for another year, and Mendelssohn went again to England, was again made an idol of, conducted his "St. Paul" at Birmingham, and disappeared with all haste to meet his Cécile at Frankfort, whence he reached Leipsic on the day of his first Gewandhaus concert for that season.

The next year, there was to be celebrated at Leipsic the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, and for this Mendelssohn composed his splendid "Hymn of Praise," the fame of which spread rapidly, and soon brought him to England that he might conduct it at Birmingham.

At about this time was started the idea of creating a Conservatory of Music in Leipsic, and in this Mendelssohn interested himself. To go a little ahead of the event, the Conservatory was founded, the bequest of a certain worthy man being appropriated to it, and Men-

delssohn had charge of the upper classes in the study of the piano-forte and composition. Beside Mendelssohn, among the professors, were Schumann (shōō′ män), and Moscheles,* Hauptmann (howpt′män), the successor of Bach (bäk) at the Tomasschule (tō mä shōō′lā), and David, the violinist, concert-master of the Gewandhaus.

Mendelssohn must have been an excellent teacher. Thorough, clear, precise,—as willing to praise the good as to blame the faulty,—he thoroughly commanded the respect and love of his pupils. Even though he did sometimes go so far as to scorch a pupil by remarking sternly, "So play the cats," it is noteworthy that one whose ear was as sensitive as his, did not more often become frightfully irritated at the mistakes of his pupils. Another thing that interested him much was the business set on foot in relation to a statue of Johann Sebastian Bach. That great father of modern music was greatly neglected in Germany, and it was one of the most earnest aims of Mendelssohn's life to bring to light the hidden genius of the mighty composer. We remember his efforts in Berlin; and now, at Leipsic, the old home of Bach, it was most natural that he should be profoundly interested in plans to do him honor.

During the next years, Mendelssohn lived chiefly at Berlin. But he was constantly called elsewhere. In the fall of 1840, he went again to England—where he was always fully appreciated and very highly esteemed—to conduct the "Hymn of Praise" at Birmingham; and two years afterward, he was there again to conduct his "Scottish Symphony" at a Philharmonic concert. This symphony was new, and had, indeed, only just been fin-

*Moscheles became professor in 1846, some three years after the Conservatory had been opened.

ished, though he had been seized with the ideas of it twelve years before, when he traveled through the Highlands with his friend Klingemann (klĭng′ĕ măn), on his first visit to England. On this later visit it was that he made the visit to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort which he describes in his letter to his mother.

During these years there was much negotiation concerning the establishment of a Conservatory at Berlin, to which the King of Prussia desired to attach Mendelssohn. It was on account of this that Mendelssohn had changed his place of abode from Leipsic to Berlin. It is hardly important to go into all this, save as being the cause of the composition of some of his finest things. For the King of Prussia, Mendelssohn composed the music to the "Antigone" (ăn tĭg′ ō nē), which was given with grand effect at Potsdam. Two years after was given at the same place "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the magnificent incidental music. Mendelssohn had composed the overture when only sixteen, and now, eighteen years after, he developed the ideas of his youth into some of the most beautiful music that he ever wrote. The music for "Œdipus (ĕd′ĭ pus) at Colonus" (kō lō′ nŭs) and "Athalie" (ă′ tă lē), was also composed as a part of his duty as Professor at the Berlin Conservatory, or, rather, Capellmeister (kä pĕl′mīs tĕr) to the King of Prussia.

Besides these works, the oratorio of "Elijah" was constantly in the composer's mind. It does not appear that any part of this was, however, yet written, though Mendelssohn had conceived its idea three years or more before.

In 1845, Mlle. Jenny Lind first appeared at Leipsic, at the eighth Gewandhaus concert of that year. She sang several of Mendelssohn's songs, while the composer

accompanied her. In several other concerts did the two appear together. This was the last time that Mendelssohn played in public at his favorite Leipsic.

In the spring of the next year, "Elijah" was finished and sent to Birmingham for rehearsal. In the summer, Mendelssohn himself crossed over to England to take charge of the performances. It was first rehearsed at the house of Moscheles in London. On the 24th and 25th of August were two full rehearsals at Birmingham, and the next day it was first given in public in the Birmingham Town Hall with indescribable enthusiasm. Mendelssohn returned almost at once to Leipsic, whither very shortly came his friend Moscheles, who was about to enter upon his duties as professor at the Conservatory. He was busied through the winter chiefly with a revisal of "Elijah," and in the spring, he went to England for the last time, to conduct at the performance in its revised shape at Exeter Hall, London. He conducted it at Manchester, too, and afterward at Birmingham. He played also to the Queen and the Prince Consort, and started for home on the 8th of May.

When he reached Frankfort, he was tired and unwell. His labors during the last two or three years had been very great, and had told seriously on his strength. He needed a long and perfect rest. But he had hardly been at Frankfort for more than a day or two, when his dearly-loved sister Fanny, at Berlin, was, in the very midst of a music rehearsal, seized with paralysis, and the day after died. The blow to Mendelssohn was crushing; he was an utterly changed man from that moment. In his weak state of health, he was absolutely prostrated, so that for weeks he could not be moved. As the warm weather came on, he was well enough to be taken to

Switzerland. He passed the summer quietly at Interlaken (ĭn′tĕr läkh ĕn), writing a little upon "Christus," (krĭs′tŭs), the new oratorio he had in hand, and returned to Leipsic in the fall. But here he could take no active interest in musical affairs. He had only been at home three weeks, when he was seized by a brain attack, which confined him to his bed. He recovered in a measure from this, but was again prostrated by another seizure. He sank rapidly, and died on Thursday, the 4th of November, 1847. He was only thirty-eight years of age.

On the Sunday afternoon following, he was buried. The coffin was carried to the Church of St. Paul, preceded by the notes of one of his own "Songs Without Words." Behind the band came the senior student of the Conservatory, wherein he had done his best for the art he loved so much, bearing on a cushion a silver crown, the offering of his scholars. Around the coffin walked his friends Moscheles, Schumann, David, Gade (gä′dĕh), Hauptmann, and Rietz (rēts), and before it marched the members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, which he had conducted so often, the students and professors of the Conservatory, and all the choral societies of the city. Behind followed his brother Paul and the others of the family, and all of Leipsic as mourners. At the church, the choir sang from his own oratorio of "St. Paul," and from the "St. Matthæus (mät-ta′o͝os) Passion" of his master, Johann Sebastian Bach. In the evening, the coffin was taken on the railway train to Berlin. And all through the night, as the mourning procession passed on to Berlin, the choirs of the towns through which it moved, would gather at the railway stations, to sing out in the torch-lighted darkness their

loving hymns to the departed master. At daybreak, the Cathedral choir received it in Berlin with a choral, and to the music of Beethoven's (bā′tō vĕnz) "Funeral March," the coffin was borne to the Church of the Holy Family, where the body of Mendelssohn now rests, by the remains of his father and his mother and his much-loved sister.*

* Gifts were in him united to the most careful culture, tenderness of heart to sharpness of understanding, playful facility in every thing that he attempted to powerful energy for the highest tasks. A noble feeling of gratitude penetrated his pure heart at every good thing which fell to his lot. This pious disposition,—pious in the best sense of the word,—was the secret of his constant readiness to give pleasure and to show active sympathy.

Were it conceivable that all his works should perish, the remembrance of his poetic nature would alone suffice to afford the German public the great satisfaction of thinking that such a being was born in their midst, and bloomed and ripened there.

In society, apart from musical subjects, nothing could be more entertaining or animated than Mendelssohn's conversation on literary topics. The works of Shakespeare and other eminent British poets were quite as familiar to him as those of his own country; and although his accent was slightly tinctured by his German origin, he spoke as well as wrote the English language with great facility and purity. He drew from nature, and painted also very well, and, indeed, might be said to possess every social accomplishment.

CHOPIN.

1809-1848.

THE word Poland always brings to our mind a throng of mingled ideas. It creates a feeling of enthusiasm, of melancholy, of beauty. We think of brave men, of unfortunate patriots, of lovely women. Poland was the country of John Sobieski (sō bē ĕs′ kē), who held back the Turks for so long; of Mazeppa (mä-zĕp′ä), the Cossack hetman, who rode with Charles XII., against Peter the Great, at the Battle of Pultowa (po͝ol-tō′vä); of Kosciusco (kŏs sĭ ŭs′ kō), Pulaski (pū lăs′ kē), and Poniatowski (pō nē ä tŏv′ skē). Its men are brave, courteous, and unfortunate. Its women are refined and beautiful, with a tinge of melancholy. The Polonaise (pō lō-nāz′), with its stately measure, the quicker bars of the Mazurka (má zo͝or′ ká) or the Cracovienne (krä kō vē ĕn′), bring to mind, most distinctly, the national characteristics. These were Chopin's (shō păngz′) favorite forms. We must always remember that he was a Pole even while a Parisian,—a Pole, self-exiled from a country with a splendid history, which no longer existed.

Nicholas Chopin was a young Frenchman, who had settled in Poland in the closing years of the last century. Poland was at that time in a grievous state; but, for various reasons, Chopin preferred to make Warsaw his home. In 1806, he married a Polish lady, Justine Krzyzanowska (zhūs tēn′ krĭ hä nŏv′ ská). In 1810, he was Professor of French at the Lyceum (lī sē′ ŭm). A year or

two later, he undertook the same duties at the military school, and later still, at the Roman Catholic Academy.

He had four children, three daughters and one son. This last, Frederic François (frŏng swä′) Chopin, a Pole of French descent, was born near Warsaw, on March 1, 1809. In his early years, this son displayed very great fondness for music, so that his parents got for him the best instruction on the piano that could be found. Albert Ziwna (zĭv′nȧ) was his first teacher, and must have been surprised by his precocious pupil; for the boy could compose before he knew how to write music. And he made remarkable progress upon the piano, so that all Warsaw was amazed. At nine years of age, he played at a public concert, and made for himself a great reputation in the town which he afterward loved more dearly, perhaps, than any other in the world. He became the pet of the Polish nobility, and played to his heart's content, and composed as well.

Fortunately, his father, seeing his great gift for composition, took care that he was instructed in the scientific part of his art. He learned counterpoint from Elsner (ĕls′nĕr), with whom he ever after kept up a tender friendship. His secular education, so to speak, was also attended to; for his father had no idea of his becoming a professional musician. He went to the Lyceum in Warsaw, and did his work there well. He passed his boyhood happily,—playing, composing, studying, making clever caricatures, of which he was very fond, and playing practical jokes, for he was a cheerful soul, and as fond of fun as his neighbors. But music was his chief delight; he would play on the organ in the church, or improvise on the piano which he had up in his bedroom, where he often passed much of the night, compos-

ing mazurkas, polonaises, and marches. He had a great love for the Polish melodies, which were common among the people of his country.

As he grew older, he turned his attention more and more to music;* and even when a boy, was recognized as the best pianist in the capital. It was not till 1827, when he was eighteen years of age, that he left Warsaw to see a bit more of the world. Berlin was the first great city that he visited; but he did not appear there in public, having a very modest opinion of his own powers. But he learned much there, and desiring to see Vienna, then, as now, a musical capital, he traveled

* In 1831, just after the appearance of his second composition, R. Schumann wrote a long article in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (*ăl gā mā' nā mōō sē kăl' ĭsh ā tsī' tōōng*), under the simple heading, "An opus 2." We quote a part of it: "Eusebius (*yōō sē' bĭ ŭs*) had just stepped softly into the room. You are familiar with the ironical smile on the pale face, by which he tries to excite attention. I was sitting at the piano with Florestan (*flō' rĕs tăn*), who is, as you are aware, one of those peculiar musicians who prejudge every thing new and extraordinary. But to-day a surprise awaited him. With the words, 'Hats off, gentlemen: a genius'! Eusebius laid before us a piece of music, of which we were not allowed to see the title. I carelessly turned over the leaves. There is something fascinating in the enjoyment of music without sound. I think, too, that every composer has his own manner of writing notes; Beethoven's (*bā' tō vĕnz*) looks different from Mozart's, just as Jean Paul's (*zhŏn powlz*) words do not look like Goethe's (*gû' tĕhz*). But now it seemed to me as if quite strange eyes, flowers' eyes, basilisks' eyes, peacocks' eyes, were gazing at me. Light dawned in places; I thought I saw Mozart's 'La ci darem la mano' (*lī chē dā' rĕm lī mä' nō*) entwined in a hundred chords. Leperello (*lĕp ĕr ĕl' lō*) seemed to be looking steadily at me, and Don Juan (*dŏn jū' ăn*) glided past me in his white mantle. 'Now, play it,' said Florestan. Eusebius consented, and we sat squeezed in a window-niche to listen. He played like one inspired, and brought forth an innumerable host of life-life forms; as if the enthusiasm of the moment had raised his fingers beyond their usual possibilities. With the exception, however, of a happy smile, Florestan only expressed his approbation by saying that these Variations might have been Beethoven's or Franz Schubert's (*fränts shōō' bĕrtz*), if these composers had been piano *virtuosi* (*vēr-too ō' sē*). But when he turned to the title-page and read, 'La ci darem la mano, varie pour le piano-forte par Frederic Chopin, Oeuvre 2,' we both cried in astonishment, 'A second work'! We were dumfounded, and could only exclaim, 'Yes; but this is something clever. Chopin—I never heard the name, who can he be? An unmistakable genius. In the variations, in the concluding movement, and in the rondo, genius shines in every bar.'"

thither in 1829, intent on hearing, enjoying, and learning. In Vienna, the amateurs who heard him, begged him to play at a public concert. So, he appeared at two concerts, and at each was violently applauded. When he began to improvise on popular Polish themes, the people in the pit rose up upon the seats and began to dance. "The only people not satisfied," he writes home, "are the out-and-out Germans." From Vienna, he came home by way of Prague (prāg) and Dresden. It is delightful to read the letters he writes on these journeys. Young, gay, and full of life and genius, the whole world seemed to him a sort of garden, where he had simply to wander about listening to good music, and in his turn, ravishing the others by his own performances of his own conceptions.

He returned home with larger ideas and with broader judgment. He still had the gay delight in the world and in music; but he looked at all things a little more seriously, and his resolve to devote himself entirely to art was only fixed more deeply in his mind. He had seen Vienna. He now desired to see Italy, and also Paris, and it was the opinion of Elsner that it would be best for him to continue his musical education in this manner. He gave two farewell concerts at Warsaw, to realize means for his journey; and on the 2d of November, 1830, he said good-bye to his family and his native city, and journeyed, by way of Breslau (brĕs′low), Dresden, and Prague, to Vienna. He never went to Italy. Those who remember Mozart's (mō zärts′) triumphant tour through the music-loving peninsula, who recall how the splendid voices and orchestras, the fine opera-houses and conductors, all tempted him to write at once an opera, may find some pleasure in wondering what would have been

the effect of an Italian tour upon Chopin. As a matter of fact, he never did compose an opera, even at Paris, where there were splendid opportunities for so doing. His genius lay, on the whole, in an entirely different direction.

In this tour through Germany to Vienna, he listened much and played but little. At Breslau, he took the place of one of the members of the orchestra at the piano, but only at the request of an old friend. And at Dresden and Prague, where he spent some little time, he only played among friends. Indeed, at no time during his life, was he fond of playing in public.

He stayed for some time in Vienna, but his plans were all broken in upon by the Polish revolution of 1830. Warsaw was seized by Russian troops. Poles were not looked upon with favor by those in authority at Vienna, and Chopin, among the rest, suffered. He decided that Paris would be the place for him to seek his fortune; for he could not bear the idea of being any longer a burden to his father. He gave a concert in Vienna, and that was by no means a great success.

He left Vienna in the summer of 1831, and went on his way to Paris. At Munich, where he stayed some weeks, he played at one of the Philharmonic concerts, to the great delight of the people, as well as of the connoisseurs and amateurs. Then, starting again for Paris, he reached that capital in the middle of the fall of 1831. Paris at that time was an interesting city for a young man devoted to the arts.* The opera was then

* Romanticism was the order of the day; they fought with obstinacy for and against it. What truce could there be between those who would not admit the possibility of writing in any other than the already established manner, and those who thought that the artist should be allowed to choose such forms as he deemed best for the expression of his ideas; that the rule of form should be found

in its glory. Auber (ō bār′) and Meyerbeer (mī′ĕr bār) were putting on the stage their masterpieces. Rossini (rō-zē′nē) was master of the glories of the Italian opera. It was the day of "Fra Diavolo" (frä dē ä′vō lō), of "Robert le Diable" (rō bār′ lĕh dē ä′bl), of "William Tell." Malibran (mä lē brŏng′), Pasta (päs′ tä), and Lablache (lä-bläsh′) were on the stage. It was in 1831 that Paganini (pä gä nē′nē) first appeared in Paris. At this time, too, the names of Berlioz (bĕr′lē ō) and of Liszt (lĭst), as of many others, were beginning to be widely known.*

Literature, as well as art, was vigorous. The year 1830 is the year of the first production of "Ernani" (ĕr-nä′nē), the gage of defiance flung down by Victor Hugo to the classical in literature. And with Hugo were a group of other brilliant men, notably Theophile Gautier (tā o fēl′ gō tē ā′), Honore de Balzac (ō nō rā′ dĕh bäl zäk′), Alexandre Dumas (ä lĕks ändr′ dū mä′), Alfred de Musset (mo͝os′sā) were beginning to make their reputation. And to these should be joined another — George Sand, a woman thought second to few in the roll of contemporary French literature. In Paris, too, at this time, was that ornament of German letters—then an exile from his country, in a strange country—Henri Heine (ŏng rē′ hī′nĕh).

It was a time of revolution—in letters, in art, in

in the agreement of the chosen form with the sentiments to be expressed, every different shade of feeling requiring, of course, a different mode of expression?

Those who saw the flames of genius devour the old worm-eaten, crumbling skeletons, attached themselves to the musical school of which the most brilliant, the most daring representative was Berlioz. Chopin joined this school. He persisted most strenuously in freeing himself from the servile formulas of conventional style, while he earnestly repudiated the charlatanism which sought to replace the old abuses only by the introduction of new ones.—*Liszt.*

* Mendelssohn (*mĕn′ dĕls sōn*) disapproved thoroughly of the tone of the musical circles in Paris. Despite his views, however, and allowing very great truth to certain of them, it is a fact that there was much musical genius in the city.

music. Every-where was there to be felt the same breaking of old models, the same creating of new forms that distinguished the earlier years of the century in the history of English letters.

Into all this, Chopin flung himself with ardor.* He was fired to create a new era in art. He applied to Kalkbrenner (kälk'brĕn nĕr), the most famous pianist of the city, to find whether he had any thing to teach him. Kalkbrenner found fault, declared his style unorthodox, and consented to give him lessons on condition that Chopin should remain under his hands three years. But Chopin demurred. "Three years of study is a great deal too much," he writes to his old teacher in Warsaw, "as Kalkbrenner himself perceived when he had heard me two or three times. I could make up my mind to study three years, if I felt certain that would secure the end I have in view. * * * In my opinion, the composer who can perform his works himself is best off. * * * Now that I have an opportunity of fulfilling my self-made promise, should I not embrace it?" He was already making arrangements for a concert. There were difficulties in the way, and the first concert did not take

* In the cause of Romanticism [Chopin] broke many a lance, and gave abundant proof, particularly during the first years of his residence in Paris, of his thorough devotion to the principles of that school. Its most important representatives at that time were Berlioz and Liszt, the ablest, boldest, and most persevering opponents of the classical school. In 1832, Chopin, who had grown up amid the clamor of this contest, adopted the views of Berlioz and Liszt, and joined the party who openly discarded the old-fashioned style, from which they held as much aloof as from charlatanism. All through the controversy over the romantic school, some of the productions of which were real masterpieces, Chopin remained stanch to his opinions. He would not make the slightest concession to those who did not follow art for its own sake, but only used it as a means of obtaining money, fame, or honor. Much as he enjoyed the society of fellow-artists, he renounced it unhesitatingly if convinced that they were going too far in their resistance to all innovation, and were endeavoring to restrict his own creative efforts. To him art was sacred, and he would never praise a composition or an interpretation which he did not think really worthy of being commended.

place until the end of the winter. Even then, it was not a success as regarded the general public. Hardly any one came except Polish refugees, of whom there were many in Paris. Chopin became very gloomy at this apparent failure. He thought of emigrating to America, and might have gone, but that his parents were resolutely opposed.

But, in truth, Chopin's failure was more apparent than real. He was by no means fitted for popular triumphs. He never played his best at a popular concert. Fortunately, an accidental meeting with a compatriot of high social position, introduced him to a world which was only too delighted to be allowed to admire his genius. He played at a *soirée* (swä rā′), and completely conquered his audience. "From that evening, his future changed as if by magic." He began to receive requests to take pupils. His works became more widely and better known. His finances strengthened. He no longer had any idea of emigration.

His second concert* was given in 1834, and though far more brilliant than his first, could hardly be called a success. Chopin felt lost in a large theater like the Italiens (ē tăl yĕn′). It was in the parlor among amateurs that he was at home.

* Liszt once said to Chopin, "Do you study much just before a concert?" He answered, "It is a dreadful time for me; I do not like public life, but it is a part of my profession. I shut myself up for a fortnight and play Bach (*bāk*). That is my preparation. I do not practice my own compositions." He said, in confidence, to Liszt: "I am not adapted for giving concerts; I feel timid in the presence of the public; their breath stifles me, their curious gaze paralyzes me; but with you it is a vocation; for, if you do not please the public, you know how to agitate and confound them."

It is said that when he was going to play in public, he would order in coats from different tailors, and having tried them all on, and found something to object to in each, he would, at the last moment, borrow one of his pupil [Gutman] (*gōōt′ măn*), which was a great deal too large for him.

It was in 1834 that Chopin, in an excursion into Germany with Hiller (hĭl′ĕr), met Mendelssohn,* whom he had known in Paris before, and who was now just settled in Leipsic, making preparations for the first of the Gewandhaus (gā vänd′hows) concerts, which he, for so many years, conducted. And in the following year, he had the joy of again seeing his much-loved father and mother, who had gone to Carlsbad (kärls′băd). This was the last time they met. Chopin returned to Paris; his parents, to Warsaw. On his way home, he again met Mendelssohn, and the two having a day, "spent the whole of it together and had music," as the latter writes to his sister Fanny. Robert Schumann (shōō′măn), too, he met at Leipsic, in 1836.

Returning to Paris, Chopin became a bit more settled in a circle of friends who valued him, and with whom his life was a delightful service of the art which he loved.† Franz Liszt and Ferdinand Hiller were, perhaps, his most intimate. Henri Heine, he saw frequently. So, Meyerbeer, and the painters Delacroix (dĕh lä krwä′)

* *Mendelssohn to his mother* (*May 23, 1834*):—"They have both made progress in their playing, and Chopin is now one of the first pianists; he produces as many novelties on the piano as Paganini (*pä gē nē′ nē*) does on his violin, and marvels that one would not have thought possible. Hiller, too, is a remarkable player, with plenty of force and fancy. But both of them aim rather at Parisian sensationalism, and too often disregard time, repose, and true musical feeling. I, perhaps, incline to the opposite extreme, and so we supplied each other's deficiencies, and all three, I believe, learned something from one another. About me there was a dash of the school-master,—about them, the *soupçon* (*sōōp′sŏng*) of a *mirleflore* (*mēr lĕh flōr′*), or an *incroyable*" (*ăng crō yā′ bl*).

† Material elegance was as natural to him as mental; this was evinced in the objects with which he surrounded himself, as well as in the aristocratic grace of his manners. He was passionately fond of flowers. Without aiming at the brilliant luxury with which, at that epoch, some of the celebrities in Paris decorated their apartments, he knew how to keep upon this point, as well as in his style of dress, the instinctive line of perfect propriety. He was fond of a life in the country, or the life of the *chateau* (*shà tō′*). He was ingenious in varying its amusements, in multiplying its enjoyments. He also loved to compose there.

and Ary Schäffer (shĕf′ ĕr). He had hoped while in Germany, to marry a young compatriot, and to settle in Poland. But fortune had not smiled on him, and Maria Wodzyuski (vō jŏŏs′ kĭ) married another. How deeply Chopin felt the wound, we can not say. It was shortly after this disappointment that he met George Sand.

Aurore Dudevant (ō rōr′ dūd vŏng′) was at this time at the height of her fame, the foremost woman of letters in France, considered by many as the equal of such men as Victor Hugo, Balzac, and Alexandre Dumas. She fell in love with Chopin, and he with her. She could appreciate him and his art, he felt, and he was pleased at it; she was passionately devoted to him, and he was proud of it. He returned her love, and the connection was to him a very great happiness.

In 1837, shortly after this meeting, Chopin was seized with an affection of the lungs. He was urged to go to the South of France. George Sand was about to go to the Island of Majorca (mă jôr′ kȧ), with her son Maurice (mō rēs′), and pressed him to accompany her. The winter of 1839, he spent there; but his health did not improve. The doctors treated him for consumption. His ailing was, in truth, bronchitis. On his return to Paris, the doctors advised him to avoid excitement, spare himself, and lead as regular a life as might be.

Chopin now no longer performed in public. He gave lessons, played much among his friends, and composed. His lessons, he greatly enjoyed. "Play as you feel," he would say; "why can not you put your soul into it?" He was kind, encouraging, and usually gentle,* though

* His personal appearance was so agreeable and harmonious that the eye rested on him with pleasure. His dark-brown eyes were cheerful rather than pensive; his smile was kindly and perfectly good-natured; he had a complexion

later in life he became nervously irritable. He was loved by his scholars for his kind and sympathetic manners; and also by his countrymen and countrywomen, to whom he was always as serviceable as might be.

In 1844, Chopin received a blow in the death of his father. His own condition was by no means favorable; his lungs were ailing, and the cold winds of the winter were most grievous to him. At the time of his father's death, his friends recognized that his own departure could be only a question of time. His condition was rendered more grievous by the close of that connection, which had been to him a very great pleasure from the moment of its beginning. The *liaison* (lē ā zōng′) between himself and George Sand was broken off. Into the rights and wrongs of the case, it is useless to try to go here. In 1847, they had a violent scene, and parted. They met but once again during their lives. George Sand was not unwilling to be reconciled, but Chopin turned away.

In the winter of 1848, occurred the political disturbances, which ended in the expulsion of the dynasty of Louis Philippe (lo͞o ē′ fē lēp′). Chopin was grieved at the misfortunes of a family who had been uniformly kind to him, and embraced an opportunity which offered to make a tour in England and Scotland. He gave a last concert on February 16th, and, toward the end of April, crossed to London. He remained absent for a year, and returned to Paris weaker and worse in health than be-

of almost transparent delicacy, and luxuriant brown hair, as soft as silk; his Roman nose was slightly aquiline; all his movements were graceful, and he had the manners of an aristocrat of the first rank. Every one with any discernment of true gentility and real genius, could not but say, on seeing Chopin, "There is a distinguished man." His voice was musical and rather subdued. He was not above middle height, naturally delicate, and in his general contour resembled his mother (a Pole). His father was a Frenchman.

fore. From his return, he became rapidly worse, through the spring and summer, and on the 17th of October, very early in the morning (it was just as the clocks were striking three), he quietly died.*

At his own request, Mozart's Requiem was performed over his body, and Polish earth was scattered on his coffin, and his heart was sent to the country which he loved so well, and is preserved in the Church of the Sacred Cross at Warsaw.

* On Sunday, the 15th of October, his attacks were more violent and more frequent, lasting several hours in succession. He endured them with patience and great strength of mind. The Countess Delphine Potocka (*dĕl fēn' pō tŏts' kä*), who was present, was much distressed. Her tears were flowing fast when he observed her standing at the foot of his bed, tall, slight, draped in white, resembling the beautiful angels created by the imagination of the most devout among painters. Without doubt, he supposed her to be a celestial apparition; and when the crisis left him a moment in repose, he requested her to sing. They deemed him first seized with delirium, but he eagerly repeated his request. Who could venture to oppose his wish? The piano was rolled from his parlor to the door of his chamber, while, with sobs in her voice and tears streaming down her cheeks, his gifted countrywoman sang. Certainly this delightful voice had never before attained an expression so full of profound pathos. He seemed to suffer less as he listened. She sang that famous canticle to the Virgin, which, it is said, once saved the life of Stradella (*strä dĕl' lä*). "How beautiful it is!" he exclaimed. "My God, how very beautiful! Again, again!" Though overwhelmed with emotion, the countess had the noble courage to comply with the last wish of a friend, a compatriot. She again took a seat at the piano, and sung a hymn from "Marcello" (*mär sĕl' lō*). Chopin again feeling worse, everybody was seized by fright. By a spontaneous impulse, all who were present threw themselves on their knees,—no one ventured to speak; the sacred silence was only broken by the voice of the countess, floating like a melody from heaven, above the sighs and sobs which formed its heavy and mournful earth accompaniment. It was the haunted hour of twilight; a dying light lent its mysterious shadows to this sad scene. The sister of Chopin, prostrated near his bed, wept and prayed, and never quitted this attitude of supplication while the life of the brother she had so cherished, lasted.

SCHUMANN.

1810-1856.

"I WAS born at Zwickau (tsvĭk'kow), in Saxony, June 8, 1810. My father was a book-seller, a very active and intelligent man, noted for his pocket-edition of foreign classics; for 'The Leaves of Memory,' much read in their day; for many important business works; and for a translation of several of Byron's poems, published shortly before his death. * * * From my earliest years, I showed great taste for music. I recollect writing, unaided, choral and orchestral works when but eleven years of age. My father wished me to study music; but the plans which he formed with C. M. von Weber (fŏn vā'bĕr), of Dresden, were never carried out. I received the usual grammar-school education, pursuing my musical studies with perfect devotion, and composing according to my ability. In 1828, I entered the Leipsic (līp'sĭk) University, chiefly for the purpose of hearing Professor Krug's philosophical lectures."

This is Robert Schumann's (shōō'mänz) own account of his early years, and it hardly seems necessary to add much to it. The death of his father occurred in 1825, and from this time, the "inordinately high spirits which characterized his childhood" gradually faded away, and his disposition became more melancholy in temper, while a certain shyness and diffidence increased. He had at this time already done something in music, though he was by no means so forward as had been many of his illustrious

predecessors in the art. His musical disposition had been fostered by his father, but his mother desired him to turn his attention to the law. It was at her desire that he entered the University at Leipsic as a student-at-law.

At Leipsic, it can not be said that he worked very hard at his legal studies. He seems to have inwardly decided to become a musician. He met in Leipsic many musical people, and particularly Frederick Wieck (vēk), whose daughter Clara, although only nine years of age, was an extraordinary performer on the piano.

Leipsic was at this time an exceptionally good place for a young man with musical desires. Readers will remember it as connected with the names of Bach (bäk) and Mendelssohn (měn′dĕls sōn). The Choral Society connected with the Tomasschule (tō mä shōō′lā) had long been one of the most important musical societies in Germany, and had been under the charge of some of the most famous German masters of their day. It was at this time more than two hundred years of age. Of more recent date were the Gewandhaus (gā vänd′hows) concerts, established toward the end of the 18th century, under the direction of the elder Hiller (hĭl′ĕr). There were, also, other musical organizations of repute, and though there was no established opera company, the Italian opera company from the Royal Saxon Opera House at Dresden was always to be heard at some time during the year, generally at the season of the annual fair. Later, in 1835, Mendelssohn's arrival and establishment as leader at the Gewandhaus gave an additional impetus.

In the year 1829, having been at Leipsic about a year, Schumann went to Heidelberg (hī′dĕl bĕrkh), where, as before, he studied more music than law. He practiced on the piano most assiduously, paying little attention to

theoretical studies, a fact which he afterward greatly regretted. "Law," says Wasielewski (väs ēl ĕv′skē), "was, as it were, excommunicated."

During the summer, Schumann started off on a trip to Italy, which he had planned with some of his college friends. As it turned out, however, he went alone, and wrote letters to his friends who didn't go, from which it appears that he had a not unpleasing time.* It was on this expedition that he first heard Paganini (pä gänē′nē).

When the time came for his law-examinations, Schumann well knew that his preparation had not been such as to insure his passing them with any great credit. Here came the final struggle between himself and his mother and guardian, who had both desired to see him a lawyer. "My whole life," he wrote to her, "has been a twenty years' war between poetry and prose, or, let us say, music and law. * * * Now, I stand at the parting of the roads, and shudder at the question, Whither? If I truly follow out my own bent, it points—and, as I believe, correctly—to music." Music carried the day, and Schumann again began to take lessons in piano-playing of Wieck.

As before, he gave his entire attention to practice, and devised an ingeniously royal road to success, whereby he absolutely disabled his right hand, so that he had to give up piano-playing for the future. A great disappointment,—but, perhaps, a not unfortunate one. For

* He does not say very much of music in those which we have read. The most interesting topic is, perhaps, "a lovely English girl, who," he writes, "*seemed* to have fallen in love with my playing rather than me." And again, "Alas! my heart is heavy, and my spirit is on the staircase in the Hotel Reichmann (*rīkh′ mïn*). She gave me a cypress-leaf when we parted there. She was an English girl, right haughty and kindly, loving and hating hard, and yet so tender when I played—accursed reminiscences."

Schumann now took to studying the theory of music and to composition, and gave up the idea of becoming a great performer,—a change, by which posterity has gained much.

At this time, Schumann was attacked by a fit of mental excitement, similar to that which darkened the last days of his life. The death of one of his sisters caused him the most intense emotions, so that one night (it is reported, and denied), he attempted to fling himself from a high window. True or not, as this story may be, Schumann had afterward a great dislike to living at the top of a house. "How high do you live?" he wrote to a friend, when he was thinking of removing to Vienna. "I always suffer from dizziness and nausea in high places, and can never remain long in the top story of a house." At the time of this alleged event, he was in such a state that he feared to be left alone with himself. A terrible melancholy took possession of him for a time, and reduced him to a most apathetic state of mind. The symptoms of this attack caused him great anxiety by their not infrequent re-appearance.

Schumann now began his musical studies with vigor under Dorn, and prosecuted them for some time, working and composing various things. In the year 1834, Schumann added to his musical studies, those of a musical critic, by the starting of a musical journal called the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*:* (noi'ā tsīt'shrift fĭr moō-

* Schumann himself has described to us the circumstances of the foundation of this journal:

"At the close of the year '33, a number of musicians, mostly young, met in Leipsic every evening, apparently by accident at first, for social purposes, but no less for an exchange of ideas on the art that was meat and drink to them,—music. It can not be said that the musical state of Germany was then very pleasing. Rossini (*rŏs sē' nē*) still ruled the stage. Herz (*hārts*) and Hünten (*hĭn'-tĕn*) were sole lords of the piano. And yet, but a few years had elapsed since

sĕk′). The paper, started by a number of enthusiasts in music, was only one of the many ways in which the hot blood of the young artists of that day cried out against the Philistinism of their elders.

We must add here a word about the Davidsbund (dä vēdz′ boŏnt), or "League of David," a term apparently derived from David, as the youthful antagonist of Goliath (gō lī′ăth), the Philistine. Under this name, Schumann bound together a number of kindred souls into a most informal organization, which "existed only in the head of its founder." Indeed, several of the members were unaware of their connection with this mystical organization. The object of this brotherhood was to combat the Philistinism of the present, and to work for a truer and more artistic future. The members, in great part, wrote for the *Neue Zeitschrift* under various names. Schumann himself was sometimes Florestan (flō rĕs′ tan), sometimes Eusebius (ū sē′ bĕ ŭs), sometimes Meister Raro (mīs′ tĕr rä′ rō), sometimes Jeanquirit (zhŏn kē rē′). Felix Meritis was Mendelssohn. Chiarina (kē ä rē′ nä), Zilia (tsēl′-ē ä). Cecelia represented Clara Wieck. Chopin and Berlioz (bĕr lē ō′) were, also, held members of the Davidsbund, as well as many others.

There are many interesting things in the life of Schumann at this time that we must slip over. He was, for a great part of the time, very much in love with Ernestine von Fricken (ĕr′ nĕs tēn fŏn frĭk′ ĕn). But this passion gradually cooled. In 1835, Mendelssohn arrived

Beethoven (*bā′ tō vĕn*), C. M. von Weber, and Franz Schubert (*fränts shōō′ bĕrt*) were with us. To be sure, Mendelssohn's star was in the ascendant; and wonderful things were reported of a Pole, Chopin (*shō păng′*), by name; but they exercised no real influence till later. One day, the young hot-heads thought, Why do we look idly on? Let's take hold, and make things better; let's restore the poetry of art to her ancient honor? So arose the first sheets of a new journal for music."—*Quoted in Wasielewski.*

at Leipsic as director of the Gewandhaus concerts, as may be seen elsewhere.

In 1836, Schumann fell in love with Clara Wieck, at this time seventeen years of age. This passion was far deeper than the many others which Schumann had previously experienced; but, for a time, its course was any thing but smooth. Wieck, the father, had no desire to receive the young composer as a son-in-law; and for a long time, Schumann could only communicate with his love by means of such ingenious stratagems as are generally understood to be particularly appropriate to persons in his situation. In order to make his worldly position better, Schumann thought of removing to Vienna, and of taking with him the *Neue Zeitschrift*, but this plan came to nothing. In spite of this failure, means seem to have been found for doing away with the scruples of the obdurate parent, and Schumann was married to Clara Wieck, on September 12, 1840.

His wooing had not been in vain in more directions than one. "The various difficulties and disappointments through which he had gone since he first declared his affection, had borne fruit in his musical creations. All the finest of his piano-forte works date from these years." In the year of his marriage, he composed nothing but songs, and among them all his greatest and most famous ones.*

*Of Schumann's songs (though the present is no critical work) we may note one or two things. Schumann appeared at a time when the Romantic school of Germany—Heine (*hī′ nĕh*), Ruckert (*rĭk′ ĕrt*), Chamisso (*shā mĭs′ ō*), Geibel (*gī′ bĕl*), and others, were pouring forth their genius in what has been called the "German Spring-time of Song." He was the first to clearly comprehend the genius of Heine, and in his settings of Heine's lyrics, the words and music are so intertwined as to be inextricable. It is "this power of putting himself on a par with the poet whose words he sets, and entering so completely into his mind, that distinguishes Schumann from the earlier song-writers." The earlier song-writers—

Some time after his marriage, Schumann was appointed Professor* in the Conservatory at Leipsic, recently founded by Mendelssohn. Before his marriage, by the way, he had received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena (yā′nä).

Shortly after this, Schumann gave up his connection with the *Neue Zeitschrift*, which had of late been occupying but a secondary place in his mind. And at about this time, on account of his health, he left Leipsic and moved to Dresden.

From this time, the story of his life is clouded by his growing ill-health. His mind was almost continually afflicted by troubles of a hallucinatory nature. "As soon

for instance, Beethoven and Schubert—at times attained this complete fusion. "But what was the exception with the older composers, becomes the rule with Schumann."

*As may be imagined from what we know of Schumann's reserved disposition, he was not successful as a teacher nor as a conductor. "This is proved," says Wasielewski, "by a glance at the fine sphere of action offered him in the Leipsic Music School. * * * Schumann taught piano-playing, the art of composition, and playing from score. The object evidently was rather to learn from a *remarkable musician* than from a *teacher*. As a teacher, he lacked that indispensable quality—a ready power of communication and ability to explain his meaning at all times with clearness and precision. * * * Being myself a pupil of the Leipsic Music School, I had ample opportunity to prove this from personal observation, especially as I entered one of Schumann's piano classes to play the violin part in a B-flat major trio by Franz Schubert, Op. 79, which one of the scholars was to play. The lesson was given with hardly a word from Schumann; although, as I well remember, there was abundant occasion."

The same author also remarks: "He had as little talent for directing as for teaching. He lacked the qualities most requisite for both, and the ability to put himself in close *rapport* with others, and to make his meaning clear to them. This was because he either was silent, or spoke so low that he could not be understood. He also lacked the physical energy and endurance requisite for a director. He was always easily exhausted, and was obliged to rest at intervals during a rehearsal. Nor did he exercise any sort of care or oversight. On the other hand, he had in his favor considerable fame, and an artistic, earnest, and impressive personal presence."

It is elsewhere related that his shyness was so great that, when an error was made by any one in the orchestra, he would never point it out, but merely order the piece to be begun over again. So, unless the musicians would notice and correct themselves, their faults remained unnoticed and uncorrected.

as he began to use his brain," says his doctor at this time, "shivering, faintness, and cold feet set in, together with great pain and a peculiar fear of death, which first took the form of a dread of high hills or houses, all metallic substance (even keys), medicine, and infection." His memory became disordered, so that he could not retain musical ideas. He was continually imagining that he heard the note "A." He constantly imagined that he heard musical sounds, from which his fancy built up whole compositions. He thought that he heard the voices of spirits whispering in his ear, now gently, and again in loud and reproachful tones. He was sometimes utterly deprived of sleep by these spiritual manifestations. One night, he arose hurriedly and called for a light. It was his fancy that he had been sent a theme by Franz Schubert and Mendelssohn, and that he must at once develop it.

In 1850, Schumann removed to Dusseldorf (dŭs'sĕl-dôrf), where he held the position of musical director for some time. But his mental troubles returned now and then. He was horrified at finding out that there was a lunatic asylum in the town.

In Dusseldorf, Schumann lived until his death. He gave up his position as musical director, for which his mental disorder had entirely disqualified him. He several times left the town to give concerts, or to oversee the production of his own music. The last of these journeys was through Holland, of which he wrote: "To my great surprise, I find that my music is almost as well known in Holland as at home. Every-where there were fine performances of my symphonies, even the most difficult." And later, he enjoyed the performance of the "Paradise and the Peri," at Hanover. But on

his return from this tour, his disorder came upon him with renewed force, so that on one occasion he was in such a state as to attempt suicide. He was fortunately rescued from the river into which he had flung himself, and, with his own concurrence, was placed in a private asylum at Endenich (ĕn′dĕn ĭkh). Here he remained for two years.*

He died July 29, 1856.†

* He had not been unaware of his condition, and one of his constantly recurring ideas was to the effect that he could never be cured at home; but that he must give himself up to the care of some doctor. His sufferings in this way were terrible. One day he slipped away from home and attempted to drown himself in the Rhine. His life was saved by some sailors whose attention he had attracted, for he had run forth from the house in a dressing-gown and without a hat. On this, an arrangement was made whereby he was sent to Endenich. He became more retiring, and utterly shunned society. This unhappy state continued for two or three years, at the end of which time he thought himself better, and was more able to get on with the work which he had laid out for himself.

† Robert Schumann was of middling stature, almost tall, and slightly corpulent. His bearing, while in health, was haughty, distinguished, dignified, and calm; his gait slow, soft, and a little slovenly. * * * His eyes were generally downcast, half-closed, and only brightened in intercourse with intimate friends, but then most pleasantly. His countenance produced an agreeable, kindly impression: it was without regular beauty, and not particularly intellectual. The fine-cut mouth, usually puckered as if to whistle, was, next to the eyes, the most attractive feature of his round, full, ruddy face. Above the heavy nose, rose a high, bold arched brow, which broadened visibly at the temples. His head, covered with long, thick, dark-brown hair, was firm, and intensely powerful, we might say square.

The expression of his face, although firm, was sweet and genial; the rich soul-life was hardly mirrored there. When he assumed a friendly, confidential manner,—as he but seldom did,—he could work upon his friends at will. * * *

The nature of his intercourse with others was simple. He spoke but little, and in disconnected sentences, which, however, always showed his mind to be occupied with the subject discussed. There was no premeditation. His style of talking resembled a soliloquy, the more so that his voice was weak and unsonorous. He never conversed on common, every-day subjects (for empty chatter was odious to him); and it was rarely and unwillingly that he expressed his opinion, even on important matters most interesting to himself. One had to watch for a favorable moment. If you hit upon the right time, he could be eloquent in his own way. He made significant and intellectually fine remarks, which threw a strong light, from one side at least, upon the question in hand. But it was only to his dear and trusty friends that he vouchsafed this favor, although he sometimes spent whole hours in their company without entering

into conversation. But no one could argue from his silence that he liked or disliked a person. It was merely a characteristic habit formed in early life.—*Wasielewski.*

One feature of Schumann's work may be here noted which we have not spoken of at length. As an author, and a musician as well, Schumann was a novelty in Germany. Mendelssohn, his contemporary, would have no connection with the press or with literature; and our other composers, running back to Handel and Father Bach, contented themselves with eminence in musical fields alone. Wagner follows Schumann, and goes farther than his predecessor. Schumann did not compose words for his music, but he delighted in expressing his ideas in words as well as in music. The reader will remember the *Neue Zeitschrift*, and all the whimsicalities of the Davidsbund. Not that Schumann endeavored to lay down in prose the principles of his musical work, as Wordsworth defended his poetry in his prefaces. But he delighted to exercise his creative fancy by means of prose composition as well as in music. "His essays," says Spitta, "are for the most part rather rhapsodies on musical works, or poetical imagery lavished on musical subjects, than criticisms properly speaking." To us Americans they can be little more than a curiosity; indeed, a complete edition of his prose works has never been published. It is fortunate that music is an universal language, save to those who are born without the power to appreciate it, and that those who throw their ideas into musical forms may find an audience all over the world.

WAGNER.

1813-1883.

IT is rather hard to seize at once upon the main thread of Wagner's (väg′nĕrz) young life. Up to the composition of "Tannhaüser" (tän′ hoi zĕr), about the year 1844, he is seen dimly through the mist of jarring and discordant events. Born in Leipsic (līp′zĭk), Saxony, May 22, 1813,* losing his father when very young, and his step-father before he had issued from boyhood, the early development of his character seems to have been as much the result of chance as of any thing else, aided as it was by his own enthusiastic and feverish ideas. Destined, at first, for a scholar, he early showed a decided bias toward the career of poet, and then of composer. He loved the strains of Van Weber (văn vā′bĕr), and used to look upon him, as he passed the house, with reverence.

He read and studied, learned English to read Shakes-

* His father was, at the time, Superintendent of Police, and died soon after his birth. His mother married again. Louis Geyer (*gī′ĕr*), his step-father, was an actor, and with his family removed to Dresden, where Wagner's boyhood and early youth were passed. He paid little attention to music, though fond of it to a certain extent. His attempts at poetry led him to music, and the two together caused him to be but an indifferent scholar. He wrote various things of little note in his youth. In 1833, he composed an opera called "The Fairies," and subsequently another, named "The Novice of Palermo," of which the story was taken from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." In 1834, he was made conductor at the Magdeburg (*măg′ dĕ bûrg*) Theater, where Mina Planer, whom he afterward married, was an actress. In 1837, he became conductor at a theater in Riga (*rī′gȧ*). It was at this time that he became familiar with Bulwer's "Rienzi," from which the plot of his opera is taken, and with the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," as related by Henri Heine.

peare, wrote an immense tragedy, and though he had musical ideas and desires, his first aspirations seem to have been toward poetry. But on hearing the symphonies of Beethoven (bā′tō vĕn), he was fired with a desire to pour forth his tragedy in such music. It was a wildly enthusiastic time; revolutionary ideas were in the air—both political and artistic. It was the time of the French Revolution, of the Reform Act, of "Ernani" (ĕr nä′nē), and the Romantic School.

From one place to another—generally as conductor of an orchestra—Wagner drifted about Germany, his mind full of ideas and fancies which had not yet crystallized into the dominant theme of his life. Paris became his Mecca, and a brilliant success at the Grand Opera seemed to him the highest point to be reached by human ambition. So, with "Rienzi" (rē ĕn′zē) in his hand and his head, he journeyed from Russia (where he then was) to Paris. A long and roundabout way was pursued. He sailed first to London, and in the storms and the perils of his sea-voyage, he gathered much which afterward came out in his development of the old-time legend of "The Flying Dutchman." So to Paris; and here he had no brilliant reception, though introduced by Meyerbeer (mī′ĕr bār), who was then in the height of his very brilliant reputation. "Rienzi" was not accepted at the Grand Opera, and Wagner was reduced to very low straits to earn his daily bread.

In Paris, he was engaged in a work which marks the close of this early period of his life. With the composition of "The Flying Dutchman," the period of jarring ideas and desires, of striving for he hardly knew what, the period of storm and stress is seen to be passing away. And with the production of "The Flying Dutch-

man,"* we may see Wagner fully embarked upon his career, formulating his own ideas, and following out his principles without care for any thing save the development of his art. Up to this time, there had been no ground principle—all was shifting. There was unconscious pandering to public taste, and too free an acceptance of preconceived models.

His works in these early years were three operas—"The Novice of Palermo," "The Fairies," and "Rienzi." The first two are almost unacknowledged, and the last is in a totally different strain from his later works. "Rienzi" is an opera based upon the model of the French Grand Opera, wherein Wagner seeks to express himself in the fixed forms into which dramatic music had hardened. In his later works, he follows out his own ideas resolutely, without any idea of public fame, trusting to those who come after for his appreciation. Thus the name, the "Music of the Future." In "The Flying Dutchman," his ideas are hardly more than suggested. It was not till the "Trilogy" that we can imagine that they had reached a consummation satisfactory to their master.

* The story of "The Flying Dutchman" is one form of the legend of "The Wandering Jew." The opera opens with a wild scene on the coast of Norway; a Norwegian ship appears, and shortly after the blood-red sails of the Flying Dutchman's craft come in sight. The Dutchman is a sea-captain who, swearing long since that he would double the Cape if he tried till doomsday, has been condemned to sail on and on forever. Once in seven years he comes ashore to see if he can win the love of a woman who will be faithful to him till death. Can he do so, the curse will be lifted from him. He comes ashore, meets Daland, the Norwegian captain, and is taken by him to his home. Senta, the captain's daughter, has long loved the wretched phantom sailor, whose story she has heard. His picture is to be seen hanging in the captain's cottage. In her love, Vanderdecken, the Dutchman, hopes he has found relief. But he is wrongfully persuaded that Senta is faithless. Again he boards his red-sailed ship for another weary seven years' sail. But as the ship moves off, Senta, truly faithful, rushes upon an overhanging cliff, and casts herself into the sea. The spell is broken, and in the final tableau, the Flying Dutchman is seen released from his wanderings, reunited with his bride, in heaven.

"Rienzi" was not accepted at Paris, and Wagner, failing in his first desire, changed his base. He no longer attempted to court popularity, and, therefore, as a very natural consequence, "Rienzi" was at once accepted at Dresden, and, as a result of its brilliant success, Wagner was engaged in that city as conductor of the Royal Opera.

"Rienzi" having been performed with success in Dresden, Wagner produced "The Flying Dutchman" at the same place, and though both produced under his *baton* (bä tōng′) were received with applause, neither was accepted in the other German cities where Wagner obtained their performance. But Wagner was, by this time, not very susceptible to popular praise. After his labors in preparing "The Flying Dutchman" for the stage, he turned his mind to seek for other subjects. Reading much in German history, he came upon the legend of "Tannhaüser."* On this he worked at Dresden, at the same time trying, by his position as hofcapellmeister (hōf kä pĕl′ mīs tĕr) at

* The Knight Tannhaüser, who has lived long in the delights of the Hill of Venus, with its beautiful mistress, feels a longing for all that he left behind when he entered the enchanted mountain. He leaves it, and is found by Count Hurman (*hōōr′ mün*), of Thuringia (*thōō rĭn′ jĭ ä*), the uncle of the beautiful Elizabeth, who loved the knight some time since, before he was seduced from the haunts of men to the sinful delights of the Venusburg. The hand of Elizabeth is to be the prize at a test of singing among the knightly minstrels, and each sings on the nature of Love. Wolfram (*wōōlf′ räm*) sings the beauty of unselfish devotion; Tannhaüser, of human passion. Finally he breaks forth into a hymn in praise of Venus, confessing, at the same time, his own stay in the Venusburg. He is about to be put to death; but Elizabeth intercedes for her faithless lover, and he joins a band of pilgrims to Rome, to ask pardon of the Holy Father.

The Pope bids him despair, saying that sooner than he can be forgiven will his scepter put forth leaves. Tannhaüser returns in gloomy despair to the Venusburg and its delights. On his way back, he hears that Elizabeth, broken-hearted at not meeting him among the pilgrims returning from Rome, has died. Once more, he feels the most bitter remorse, and dies in the very arms of Wolfram, his friend, with a prayer to Saint Elizabeth. And as he dies, comes from Rome a young pilgrim with the Pope's staff, which has budded and brought forth leaves.

the Saxon Court, to do what might be done to elevate the public taste by directing it more and more toward the works of Gluck (glŭk), of Weber, and of Beethoven. So far, Wagner, though by no means agreeing with the musical system which he found dominant, undertook to make use of it as a means of inculcating on the public his own ideas. But in this he utterly failed. "Tannhaüser" received only two performances at Dresden,—where it was brought out, in 1845, with immense care and trouble,—and it was impossible to obtain a hearing at other theaters. Undismayed by these successive failures (for such they practically were, as no one accepted the ideas put forward), Wagner set to work upon "Lohengrin" (lō′ĕn grēn), a legend drawn from the old myths of the Holy Grail.

The years 1848 and 1849, were marked by political revolutions, as had been the year 1830. The French Revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe (lo͞o ē′fē lēp′), was followed by explosions of inflammable material in Germany, Austria, and Prussia. There were revolutions in Vienna and Berlin, in Poland, in the Palatinate, in Hungary. So also in Saxony; and Wagner, who had identified himself with the Revolutionists, was compelled to fly. He retired to Switzerland, leaving behind him, however, one who was willing and able to act, in a measure, as his *alter ego*,—Franz Liszt (fränts lĭst).

By means of Liszt, in the little Court Theater at Wiemar (vī′mär), was "Lohengrin"* first performed, in

* Elsa, the Princess of Brabant (*brī′bănt*), is accused before King Henry the Fowler, of the murder of her young brother, the once-reigning Duke. The nobles of Brabant are assembled by the side of the Scheldt (*shĕlt*), to try the case. Elsa, appearing before the king, relates that in a dream a champion is promised her against her accuser. The champion appears in a boat on the Scheldt, drawn by a white swan. Telramund is conquered, and Elsa's hand re-

1850, and though by no means accepted by all as a work of genius, it had its effect throughout the musical world. There were many who would be willing to accept Wagner and his ideas in Italy, as well as in his own Germany. Wagner took advantage of his exile and his exclusion from public events, to formulate the theories which had found expression in "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaüser," and "Lohengrin." In "Opera and Drama," not published till 1861, is to be found the object of what was, in fact, a musical revolution.

Music, it is here held, is to be made the highest and the necessary method of expression of Poetry,—of the Drama. It is foolish to suppose that a frame-work consisting of arias and finales, of fixed forms and set models, can be the best means of putting forth in music the poetical ideas of the composer. Wagner, as we have seen, was a poet as well as a composer.* In "Rienzi," he

wards the victor. Only, she must not ask his name nor whence he comes. But Elsa, taunted by Ortrud,—Telramund's wife,—with the dark origin of her husband, does ask the fatal question. Again the side of the Scheldt is seen; Henry and his warriors are preparing for departure, when the corpse of Telramund, slain by Lohengrin, is brought in, and after follow the champion and Elsa. Compelled now to disclose his name, the knight tells that he is Lohengrin, son of Percival, the Knight of the Holy Grail.

He is about to depart when the swan appears. Ortrud discloses to the king and others that the swan is no other than the young Prince of Brabant, changed to a swan by her, and now irrevocably so, through Elsa's curiosity. But Lohengrin kneels in prayer, and the swan is changed back to the boy, and Elsa dies in his arms. And Lohengrin, in his boat, drawn by a white dove, disappears from sight.

* One of the peculiarities of Wagner's compositions, which is particularly exemplified in "Lohengrin," is the "*leitmotif* (*līt mō tēf'*), so called. "For every important idea or passionate impulse of his characters, Wagner introduces a certain striking harmonious or melodious combination, as the musical complement of their dramatic force. Wherever, in the course of the drama, this impulse comes into action, we hear at once its corresponding motive, either sung by the voice or played by the orchestra, and in manifold variations, according to circumstances." Examples of this may be found in the overture to "Tannhaüser," where the good and evil principles are shown by separate strains. In "Lohengrin" are many of the leading motives,—the *graalmotif* (*grăl mō tēf'*), the king's

accommodated his poetry to the Grand Opera ideas, and the result was a performance which he was afterward led to condemn. In his later works, the poem was first written. The Poet poured forth his ideas without regard to other considerations than the demands of dramatic effect. There was nothing of the giving way to the singers, that there might be an opportunity for vocal gymnastics. The book was written as it should be written,—as a poem. And then the Composer expressed the same ideas by a different medium. Sounds took the place of characters, and the orchestra and the singers interpreted to the audience the thoughts which were conveyed on the printed page of their librettos. The poem and the dramatic action is not to be subordinated to the music, but all three are to have their place in the bringing forward of the same ideas.*

motive, the motive of warning,—each of which denotes by its introduction the presence of some idea or some character.

It may be noted that many who would agree substantially with Wagner on these points, are really by no means among the composer's admirers. For many will contend that Wagner expresses his ideas in a manner bordering on insanity, and that his music is nothing but a heterogeneous and noisy collection of sounds. Of course, this is by no means correct. It is, however, undoubtedly true that many fully agree with Wagner that words and music should each in their own way, and at the same time, express the idea, and yet find it impossible to comprehend the manner in which the expression is managed.

* "Richard Wagner composed like all great musicians, in his brain, and not, as is often imagined, at the piano. It is a delight to examine a manuscript composition from his hand,—to see how complete and well-rounded, how ripe and finished every thing sprung from his head. Changes are very rarely found in such a manuscript. Even in the boldest harmonies and most difficult combinations, not a slip of the pen occurs. In the entire score of "Tannhaüser," which Wagner wrote out himself from beginning to end in chemical ink, not one correction is to be found. One note followed the other with easy rapidity. It was his habit to write the musical sketch in pencil. In Baireuth, music-paper was to be found in every corner of 'Wahnfried' (*vän'frēd*), on which, while wandering about the house during sleepless nights, musing and planning, he made brief jottings, often merely a new idea in instrumentation. The rest was in his head. The vocal parts were added to the score without hesitation, and never needed correction. In the orchestra, he employed three staves, one of which was re-

In Zurich (zo͝o′rĭk), Wagner resumed labor on what became finally his greatest work, the "Niebelungen (nē-bĕl o͝ong′ĕn) Trilogy." The old stories of German fable supplied him with subjects. The work grew on his hands. During the composition of "Lohengrin," Wagner, in thinking of subjects for his hand, had thought of the old legend of Frederick the Redbearded, who was asleep in the Hartz Mountains, and also had had an idea of the story of Siegfried (sēkh′frēt), one of the very early Teutonic myths. He conceived of the story of the "Death of Siegfried" as a separate piece. But as it seemed to need a prologue, he planned as an introduction, a piece on Siegfried's youth. But again the work seemed too large for him, and finally it was in four operas that the legend appeared,—the "Rhinegold," the "Valkyries" (văl′kē rĭz), "Siegfried," and the "Twilight of the Gods." But the four operas were not finished till twenty years afterward, though the poem was written at this time and the music to the first two was composed.

In 1855, Wagner passed over to England, as conductor of the London Philharmonic Concerts. But he was not successful. Although a first-rate composer, his musical theories clashed with the English ideas, and he returned to Switzerland.

Here he soon began to work upon "Tristan (trēs′tän) and Isolde" (ē sōl′dā), a work, on the whole, less known, and, as a rule, less highly considered than the rest of his later work. It is an advance on "Lohengrin," in its utter freedom from established musical form. In "Tristan and Isolde," is heard for the first time the uninspired

served for special notes, as, for instance, when a particular instrument was to enter. From these sketches the vocal parts could be written out immediately, although the instrumentation was by no means finished."

language of dramatic passion, intensified by an uninterrupted flow of expressive melody, which is no longer obstructed by the artificialities of aria (ä′rĭ ȧ), cavatina, (kȧv ȧ tē′nȧ), etc. It was performed first at Munich (mū′nĭk), under the leadership of Von Bulow (fŏn bū′lō), concert-master to the King of Bavaria. By this time we can easily see that Wagner was by no means the unknown and uncared-for composer whose early works were rejected every-where. All over Germany, in Italy,—even in Paris,—there were groups of art lovers who looked up to him as a leader of musical ideas. "Tristan and Isolde" was composed first for the Grand Duke Frederick and his wife, the Princess Louisa of Prussia. At Vienna, too, there were many interested. And so at Weimar, where "Lohengrin" had been first produced. Paris, however, remained hopelessly çorrupt. Its foolish society, steeped in slothful delight over the sweetness of Italian melody and the delights of the ballet, utterly condemned a performance of "Tannhaüser," of which Wagner himself took the oversight.* It was given but three evenings, and Wagner returned to Germany.

He found in Bavaria many who understood and loved him. And it was under the patronage of King Louis that "Tristan and Isolde" was given under the supervision of the composer. But Wagner was not universally popular, even here, and, much public outcry being made against him for various trifling occurrences, he withdrew from Bavaria to Switzerland.

* The members of the Jockey Club seem to have been the leading spirits in the affair. Even during the performance of the overture, were sounded the dog-whistles with which these gentlemen signified their disapproval of an opera from which the ballet had been omitted. It was impossible to perform the work, and the press throughout Paris subsequently declared that "Tannhaüser" richly deserved such a fate. But there were also political reasons for the failure.

He had already formed the text of another opera. The courtly singers of "Tannhaüser" had suggested to him the citizen "Meistersingers of Nuremberg" (nū′rĕm-bĕrg); and from the idea of a sort of comic afterpiece, the "Meistersingers"* developed finally into a very grand opera. It was produced in 1868, in Munich, with very great success.

It is seldom perhaps that an artist who has experienced at first so much ridicule and odium as Wagner, should at the end find such a realization of ideals and desires as was afforded him by the production of his next great work. "Tristan and Isolde" had been given at Munich with great splendor and immense care. Wagner sat in the box beside the king, and at the end, too much moved to speak, bowed his acknowledgment of the applause of those who had before condemned. But this was not enough. For the perfect presentation of his plays, it was needful that a theater should be constructed on purpose for the performance, that each one of his details should be carried out in exactly the right way. Wagner desired a perfect presentation of his Trilogy. He greatly feared that he should die with this crowning triumph unachieved, for he saw no way toward the goal of his ambition. He was destined, however, to have his desires satisfied.

All over Germany, Wagner was now known and ap-

* The "Meistersingers of Nuremberg" was originally conceived as a sort of comic afterpiece to "Tannhaüser." The first represented the musical rivalry of noble knights; the second was to have for its subject the more humorous efforts of the plebeian "Meistersingers." But this original idea, conceived shortly after the performance of "Tannhaüser," was by no means held to, and the opera, as completed some twenty years after, is as much a work of art by itself, as is the opera to which it was to have been attached as an afterpiece. The scene is laid in Nuremberg; the characters are the worthy citizens of that town, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century, were taking up with much enthusiasm the musical art, which had before been the property, so to speak, of the nobles.

preciated — not universally, but there were few places where true artists and music lovers did not look upon him as the man of his time. All over Germany, his disciples set themselves to work to raise the funds necessary for the gigantic enterprise that had been conceived. Wagner's idea was nothing less than to build for himself such a theater as he desired, where his great creations could be given by the best musicians in Germany, that he might at last feel that the doctrine, of which he was the apostle, was presented in a form as nearly perfect as possible. Baireuth (bī′rōōth) was selected as the spot where the representation should take place. A site for building was given by the city, contributions flowed in from all music-loving Europe; for every-where had been started Wagner Clubs with the view of aiding in the great work. The corner-stone was laid, and finally, the theater* was completed and the rehearsals began. The best singers that could be found were in the cast, and the orchestra was composed of the leading players of the country. Hans Richter (rĭkh′tĕr) was the conductor,—a musician trained under the eye of Wagner and thoroughly imbued with his spirit.

It was the climax of Wagner's life. The performance must have satisfied even the critical desires of the composer. The four plays of the "Niebelungen Lied," the "Rhinegold," the "Valkyrie," the "Death of Siegfried," and the "Twilight of the Gods," were finally given before a

* The Baireuth Theater "has no ornament in the style of our modern theaters. Nowhere do we behold gold or dazzling colors; nowhere brilliancy of light or splendor of any kind. The seats rise amphitheatrically, and are symmetrically inclosed by a row of boxes. To the right and left, rise mighty Corinthian columns, which invest the house with the character of a temple. The orchestra, like the choir of the Catholic cloisters, is invisible, and every thing unpleasant and disturbing about ordinary theaters is removed. Every thing is arranged for a solemn festive effect. 'That is no longer the theater; it is divine worship.'"

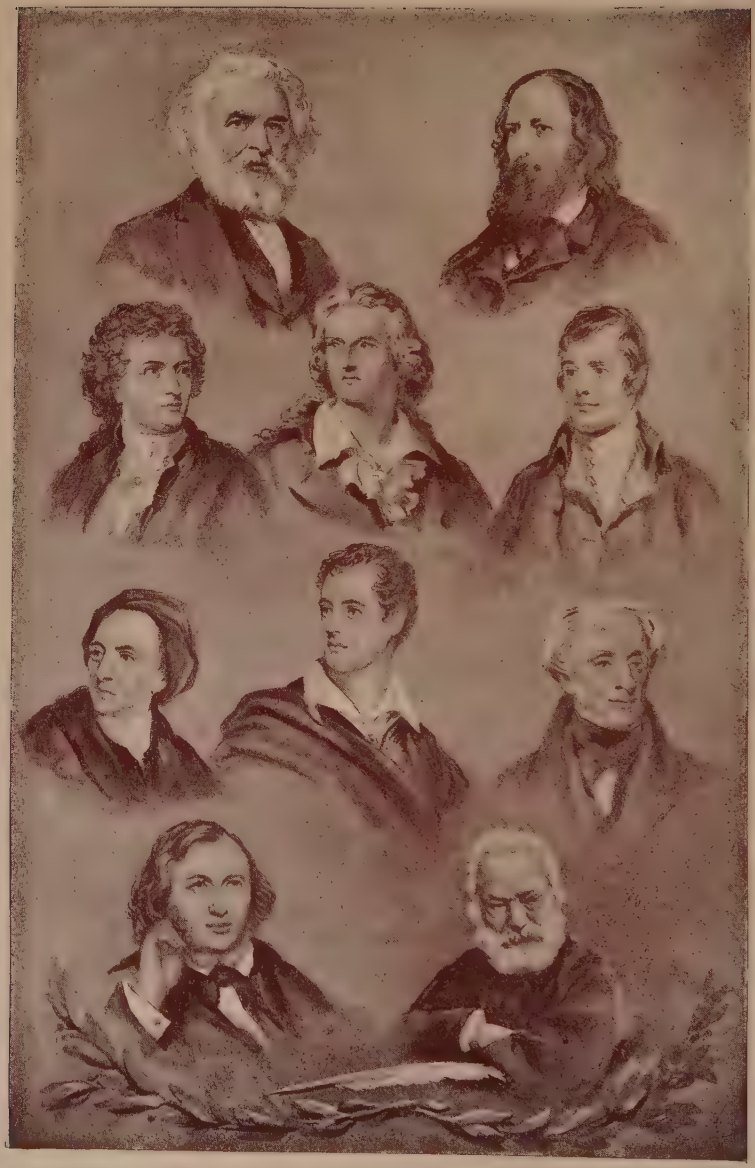
fit audience gathered from all nations, August 13, 1876.*

This was the crowning point of Wagner's career. But although, in the Baireuth performances, Wagner was accepted by the few, he was by no means universally accepted. This became plain by the slowness of the formation of the society of patrons for the culture and maintenance of the stage festival plays of Baireuth. But his reputation had spread. In 1877, Wagner visited England, and his enthusiastic reception showed the advance made since 1855.

The last of Wagner's works is "Parsifal," given for the first time at the Baireuth Theater, July 26, 1882. With this Wagner seems to have felt that he might put an end to his exertions, secure in the position which he had obtained. He was not enjoying the most robust health at this time, and his recent labors had told upon his strength. After the performance of "Parsifal," he sought Italy, and made his home at Venice with various friends, among them the Abbe Liszt. He engaged himself here in works which it was fated should never be achieved. Toward the end of the winter,—on the 13th of February,—he died suddenly of heart-disease.

* It would be far beyond the limits to which we are forced to confine ourselves, to attempt any description of the plot of Wagner's great Trilogy. The characters and the story are from the great German Epic, the "Niebelungen Lied." The first opera, the "Rhinegold," has for subject the stealing of the treasure of the Rhine-daughters and the misfortunes it brings to gods and men. It is a prologue to the three later operas. In the "Valkyrie" are displayed the love of Siegmund (*sēg′ mo͝ond*) and Sieglinde (*sēg′ lĭn′ dā*), the Volsungs (*fōl′ zo͝ongz*), children of Wotan (*vō′ tän*). Siegfried is the son of the brother and sister, and his adventures are the subject of the drama which bears his name. The last of the four dramas is the "Twilight of the Gods." Its subject is the death of Siegfried and of Brunehild (*bro͞o′ nĕh hĭlt*), the restoration of the Rhinegold to the Rhine-daughters, the destruction of Walhalla (*văl hăl′ lă*).

POETS.



Longfellow. Tennyson.

Goethe. Schiller. Burns.

Pope. Byron. Wordsworth.

Browning. Hugo.

POPE.

1688–1744.

THROUGHOUT the eighteenth century, the reign of Queen Anne (ăn) was called the Augustan Age of English Literature. At the present day, this Augustan Age seems to be, in a measure, recovering from the great contempt into which it fell during the generation which began the nineteenth century. This is but right. We may prefer the Elizabethan (ē lĭz′ă bĕth ăn) Age,—but we must recognize the Augustan Age. A generation which can boast the names of Swift, Addison, Defoe, Pope, Prior, and Gay, not to mention Steele, Bolingbroke (bŏl′ĭng brŏŏk), Atterbury, Philips, Parnell (pär′nĕl), and Garth; which glowed with the splendors of Dryden and Congreve (kŏng′grēv) just departed, and was ruddy with the anticipations of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne about to come, is an age which must challenge a good share of our attention. Two of the greatest of England's prose writers delighted and astonished the readers of that time, and its greatest poet laid down the law on versification to England for a century.

Pope stands to-day among the greatest English poets, more through his historical position as the greatest master of a particular kind of poetry, which for more than a century enjoyed great vogue, than from the general sympathy with which the present age regards his works. At the beginning of this century, the productions of the school of which Pope is by far the

worthiest representative, were held as the very lowest species of mechanical verse by poets and critics who are still read and admired. To-day, the same opinion is by no means so common, and it is not improbable that in the course of a few years more, Pope will enjoy a greater reputation than he does to-day.

The English heroic meter, in which almost all of Pope's work is written, stands as the external token of the universal idea of poetry in England in the eighteenth century. A great number of English poets, among whom the leading names are Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith, made use of this form as the vehicle of their poetic ideas, and besides the form, there was a certain characteristic line of thought and treatment, from which the poets of the earlier part of the century, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats, utterly and entirely dissented and broke away.

The first poet of this school, as far as can be found out, was Edmund Waller. This poet, in 1625, or thereabout, disliking and abandoning the license, extravagance, and fantastic whimsicality of the later Elizabethans, strove to improve poetry by correcting, confining, and formalizing it by the adoption of an elegant and fixed form, both for the verse and the sense. He was followed by Denham (dĕn'ăm), Cowley (kow'lĭ), and Dryden, who devoted themselves with great zeal in a measure to the cultivation of this form of poetry, and afterward by Pope, who raised it to a height of great excellence, gave it a very great popularity, and having discovered the secret of its composition, laid it open to the world. From this, it naturally resulted that hordes of second-rate verse writers seized upon it as a medium of expression; so that, after Pope, the names are of less

note, though that of Goldsmith shines out later, and the greatest among them are poets of minor rank, now generally neglected and little read,—Parnell, Armstrong, Young, Johnson, Churchill. As the chief and leader of a now despised and condemned school, Pope's position, to-day, is immeasurably below that given him a hundred years ago. Probably neither opinion is quite just. His reputation will, as we think, increase to some extent as time goes on.

A papist* (pā′pĭst) himself, educated by himself and with the assistance of four priests of his own church, without a University education, and debarred from obtaining any position in the State, it is a little remarkable perhaps that, in an age when Literature, Scholarship, and Politics were so closely united as in that of Queen Anne, Pope should have easily made himself the greatest name in letters of his day, and seized the highest position in the literature of his time. Such, however, was the case.

Born May 21, 1688, in the country at some little distance from Windsor, of a Roman Catholic family, Pope's youth was naturally spent much by himself. But he was a youth of immense forwardness. At an astonishingly early age did he acquire a taste for reading and poetry. He learned all languages,† in order to read all

* Catholics in Pope's day, and indeed for many years later, were in a position of political degradation, which strikes us to-day as being horribly unjust. No Catholic could take office under the king, for one thing; and besides this, there were many other restrictions laid upon them. It was not till the beginning of this century that the Catholic Emancipation Act restored persons of that religion to a position of political freedom. In Queen Anne's day, there was more excuse. Charles II. had died a Catholic, and James II., who had been expelled in 1688, was a most devoted Catholic. The English people, mindful of the experiences of the Reformation, a hundred and fifty years before, were determined that Romanism should not again obtain the upper hand, and hence the very unjust restrictive laws under which Pope labored along with other papists.

† That is three: French, Latin, and Italian.

poetry he could lay hands on. He wrote poetry as soon as he read it. He passed his youth in a constant atmosphere of letters. He was prevented by a physical deformity from joining with the boys of his own age in all their games, and gave himself up utterly to his books. At some early age, he had made friends with distinguished literary men, Wycherley (wĭtch′ĕr lĭ) and Walsh. By these, he was petted and pushed forward, and finally, on the publishing of certain pastorals in a miscellany of Jacob Tonson's (tŏn′sŭnz), general attention was attracted toward him, and in a marvelously short time, he arrived at the very height of his ambition. It is a wonderful and unexplainable thing; but at twenty-five, he was acknowledged to be the greatest poet in England by many, and by all it was allowed that he had few equals.

The grounds on which this opinion was based seem to us weak. Undoubtedly Pope, by his translation of Homer, by the "Dunciad" (dŭn′sē ăd), by his "Essay on Man," by his "Satires and Epistles," showed himself far superior to his contemporaries. But his pastorals, his "Windsor Forest," his "Temple of Fame," his "Essay on Criticism," his "Eloisa (ĕl ō ē′zȧ) to Abelard" (ăb′ĕ lärd), and his "Rape of the Lock" would not, to our mind, give him such a reputation. Of the last of these works, however, we should say a word or so, for it is one of Pope's most delightful performances.

It was founded on fact. Lord Petre (pē′tĕr) had actually stolen a lock of hair from Miss Fermor, and a family quarrel was the result. It was thought by some that Pope might do something to allay the trouble by a humorous poem, and "The Rape of the Lock" was therefore written and sent to Miss Fermor. It does not

seem to have wholly effected this purpose, though it was a delicious little poem. Pope published it, and then thought of improving it. He applied to Addison, whose friendship* he had made, and told him his plan. Addison advised him to leave it alone. Pope rejected the advice, and greatly improved his poem. But he conceived a dislike to Addison for what he thought treacherous advice, offered in a spirit of jealous fear, and we shall see what fruit it bore.

At the age of twenty-five or so, Pope had acquired great reputation. He had rather attached himself, at first, to Addison,—had written a prologue for his "Cato," and so on,—but had also become acquainted with Swift, and with many of the Tory wits. Being a Roman Catholic, Pope had nothing to do with politics. He was neither Whig nor Tory himself, but most of his friends were in the Tory camp. Unlike most of the literary men of his day, he wrote for neither party.

* Pope speaks of his connection with Addison and his friends as follows: "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Buttons'; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me; it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."

In truth, Pope was rather too delicate, not only for the course of existence led by Addison and Steele, but for the life of most of the great literary men of his day. He was physically small and weak; he could not stand the late hours and unheard-of potations of his companions. They were of a robust pattern. "The pace of those '*viveurs*' of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death. Godolphin (*gō dŏl' fĭn*) labored all day and gambled all night. Bolingbroke, writing to Swift, from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life, when about that hour, he used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure and jarred with business; his head often full of schemes, and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day who was not fat. Swift was fat, Addison was fat, Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat. All that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company."—*Thackeray.*

An oft-quoted passage from Bishop Kennet's diary begins as follows:

"*November 2, 1713.*—Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe. 'For,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'"

So young Mr. Pope, at this time,—twenty-five years old,—was the best poet in England, and was to undertake a translation of Homer. Such was Swift's opinion, and history has borne him out. Pope being glad to find that he was the greatest poet in England (which he had some time before discovered), desired to turn an honest penny by it,—for he was without resources for the future,—and conceived the idea of a translation of Homer's "Iliad." He planned to have it published by subscription, a manner which was likely to be very profitable to a young man with as many and as great friends as had Pope. Not to go into details, Pope made enough on his "Homer" to make him comfortable for life.

The literary results of the venture were not less successful. Pope produced a wonderful poem, and one on which criticism has expended much speculation. To go into the unfavorable points first: Pope did not understand Greek very well, which was a difficulty in the way of correctly translating a Greek poem of 16,000 verses. "It's a pretty poem, Mr. Pope," said Bentley, who did

understand Greek, "but you must not call it Homer." But beside this slight failing,—lack of fidelity to the original,—it has many very great merits.

It is the greatest effort of the English classical school of verse, having all the excellences of that school brought out in the most effective way, and having as few of its failings as practicable. It is to our mind somewhat stiff, stilted, pompous, dry, and mechanical, as is most of the poetry of that school. But again, it is brilliant, sensible, terse, epigrammatic, exquisite and finished in versification and admirable in expression, entertaining to be read, and certain to produce its desired effect. There is no poem wherein Pope's great genius shows to better effect than in this one.

One episode in Pope's life connects itself with the "Iliad,"—his quarrel with Addison. It is, on the whole, a distasteful thing to write the life of Pope, though not so in regard to his works. But the private life of the man was a strange compend of much that is good with much that is bad. And his biographer must constantly gloss over or explain or state plainly facts disgraceful to his subject. To us it seems that Pope showed the mean and malignant side of his nature in quarreling with Addison, as Addison showed the small and jealous side of his.

Pope, it will be remembered, had been, more or less, one of Addison's circle for some years. He was of too weak a mold to go through every thing with them, and being allied as he was to Swift and Bolingbroke, he could not be utterly devoted to Addison. But they were friends. At the same time with the publication of the first four books of Pope's "Iliad," there was issued a translation of the first book by Thomas Tickell, a particular friend of Addison. Pope, who, for various

causes, thought he had reason, at this time, to doubt Addison's friendship, at once sprung to the idea that the book was written by Addison. It was not. Pope, however, thought Addison had done a disgraceful thing, in trying in underhand manner to render unsuccessful his translation. The facts seem to be that Pope had sent his first book to Addison, with the request that he would read and correct it, a practice then customary among men of letters. Addison, however, sent it back, saying that he had promised to look over a translation of the book by Mr. Tickell, and could not with propriety correct Pope's also; but that if Pope would allow him to see the second book, he would like to do so. This Pope did. But the publication of the other version of the first book drove him furious. He became convinced that Addison and his set were bent on depreciating and ruining him, and he broke with them all. In his "Epistle to Arbuthnot" (ăr'bŭth nŏt), appears the famous memorial of this quarrel,—written, said Pope, at this time, and sent to Addison,—but it was said, at the time, that it was only written when Addison himself was dead and gone and could not strike back. It is a fine satire, and we can not but admire it. It hardly makes us love the author better.

After the success of his translation of the "Iliad," Pope naturally conceived the idea of doing the like by the "Odyssey." But he put forward, even in his prospectus, the fact that he was to be assisted in this by friends, and in fact he wrote only twelve books out of the twenty-four.* Elijah Fenton and William Broome

* As we have noted, Pope did not write the "Odyssey" by himself. He had by this time grown to be such a mighty power in the literary world, that his name alone would suffice to carry weight with it. After having finished the

were his colaborers, and after paying them not over handsomely for their share in the work, the remainder amounted to a very pretty sum. Pope made nearly £9,000 out of his translation of Homer; no small sum then,—nor now either. Part he laid out in annuities, and part in a villa at Twickenham* (twĭk′ĕn ăm), just out of London. Here he truly enjoyed himself. Here he received his friends, and received those delightful letters which we may read in his correspondence; and here he wrote letters to them and also courted the muse, in a style at which we can not but wonder and be pleased.

What a charming description is that given by Thackeray (thăk′ĕ rĭ) of his friends, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Garth, Gay, Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Peterborough, "the most brilliant company of friends that the world has ever seen." Between Swift and Pope existed the warmest and most confidential friendship,—so between Pope and Bolingbroke. Everybody loved Gay, and it is very plain that he loved Pope. And Peterborough, the brilliant, flashing nobleman, who had traveled more miles than

"Iliad," therefore, on beginning the "Odyssey," he obtained the assistance of two other poets of a certain sort, who aided him greatly. William Broome, a Cambridge scholar, who, though inferior to Pope in poetical gifts, was greatly his superior in Greek scholarship, wrote eight books out of the twenty-four. Elijah Fenton wrote four; the two together wrote half the work. But Pope, though he paid them the sum agreed upon, never gave them fair credit for their work; for he said in a postcript to the work, that Broome wrote but three books and Fenton two. He was not a strictly truthful man in certain respects.

* Pope purchased his Twickenham villa, with which his name has been so frequently connected, in 1718. It was on the Thames (*tĕmz*), some few miles out of London. The great city did not cover so much territory as it does now, and Pope's place was very secluded and rural. He enjoyed it greatly, amusing himself much by laying out its gardens, with walks, lawns, and trees; arranging grottoes and arbors. He was an ardent lover of the rising art of landscape; he was familiar with the great authorities of the time, and his example and precept helped to promote the development of a less formal style. At Twickenham, Pope entertained his friends Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Gay, and the memory of the wit and genius that was often gathered there has made the place famous.

any postilion in Europe, and had won not a few battles in as dashing a way as Marlborough could have done, this meteoric celebrity had head enough to perceive what there was of greatness in Pope, and to appreciate it.

Shortly after the "Odyssey," Pope published the "Dunciad," a mock heroic poem, a satire upon all stupidity, —and particularly such stupid persons as had been stupid enough to trouble Pope. In this poem, he recalls Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe," and pictures Dullness choosing a successor to Settle, to rule over her great empire. Theobald, a Shakespearian scholar, was chosen for the position. Beside being grossly dull and stupid, Theobald had been stupid enough to point out (correctly) that Pope's edition of Shakespeare might have been better if more care and pains had been spent on it. So he was to be the chief dullard. As a matter of fact, he was dethroned in a second version of the poem by Colley Cibber, the witty actor who had ridiculed a comedy that Pope had had a hand in. Cibber was hardly dull, but he had been dull enough to attack Pope. And so with all. The poem is so disfigured by personal venom, spite, and malice, that though we can easily enjoy the keen satire and much of the humor (much of it is disgusting),— though we can read the poem with pleasure, we gain from it but little respect for the writer. There are fine lines in it, but there is much in this world to be read nowadays that is more worth one's while. It is not wholly worth our pains to turn back a hundred and fifty years, and rake up all the petty feuds and dirty tricks which distinguish the history of Pope's War with the Dunces. It created a tremendous stir, however,—the scarified authors were beside themselves, and Pope was delighted.

There remains of his work, "The Essay on Man," his "Epistles," and his "Satires." The former it would be idle here to criticise; it was written at the prompting of Bolingbroke, on an utterly wrong basis, with very little knowledge of the subject. This may seem curt judgment of a poem from which come such phrases as

"The proper study of mankind is man."
"Whatever is, is right."
"Vindicate the ways of God to man."
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."
"Lo the poor Indian whose untutored mind."
"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."
"Pleased at a rattle, tickled with a straw."
"Order is Heaven's first law."
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."
"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

Truly this is Pope's great merit, he says so well these things that any one might have said but didn't. So in the "Epistles" and the "Satires"; for here he is more at home than anywhere else. We can nowhere find such epigrammatic, graceful, condensed, truthful expression as we find there. The Satire on Addison, which we have quoted, is as good as any,—but all may be read with pleasure.

Pope's whole life was a striving against disease. He was weak and sickly from his birth. Yet he lived to be fifty-six. His death was on the 30th of May, 1744.*

Outside his works, which were the finest part of him, Pope's chief virtues were loyalty and generosity. Whenever he had made a friend lastingly, he stuck to him. His quarrel with Addison is no exception, for between

* The death of Pope was imputed, by some of his friends, to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to eat potted lampreys.

the two men, there was never what should be called friendship. But to his true friends, to Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, and the many others, he was faithful and loyal, and they to him. And though he was zealous to acquire money, he was generous to give it; he loved to gain, but cared not to hoard his gains.

Much beyond this, it would be hard to go in pointing out good moral characteristics.* A multitude of petty faults seems to overpower all else. It would be unpleasant, and in this sketch we have neglected to relate all the instances of cowardice, meanness, double-dealing, and absolute lying which disfigure the story of his life. It must be enough to hint at them. Had Pope not been the greatest poet of his time, I fear his friends must have thought him a man of very small pattern. But owing to his brilliant intellect and his magnificent powers, Pope is held, and rightly, as one of the greatest men of his day.

* Among the pleasant things which one is glad to note of Pope is his love for his mother. He never speaks of her in his letters, save in the most affectionate, reverent, and beautiful manner. A few of her letters to him are preserved; simple, commonplace bits, which he loved as much as the more brilliant epistles of his wittier friends. "The old lady," says Stephen in his "Life of Pope," "had peculiar views of orthography; and Pope, it is said, gave her the pleasure of copying out some of his 'Homer,' though the necessary corrections gave him and the printers more trouble than would be saved by such an amanuensis. Even in his greatest days he remembered her." "The triumph marches by," says Thackeray, "and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories—the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home, and says 'I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my dear.'"

Many of Pope's evil characteristics may perhaps be directly referred to his miserably weak and sickly body. "He never seems to have been thoroughly well for many days together." We get a painful idea of his infirmities from Johnson. "He was so weak as to be unable to rise to dress himself without help. He was so sensitive to cold that he had to wear a kind of fur doublet under a coarse linen shirt; one of his sides was contracted, and he could scarcely stand upright till he was laced into a bodice made of stiff canvas; his legs were so slender that he had to wear three pairs of stockings, which he was unable to draw on and off without help. His seat had to be raised to bring him to a level with common tables." It is perhaps not remarkable that one of such physical infirmity should possess also rather diseased characteristics of mind.

GOETHE.

1749–1832.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (yō'hän vŏŏlf'-gäng fŏn gû'tĕh) was born in the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main (mīn), on the 28th of August, 1749. He died at Weimar (vī'mär), in Saxony, on the 22d of March, 1832.

While it is sometimes said, and often fondly believed, that an early life of hardship, and perhaps of social obscurity, is needed for the training of a great man, or of a successful man, it may be observed, on the other hand, that the circumstances which surrounded Goethe in young life were all cheerful, encouraging, and generous. His father, from a rank of social life not high, had raised himself to what is called an "Imperial Councilor." He was fond of books, of pictures, of authors, and of artists. His means were sufficient for him to give to his children every external advantage of education which a large, proud, and rich city afforded. In all these comforts, and in the enjoyment of these advantages, the young Goethe,—who was to be the first literary man of his time, and in more lines than those of mere literature, the leader of its thought,—grew happily to manhood. He said himself that he owed to his mother his happy disposition and his love of story-telling. But he owed her a great deal more. She had gained that step in life which enabled her to say that she always found what is good in people, and always left the bad to Him who

knows how to round off the angles. Once more, Goethe had the priceless advantage that he grew up and was educated with a sister near his own age. They were tenderly, even passionately attached to each other. He had her sympathy in all his boyish enthusiasms and her help in all his boyish or more mature studies. It would be hard for a novelist, trying to surround a hero with favorable conditions for his education, to devise better than did that Providence which rules the history of men, in the early life of Goethe.

He was well trained in the classics. Frankfort is a city where, for many generations, have lived learned Hebrews, among whom, for instance, the Rothschilds (rŏt′shĭlts) have won eminence in all the world. The neighborhood of Jewish scholars, well known and respected, led Goethe to the study of Hebrew in quite young life.

At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Leipsic (līp′zĭkh) for his collegiate studies. From that time, the direction of his education was left mostly to his own fancy or discretion. His father had wished that he should study jurisprudence and the kindred subjects. And the young man did not fail in attention to such lectures as this wish suggested. But here, and at Strasburg (străs′-bo͝orgh), where he joined the University in 1770, he added study in natural science to his researches in law and its administration. A mind as well balanced as his, swaying powers of observation, so various and accurate, would never satisfy itself with what the ingenuity of technical educators marks out as "one line of study." The literature of his own country, in his own time and in the generation before, occupied him, as well as studies relating to earlier periods. His facility in verse

and in the writing of fiction, gave him an easy leadership among such of his young comrades as had literary tastes. With or without the idea of publication, he was forever writing. And in his publications of later years, some poems may be found well worthy of his reputation, which belong to these early years.

Of all this period of his life, we have an entertaining account, in a rambling autobiography, which he published in 1813, under the name, "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (dĭkh′tŏŏng ŏŏnt vär′hīt), which Mr. Godwin has rendered "Truth and Poetry." It affected to give the "prose and poetry" of his life. Unfortunately for the reader, in preparing this book, Goethe would sweep into its compass any bit of manuscript he had left from early years, which had proved too dull to be used for any other purpose. But these heavy fragments are cemented together, in the conglomerate, by narrative so amusing, and often so gay, that, more than a hundred years after their real origin, one tolerates them still. And from the whole book, it is not difficult to see how this great leader of thought grew to be what he was.

He took a degree at Strasburg as Doctor of Jurisprudence, in 1771, and wrote a thesis which satisfied his father's wishes and the demands of the University. But his tastes were too pronounced, in the wider range which his studies had taken, for him to restrict himself to a line of thought and work on which he had entered rather as a matter of form. In his residence in Strasburg,—close on the French frontier, and half French in its social environments,—he had, naturally enough, rebelled against that artificial and external sway which, in the generation before him, the literary taste of France had excited over the literary work of Germany. An

acquaintance formed there with the great poet Herder (hĕr′dĕr), was of the first value to him. Herder turned his attention more than ever to the Italian masters.

Separate poems of his, and other writings of little importance, had been printed earlier, but it was the publication of "Götz von Berlichingen" (gûts fŏn bĕr′lĭkhĭng ĕn) which first compelled the interest and attention of his countrymen.* When, in the next year, he pub-

* Götz von Berlichingen was a German knight who won the name of "Iron Hand," who was born about the year 1480, and died in 1562. There exists a real chronicle of his life, of which the central motive was his enthusiasm for the peasantry and his wish to maintain their rights against the rapacity of the feudal nobility of his time. This autobiography had been published in 1731, and Goethe availed himself of it for the frame-work of incidents of his drama. The play defies the critical unities of the French critics. At every scene, the spectator is conducted to some new place, and the author often puts on the stage actions which the old dramatists thought could only be told, and not witnessed. What Goethe wanted to do was, not to make an acting play, but, in a series of striking situations, to represent his hero in some of the most critical exigencies. He had entire success in winning the reader's sympathy. The spirit of Liberty runs through the whole play. "It is a revolutionary work," says the critic in *La Rousse* (*lä rōōs*), "and when Götz murmurs 'Freedom! Freedom!' with his last breath, no one could be unsympathetic or cold."

The following is Sir Walter Scott's translation of the last scene:

SCENE XIV.

THE GARDEN BELONGING TO THE PRISON.

Lirse and Maria.

Maria—Go see how it stands with them. [*Exit Lirse.*]

[*Enter Elizabeth and Keeper.*]

Eliz. (*to the Keeper*)—God reward your mercy and kindness to my (*Exit Keeper;* husband! Maria, what bringest thou?

Maria—Safety to my brother! But my heart is torn asunder. Weislingen is dead!—poisoned by his wife. My husband is in danger,—the princes will be too powerful for him. They say he is surrounded and besieged.

Eliz.—Hearken not to rumor; and let not Götz remark aught.

Maria—How is it with him?

Eliz.—I fear he will hardly long survive thy return,—the hand of the Lord is heavy on him. And George is dead.

Maria—George!—the gallant boy!

Eliz.—When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy. At that moment a body of cavalry charged upon them. Had they all behaved as George, they would have given a good account of them. Many were killed; and poor George, he died the death of a cavalier.

Maria—Does Götz know it?

Eliz.—We conceal it from him. He asks me ten times a day about him, and

lished the "Sorrows of Werther" (vĕr'tĕr), it may be said that his national reputation was already won. "All the reading world went mad," says a modern writer. While all the German philosophers praised its depth, the common people read it for the story, and were delighted with its sentiment and passion. Europe, indeed, was dissatisfied at that time,—in 1774,—as well she might be. Europe had no such convenient, concrete way of expressing dissatisfaction as America found at just that time. "Werther," says Carlyle, "expressed the dim-rooted pain under which thoughtful men were languishing,"—and the heart of Europe responded to Werther, because it expressed it. If the more matter-of-fact England and

sends me as often to see what is become of George. I fear his heart will not bear this last wound.

Maria—O God! what are the hopes of this world!

[*Enter Götz, Lirse, and Keepers.*]

Götz—Almighty God! how well it is to be under Thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world hopes. Farewell, my children! My buds are crushed; my hope is in the grave!

Eliz.—Shall I not send Lirse to the cloister for thy son, that thou mayest see and bless him?

Götz—Leave him where he is. He needs not my blessing,—he is holier than I. Upon our wedding, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus! My old father blessed us, and a succession of noble and gallant sons arose at his prayer. Thou hast not heard him. I am the last.—Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, as in our most noble fights. Then my spirit encouraged yours; now yours supports mine. Oh, that I could but see George once more,—to warm myself at his look! You look down and weep. He is dead! George is dead! Die, Götz; thou hast outlived thyself,—outlived the noblest. How died he? Alas, they took him at Miltenberg, and he is executed.

Eliz.—No; he was slain there! He defended his freedom like a lion.

Götz—God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and a gallant. Now dismiss my soul! My poor wife! I leave thee in a wretched world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts carefully as your doors. The age of frankness and freedom is past,—that of treachery begins. The worthless will gain the upper hand by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net. Maria, God restore thy husband to thee! May he never fall the deeper for having risen so high! Selbiss is dead,—and the good Emperor,—and my George. Give me some water,—Heavenly sky!—Freedom! freedom!

Eliz.—Only above!—above with thee! The world is a prison-house.

Maria—Gallant and gentle! Woe to this age that has lost thee!

Lirse—And woe to the future that can not know thee!

America have never quite joined in the estimate which the continent of Europe passed upon "Werther," it may possibly be because thoughtful men in those regions had other causes for dissatisfaction, and other ways to express it.*

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (säk'sā) read "Werther," like the rest of the German world. This liberal and enthusiastic prince was named Charles Augustus. He

* The critics of England and the northern nations comprehend Goethe, and therefore praise him much more heartily than do those of France. This is natural enough. His own protests against the French literature of the eighteenth century would not make Frenchmen love him if they had any lingering pride in their own great authors of that time. But, indeed, his life is one, and theirs is another.

Madame de Stael (*mă dăm' dĕh stăl*) did much to acquaint French, and even English leaders with the awakening of an original literature in England. But her estimate of Goethe simply shows how unequal she was to any fair estimate of his power. She says:

"Goethe may be taken as the representative of all German literature. He unites every thing which distinguishes Germany, and nothing is so remarkable as a kind of imaginative power, in which Italians, English, or French have no part. In his writings, as in his conversation, Goethe likes to destroy the web he has himself woven,—to play with the emotions he has himself roused,—to overthrow the statues which he has compelled us to admire. So soon as he has drawn for us a character who inspires our interest, he shows inconsistencies in him which ought to disenchant us. He handles the poetical world as a conqueror handles the world of fact,—and claims the right to bring into his own works the spirit of destruction, as Nature does in hers." * * * Again: "I said that Goethe has the principal characteristics of the genius of Germany. They are found in him in an eminent degree. Great depth of thought,—that grace which grows from the imagination, much more original than the grace which is inspired by society,—and, in especial, a fantastic sensitiveness which interests his readers all the more because it is fantastic; for they seek in his books something which shall vary their monotonous destiny, and ask poetry to take them away from the events which are really passing."

The critic in La Rousse's great cyclopedia attempts to apologize for him:

"Goethe passed through all the storms raised by the French Revolution. He witnessed all the drama of the Empire of the First Napoleon; he saw the heroic efforts of people striving to be free; and was indifferent to it all. Boerne (*bûr'nā*), the German publicist, says bitterly: 'What tears have you dried? What sorrows have you relieved?' But it is not fair to ask of men more than nature gave them. Goethe was the powerful writer who revolutionized literature and gave it a new birth. He created the Romantic School, which shone with such brilliancy under Byron's pen, and which is now represented by Victor Hugo with such daring."

was saved himself from being forgotten, like a thousand other princes of petty German courts, by his interest in literature and art, and his patronage of the men most distinguished in either. He invited Goethe to his Court in 1775, when he was not twenty-six years old. A warm friendship, never broken, sprung up between the prince and the poet. The Duke invited him to reside at Weimar, and made him "Privy Councilor of Legation," with a salary of nine hundred dollars a year. His chief duty was a general superintendence of the artistic amusements of the city.

So far as Goethe's external life goes, this little story tells all its "circumstances." For in Weimar he lived, and in Weimar he died. Europe was convulsed with revolution and war, but his place in the world was not among those who fought in armies, who revised constitutions, or even with those who wept for a lost national history, or conspired for national unity. To say all this does not imply that Goethe failed in any duty to his country. Simply, he was fit for other work, and that other work he did. His literary and scientific duty and fame go far beyond Germany or German needs. But none the less did his loyalty to the idea of German unity profoundly affect the generations of Germans whom he swayed. And the unity of the great German Empire of to-day, is simply the expression in organized fact, of the necessity which he and the German authors around him were always asserting as an idea."*

* In 1806, after the battle of Jena (*yā′ nā*), when Napoleon had entered Weimar, he sent for Goethe The incident brought face to face the two foremost men of that time. Napoleon said to him, "*Vous êtes un homme.*" He told Goethe that he had read "Werther" seven times, and interested him by his criticisms on that novel and on his other works. He afterward invited him to Paris, and decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The universality of his genius has, through his life, and since his death, challenged amazement and admiration. He handled every great subject, and he handled them all with the easy simplicity of a master. The first work of importance which he published after he went to Weimar was the "Iphigenia (if ĭ jĕ nī′ă) in Tauris" (tą′rĭs), a prose drama, which he afterward versified with exquisite success. Meanwhile, he was eagerly studying natural science; and the results of such studies appeared, in after life, in his "Morphology," a botanical treatise, and in other works,—essays simple enough for any intelligent reader to follow, but which have contributed very materially to the development and simplicity of botany and of optics.

It would be useless to repeat the names, or to give the dates even, of his more important publications. Under the lead of such an arch-master, Germany became the leading literary power in the world,—even at a period when her fields and towns were ravaged by war. It is worth remark, for those people who believe that arts are silent in the midst of arms, and that the same generation which works out great problems, can not account for them or describe them, that the great revolution of German literature was wrought out in the twenty years of the fiercest war which has ravaged Europe in two centuries.

The great work of Goethe's life was "Faust," of which the first part was published in the year 1805. It has been truly said, that, if he had died immediately after it was published, he would already have achieved greater renown than any other man of letters of modern times. But he was destined to live twenty-six years longer; and in the eighty-second year of his life, he published

the second part of "Faust." The jubilee, or fiftieth year of his residence in Weimar, had been celebrated in the year 1825. In the year 1832, in the eighty-third year of his age, he took a cold, which became a fever, from which he died.

The men of thought and letters in all parts of the civilized world were eager to pay homage to his memory. He has affected the literature, the science, and the speculation of every country, and the impression which the nineteenth century will leave as to its leading characteristics, is an impression largely due to him.

"Goethe differs from all other great writers, except perhaps Milton, in this respect, that his works can not be understood without a knowledge of his life, and that his life is in itself a work of art, greater than any work which it created. This renders a long and circumstantial biography a necessity to all who would study the poet seriously. At the same time, he is so great that we are even now scarcely sufficiently removed from him to be able to form a correct judgment of his place in literary history. He is not only the greatest poet of Germany, he is one of the greatest poets of all ages. Posterity must decide his exact position in that small and chosen company which contains the names of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. He was the apostle of self-culture. Always after objective truth, and sometimes attaining to it, he exhibited to the world every phase of his plastic mind in turn, and taught, both by precept and example, the husbandry of the soul. The charge of selfishness so often brought against him, can not be maintained. His nature responded to every influence of passing emotion. Like a delicate harp, it was silent if not touched, and yet gave its music to every wooing of the willful wind. The

charge of unsympathetic coldness roused the deep indignation of those who knew him best. He learned by sad experience that the lesson of life is to renounce. Rather than cavil at his statuesque repose, we should learn to admire the self-conflict and self-command which molded the exuberance of his impulsive nature into monumental symmetry and proportion. His autobiography has done him wrong. It is the story, not of his life, but of his recollections. He needs no defense, nothing but sympathetic study. As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages, and Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the Modern Spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn."

BURNS.

1759-1796.

ROBERT BURNS, the great poet of Scotland, was born on the 25th of January, 1759,—in the same year with Schiller (shĭl′ĕr), and ten years after Goethe (gû′tĕh). He died on the 21st of July, 1796. His birthplace was near the town of Ayr (âr) and the "Kirk of Alloway," which his writings recall to the memory of so many readers. His father was a poor tenant farmer. But the range of his education, in those lines in which education can be gained from books, gives a good illustration of the admirable system of schools which the Scotch had created for themselves. It would be hard to say at how early an age this farmer's boy began to write verses, which were the delight of his friends. He was a diligent reader; and, in the poverty of his father's home, he contrived to read many of the best books of his time. When, in early life, he found himself in the company of persons who had enjoyed the best education of Edinburgh (ĕd′ĭn bŭr rŭh), the poor farmer of Ayr had no reason to be ashamed for his acquisitions.

He had worked for his father as a day-laborer—paid seven pounds a year for his wages—until he was eighteen years old. He then went to a school at Kirk-Oswald (kĭrk ŏz′wăld), to learn the business of a surveyor. This town is on the coast of Scotland, and while he lived here, by intercourse with people who had to do with foreign trade, he enlarged his knowledge of the

world. Perhaps he did not like his companions the less that they were smugglers, or were connected with contraband business. While he was here, he printed some of his shorter poems, one of which was "John Barleycorn."* His instruction in surveying does not seem to have led to any immediate opening in life, and in the winter of 1781, he went to learn the business of a flax-dresser, at Irvine (ĭr′vĭn). His father died in 1783, and, to provide a home for him and for their mother, Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert took a farm at Moss-giel (mŏs gēl′), but all his experiments in farming make one think, either that he was a very poor farmer, or that farming in Scotland at that time was a wretched reliance. Probably both these impressions are well founded. Wherever Burns was, and whatever he did for a living, he was always writing poetry, and some of his poems now best known, were the work of these periods of abject poverty.

It became at last unendurable. He determined to leave all his cares behind him, by going to Jamaica. This was in 1786. It was to raise money for his passage that he persuaded his friends to subscribe for an edition of his collected poems. From the subscription he obtained twenty pounds, and thus he secured a passage for the island. He was hiding in one place and another,

* It begins:

"There were three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high,
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die."

And ends:

"Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man to a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!"

that he might avoid arrest,* when a friend brought to him a letter which he had received from Dr. Thomas Blacklock. This was a blind clergyman who lived near Edinburgh. He ranked as a poet, and was highly esteemed in Scotland. As time has worked out its miracles, it has happened that he owes his own escape from being forgotten to the happy moment of kindness when a word of his kept Robert Burns in Scotland. In the critical letter which was brought to the discouraged poet, Mr. Blacklock spoke in the highest terms of the poems in the new volume. "There is a pathos and delicacy in his serious poems, a vein of wit and humor in those of a more festive turn, which can not be too much admired," he said. He also said that Dugald (dōō′-gŭld) Stewart, then at the height of his fame as a professor in Edinburgh, had approved of the poems, and he hoped for the publication, as soon as might be, of a larger edition.

*At this time he wrote, as a farewell to Scotland, the poem which begins thus:

"The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,—
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr."

He supposed this would be "the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia."

The last of these pathetic verses is this:

"Farewell, old Coila's (*kō′ ĭ lȧz*) hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends! farewell my foes!
My peace with these,—my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr."

So soon as Burns received this letter, he doubted as to the idea of America. His "chest" had been sent to the ship, as the "chest" of Oliver Goldsmith, Burns' favorite poet, had been sent to another ship bound for America, nearly forty years before. But after some weeks of consideration, Burns now determined to abandon the West Indian plan for a time at least, and to try the fortune of a new edition in Edinburgh.

Accordingly,—about two months after he saw Dr. Blacklock's letter, which proved so critical a point in his history,—he went to Edinburgh. His fame had gone before him, and he was most cordially welcomed in the distinguished literary circles of that capital. An interesting anecdote connects this happy experience of his life with the early days of Walter Scott.* The learned and accomplished gentlemen and ladies of Edinburgh knew the real strength of Scotland so little, that they were astonished to find such intelligence, such dignity, and,

* Scott was a boy of sixteen, but he had read Burns' poems, and was eager to see him. The opportunity came at Dr. Adam Ferguson's, whose son—afterward Sir Adam Ferguson—was Walter Scott's intimate friend. "Of course," says Scott, "we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner was, the effect produced on him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written underneath:

"'Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's Plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;—
Bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,—
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.'

"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or, rather, by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of the 'Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though in mere civility, I then received, and still remember, with great pleasure."

most of all, such "good-breeding" in "a peasant." Burns' person "was strong and robust, his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents." This is Scott's recollection of him; and again he says, "I would have taken him, if I had not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school * * * the douce (dōōs) gudeman who held his own plow." Another of the Edinburgh gentry said: "He was plainly, but properly, dressed, in a style midway between the holiday costume of a farmer and that of the company with which he now associated. Upon the whole, had I met him near a sea-port, and been required to guess his condition, I should probably have conjectured him to be the master of a merchant vessel of the most respectable class."

He spent a considerable part of the winter in such society in Edinburgh, and his biographers observe that he found other society also,—less decorous, and more like that which he had known among the smugglers of Kirk-Oswald. He was occupied also in sittings for his portrait, and in overseeing a new edition of his poems. For this edition a subscription was made, in which the most distinguished people in Scotland took part. The poet received from it five hundred pounds,—a sum larger than he had ever possessed. It lifted him above immediate want, and enabled him to give up the idea of emigration, and to establish his home in Scotland.

He spent most of the next summer, however, in a journey in Scotland, the steps of which have been diligently traced, because so many of his poems refer to them. Meanwhile, he gave to his brother nearly half of

the money he had received for the new edition, and at last invested what he had left of the other half in stocking a new farm for himself and his bride, Jane Armour. But, as one skilled in farming said, the selection of the new farm, which was at Ellisland, Dumfriesshire (dŭm-frēz′shīr), was the selection of a poet, and not of a farmer. The prospect was beautiful, but the crops were poor.*

He came to the new farm to live, before it was ready for his wife, on the 13th of June, 1788. In the same year he had accepted from the Government,—which wished, in this somewhat clumsy way, to show its admiration of poetical genius,—an appointment as gauger in the system of excise, by which the taxes on distilled liquors were collected. Burns knew only too much, alas, of distilled liquors. And it would, probably, be unjust to say that the appointment which gave his family their bread, confirmed the habits of intemperance which were already formed. He had been always playing with the sword which has no handle.† In the autumn, the new house he was building was so far finished that he occupied it himself. But he was obliged to obtain, for the

* He announces his new purchase in this letter to Miss Chalmers:

"I know, my dear friend, that you will be pleased with the news when I tell you that I have at last taken a lease of a farm. Yesternight I completed a bargain with Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, for the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Frith, between five and six miles above Dumfries. I begin at Whitsunday to build a house, drive lime, etc.; and Heaven be my help, for it will take a strong effort to bring my mind into the routine of business. I have discharged all the army of my former pursuits, fancies, and pleasures,—a motley host,—and have literally and strictly retained only the ideas of a few friends whom I have incorporated into a life-guard. I trust in Dr. Johnson's observation, 'Where much is attempted, something is done.'"

† Here is a passage to a letter to Mr. Tennant: "I yesterday tried my cask of whiskey for the first time, and I assure you it does you great credit. It will bear five waters, strong, or six ordinary toddy. The whiskey of this country is a most rascally liquor, and, by consequence, only drunk by the most rascally part of the inhabitants."

present, another house for his wife and child. His correspondence of all this period is most spirited and entertaining. He hardly writes a word, in prose or in verse, which is not worth careful reading. And so early was his eminence among his countrymen gained that, fortunately for us, almost all, even of his hasty letters, seem to be preserved.*

But his life, on what is called his own farm, was but a short one. The American reader, used to freehold and its priceless privileges, must understand that the farm never was his, nor the house. He was simply a tenant; and the first product of the farm, called his by courtesy, belonged to the landlord. With Burns' inefficiency as a farmer, a farm which was already completely exhausted, refused to meet even this demand, and after a struggle of a few years with debt in its various forms, he had to give up the place to the landlord and rely for the support of his family on the wretched fifty pounds a year which the Excise Commissioners paid him, and on his dealings with the publishers. Alas! the exigencies of the Excise hindered the "work"—if it must be called such—of the pen. "I am a poor rascally gauger," he wrote to his book-seller, "compelled to gallop at least two hundred miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels." Yet such a man in such a service

* One of them gives the first draft of "Auld Lang Syne." With a mystification of which he was fond, he pretends that it is all an old song, which he had written from an old man who was singing it. But, in truth, the second and third verses are his own. The letter in which they are first written is to Mrs. Dunlop:

"*Dec. 17, 1788.*

"There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet."

His own verses are: "We twa hae run about the braes," and "We twa hae paidlet i' the burn."

was writing lyrics, which he did not simply dash off in a moment of inspiration, but which he finished with exquisite care, which will be, for generation after generation, the admiration of the world.

He was always kind to his brothers, and, as has been seen, when he was richest, would divide what he had with them. The youngest of them, named William, determined to go to London, to try his fortunes at his trade, and wrote to Robert for advice "about behavior in companies rather above my station, to which I might be eventually introduced." Robert Burns answered this *naive* (nä′ēv) letter as if he were himself the most thoughtful and prudent of men.*

In his office, Burns had to protect the interests of the Government in ten parishes. As he says, he had to ride two hundred miles a week in this service. The motive, as Mr. Chambers says, was to maintain his family, and be beholden to nobody. He certainly showed in this work diligence, perseverance, and accuracy. Mrs. Burns was a prudent and frugal manager, and, "on the hole," as the same critic says, his life was respectable; the exception, alas! being a few evening hours over the bowl with his friends. As an illustration of the externals of his life, here is the recollection of one of his farm servants: "He kept two men and two women servants; but he invariably, when at home, took his meals with his wife and family in the little parlor." This man thought he was as good a manager of land as most of the neigh-

* Here is a part of his prudent instruction: "Be cautious in forming connections with comrades and companions. You can be pretty good company to yourself, and you can not be too shy of letting anybody know you further than to know you as a saddler. Another caution. * * * It is an impulse the hardest to be restrained; but if a man once accustoms himself to gratifications of that impulse, it is then nearly or altogether impossible to restrain it.

"*Feb. 10, 1796.*"

bors. He kept nine or ten milch cows, some young cattle, four horses, and several pet sheep, of which he was very fond. He was a fair workman, and would hold the plow himself for an hour or two at a time. He was an indulgent master; and when we judge Burns harshly for intemperance, it must be remembered that, for six months, this servant of his never saw him intoxicated.

For some time, while he was living in this life, he was hopeful, as he certainly was happy. At the end of this year it was that he wrote "Tam O'Shanter." And the careful study of his life shows that, at least to the early part of 1790, he was in comfortable pecuniary circumstances. To the authors,—indeed, to the readers of to-day,—it seems extraordinary, that his pen, so ready and so kind a servant, should have rendered him no assistance in keeping a balance on the right side of his account books. But it is clear from his correspondence, that, while he gave away his matchless lyrics, and, indeed, all his poems, right and left, with the most cordial freedom, the idea of coining them into money was absolutely disagreeable to him. His friend, Dr. More, remonstrates with him for the carelessness with which he parts with them. He says: "I refused every solicitation for copies of that on 'Queen Mary,' but lately saw it in a newspaper;" and he begs Burns to collect these fugitive pieces, and publish a second volume, by subscription, as the first had been published.

But Burns "rhymed for fun," as he said. He would write to oblige a friend or to obey a whim. He delighted to improve his country's collection of songs. But he would not own any mercenary motive. And while the condition of things was such that really important and powerful friends, who wanted to assist him, could

only provide for him the wretched post as a gauger, which wasted the best hours of his life, literature was then so little recognized as the vocation of an honest man, that these priceless poems of his were valueless, as well as priceless. The magician who called them into being, was giving his life away as he did so.

In the latter part of March, 1791, the horse on which he was riding fell, and he broke his arm. Not long after, his third son was born, who rose afterward to an honorable military position.*

Burns hoped at this time, as well he might, that he might be advanced in the service of the excise. He had, indeed, expected a supervisor's place, but here he was disappointed. But he was told that he could remove to Dumfries, and rate as an "exciseman," with an addition to his "salary," which would bring it up to seventy pounds a year. Burns thought that, with such an addition as this change made to his income, he could give up his farm. An opportunity occurred by which he obtained the "privilege"—which it is hard for an American to understand—of abandoning the wretched holding to its owner; and he did so gladly, although he had sunk three hundred pounds of hard-earned money in the failure of his efforts to improve the property.

The removal to Dumfries, however, is counted by his friends to have been the critical misfortune of his life. By this is meant, that it was here that he was led into the temptations which he could not resist. If any power, human or divine, had arrested the change of life which took him and his family to Dumfries, he would not have

* A letter from Dr. Currie describes a visit which two English gentlemen made on him this summer. They found Burns engaged in angling. "He had a cap made of a fox skin."

yielded to those temptations as he did. At Dumfries, there was a wretched system of tavern conviviality, into which Burns fell only too easily. His death, at an early age, is to be traced directly to a night of excess in one of the companies who met in the revelry of these taverns. Until Burns went to Dumfries to live, it seems to those who know his life best, to be certain that he was not fixed in intemperate habits. His punch-bowl was, till then, really "dusty," as he said it was.

But, as early as 1790, when his wife made a long visit to her parents, he began to give up the absolutely domestic habits to which he had held since his marriage. Critics are so severe, that there are those who charge on this unfortunate visit of the poor wife, all the consequences of Burns' intemperance. In Dumfries, there was more temptation. Home in a hired house,—of which the rent was seven pounds a year,—could not have been so attractive as it might have been on a farm selected by a poet's eye. The tavern, too, was nearer, and the company more attractive than any which he had near him when he was at Ellis.

The French Revolution was beginning to attract the interest of all the world. Burns was interested, of course, in any turn of the hopes and fears of the friends of Liberty. To readers of to-day,—who have the interpretation which a certainty has given to those hopes and fears,—his views do not appear injudicious,—scarcely extravagant. But they were certainly not the views of the Government of which William Pitt was the chief, which, even then, was feeling its blind way in the first steps of that wretched policy which, for more than twenty years, kept England embroiled in a war, in which, so far as posterity sees, she had almost no true concern. At an

exciting moment, in 1791, Burns bought four carronades. These were small guns, invented not long before, and first cast at a foundry in the Scotch town Carron, from which they took their name. They must have been very small guns in this case, for the four cost Burns only three pounds.

While the French Convention still had the respect of intelligent men, and was regarded by the friends of Liberty as the hope at least of France, and perhaps of the world, Burns, by way of testifying his share in such hope, sent his four little guns as a present to the Convention. When the present had come as far as Dover, it was seized, as an addition to the military strength of a foreign power. True, England was not yet at war with Republican France. But the incident of the seizure brought forward Burns' sympathy with the Republic, and was used in a way unfavorable to his personal interests with the Commissioners of Excise, who were the superior officers who appointed him.

He took more than one opportunity to confirm the prejudices against him. On one occasion, when William Pitt's health was proposed as a toast, he offered Washington's health, and was much displeased when the company declined to drink it. In 1794, he wrote "An irregular ode for General Washington's birthday." All of these ebullitions of interest in Republics stood in the way of his promotion to a supervisorship. But, so soon as there was any rumor of a French invasion of England or Scotland, Burns joined in the national movement in which all men volunteered for military defense. He became a member of the "Dumfries Volunteers." And a song which he wrote for them became very popular. But the poet who could write "A man's a man for

a' that," could not pretend to much sympathy with the absurd measures of the oligarchy which then misgoverned England. Burns would, in his songs or in his talk, blurt out some vehement protest against its policy; and if he were in liquor, this protest would be extravagant. Once and again he had to apologize for such utterances.

While his habits were more and more reckless, so far as indulgence in liquor went, still the tolerance which Dumfries rendered toward such habits was so great, that his biographers believe that in his residence there he gradually gained in public estimation.

None the less, however, was he losing in health and real manly vigor. His matchless constitution could not forever withstand the attacks made on it by his indulgence. Talk of "flying gout" and "rheumatic fever" begins to appear in his spirited letters. And people who had not seen him for many years, noted degeneracy in the aspect of his face, and in his personal bearing. Chambers, to whom we owe a biography admirable in its spirit and in its detail, argues earnestly to show that his death was the result of an accident, and is not fairly to be ascribed to the effects produced by intemperance on his health. But when one reads what the "accident" was, he feels that the distinction is hardly worth drawing: "Early in the month of January, 1796, when his health was in the course of improvement, Burns tarried to a late hour at a jovial party in the Globe Tavern. Before returning home, he unluckily remained for some time in the open air, and, overpowered by the effects of the liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. In these circumstances, and in the peculiar condition to which a severe medicine had reduced his constitution, a fatal chill penetrated to his

bones. He reached home with the seeds of a rheumatic fever already in possession of his weakened frame."

His disease made progress only too rapidly. He was removed to a fishing hamlet near Dumfries in July, in the hope that the sea-air might benefit him. The sea-bath, in fact, did ease his pains, but a new attack of fever came on, and on the 18th of the month he returned to his house, where, on the 21st, he died. He was buried with military honors. All question and all prejudice regarding him instantly ceased, and England joined with Scotland in the expression of grief, and in practical measures for the relief from care or poverty of his widow and his five children.

Even then England and Scotland did not know that this was the first English-writing poet of his time. We know it, and we know that in his work the revolution began by which the literature of the British islands and of America threw off the shackles of the most irritating conventional habit, and asserted the freedom and simplicity which have given such life as it has had to the literature of the nineteenth century.

SCHILLER.

1759-1804.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (yō′hän krēs′tōf frē′drĭkh fŏn shĭl′er) was born in Marbach (mär′bäkh), a small town of Wurtemberg (wûr′tĕm bĕrg), on the 10th of November, 1759,—a few months later than Robert Burns. His father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian Army, and continued until his death in the pay of the Duke of Wurtemberg. His mother was a woman of many household virtues and her husband a person of great probity of character.

Schiller was intended by his parents for the Church, and his school studies were regulated with this view.* His studies did not firmly fix his attention; he loved rather to meditate on the splendors of the theater of Ludwigsburg (lo͝ot′vĭkhs bo͝orgh), which he saw in his ninth year. But the Duke of Wurtemberg offered him an education in a free seminary he was just founding in Stuttgart (sto͝ot′gärt). For six years the boy was kept

* Friedrich's school-fellows recollect that even his freaks had a poetic character. Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him from the young group in the house. None of the sisters could tell what had become of Fritz, and the old man became, at length, so anxious that he went out in quest of him. The boy was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place in the neighborhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded, "that the lightning was very beautiful, and that he wished to see where it came from."

under the rigid discipline* of this school, which was grievous to him, studying law, for which he had no inclination. These restraints seem to have stimulated a dawning taste for poetry. Before the end of his fourteenth year, he had finished what he called an epic poem, and had produced his first tragedy. Although brooding gloomily on the restraints of his position, and longing for freedom, he plodded along, writing when he snatched an opportunity. When he was nineteen, he produced his play, "The Robbers," which forms an era, not only in his history, but in that of literature. Its publication caused great excitement, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and translations appeared in almost all the languages of Europe. It brought Schiller into public notice, but the Duke of Wurtemberg highly disapproved of his poetical labors. He commanded him to beware of writing any more. However, he did not follow up this course, and when Schiller became known widely, the Duke ceased to persecute him.†

* Once, in 1768, Schiller and his friend Elwert, had to repeat their Catechism together on a certain day, publicly, in the church. Their teacher had previously threatened them with a flogging if they missed a single word. Both the boys began their answers with dismayed hearts and faltering tongues; but they succeeded in accomplishing the task, and were, in consequence, rewarded with two kreutzers (*kroit'sĕrz*) apiece. Two kreutzers of ready cash was a sum of no common magnitude. How it should be disposed of formed a serious question for the parties interested. Schiller moved that they should go to Harteneck (*hăr'ten ĕk*), a hamlet in the neighborhood, and have a feast on curds-and-cream; but, alas! in Harteneck no curds-and-cream was to be bought. Schiller then asked the price of a quarter of a cheese, but this would cost the whole of their four kreutzers, without leaving any thing to pay for bread. They walked on to a hamlet farther off, where, after much inquiry, they found curds-and-cream, served on a painted crockery plate, with silver spoons, all for three kreutzers, which left one for a bunch of grapes. Schiller was so excited by the feast, that he mounted with his comrade to a height overlooking the two hamlets. In a poetical effusion he pronounced his malediction on the creamless region, and bestowed his solemn blessing on the one which had afforded the delicious repast.

† The Freiherr von Dalberg (*frī' hâr fŏn dăl'bĕrgh*), superintendent of the theater at Mannheim (*măn' hīm*), had it brought upon the stage in 1781. With the

Schiller left Stuttgart when he was in his twenty-third year. The mother of two fellow-students, Madame von Wolzogen (vōl′tsō gĕn), invited him to her house, on her estate at Bauerbach (bow′ĕr bäkh). Here he settled himself to writing with zeal and success, and produced two plays,—"Fiesco" (fē ĕs′kō) and "Cabale (kä bä′lĕh) und Liebe" (lē′bĕh), which, with "The Robbers," made the first period of Schiller's literary history. In September, 1783, he went to Mannheim, as poet of the theater, —a post of respectability and reasonable profit. He was now relieved of all oppression, and his gloom left him. He had a moderate income, was safe and free, and surrounded by friends that loved and honored him.

The theater at Mannheim was, at that period, one of the best in Germany. Schiller exerted himself to promote its objects. He read and studied the French classics, and projected translations from Shakespeare, and was busy with new original compositions. He began a periodical work, the *Rheinische Thalia* (rī′nĭsh ĕh tä′lē ä), which was continued for several years. It contained theatrical criticisms, essays upon the stage, its history, and influence, as well as miscellaneous poetry and discussion. Thus busily occupied, Schiller led a happy life. His mild and amiable manners made him a favorite in society. He was loved and admired, and had brilliant

natural desire of a young author, Schiller ventured to go in secret to witness the first representation of his tragedy. His incognito did not conceal him. He was but under arrest during a week for this offense, and as this punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, dark hints were given him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremity. He resolved to be free, at whatever risk; to quit his school, and go forth, friendless and alone, to seek his fortune. Some foreign Duke or Prince was arriving at Stuttgart, and all the people were in movement, occupied with seeing the spectacle of his entrance. Schiller seized this opportunity of escaping from the city. He got beyond the reach of turnkeys, commanding officers, and Grand Dukes. This was in October, 1782.

prospects before him. But Mannheim came to seem too narrow a sphere for him, and he determined to remove to Leipsic (līp′zĭkh), as a larger center of activity and life. But Leipsic, though pleasant, did not realize his views, and he went on to Dresden, where were many persons who admired his fame. He made his home with his true friend, Körner (kû′nĕr), and it was there that "Don Carlos" was completed. It was published in 1786,—the first of his plays that bears the stamp of maturity. It was received with immediate and universal approbation. At Dresden, Schiller wrote many of his smaller pieces of poetry, which may be classed as among the most finished efforts of his genius. Growing tired of fictitious writing, he began to think of history, and began upon "The Revolt of the Netherlands." He planned other such works, of which very few reached even partial execution.

Such were Schiller's occupations while at Dresden. Their extent and variety are proof enough that idleness was not among his vices. He wrote and thought with impetuosity. His intolerance of interruptions first put him on the plan of studying by night, a practice which he never gave up. He loved to be alone. The banks of the Elbe were his favorite resort in the mornings. Here, wandering in solitude in green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings, watched the fitful current of his thoughts as they came sweeping through his soul in vague, fantastic forms, and meditated upon his literary schemes. At times, he went out upon the water and feasted himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted in tempests; as, when a boy, he felt in harmony with the wildest scene of storm.

Schiller commonly devoted a part of his day to the pleasures of society. He appeared unwillingly in the

circles of fashion, but there were congenial minds with whom he could associate, with whom he was frank, unembarrassed, and lent himself to the humor of the hour. His conversation was delightful, at once rare and simple; marked by a kindliness and good humor that would have rendered dullness agreeable, it overflowed with intellect.

In 1787, Schiller made a visit to Weimar (vī′mär), the Athens of Germany. In this literary city, he found the sympathy of kindred minds. On the occasion of a visit to his early patroness, Madame von Wolzogen, he met at Rudolstadt (rōō′dōl stät), where he stayed for a time, the Fraülein Lengefeld (froi′līn lĕng′ĕh fĕlt). He came to love her, and the return of her love diffused a sunshine over his world. It was at this time that Schiller first met Goethe (gû′tĕh), concerning whom his expectations had been raised high by reading and report. The first impression was not very pleasant. Goethe was in his thirty-ninth year, and had long since found his proper rank and settlement in life. Schiller was ten years younger, and his individuality was less matured. Each was constrained before the other, and no great harmony sprang up; but afterward, feelings of kindness grew up between them, and, in the end, of affection.*

The first volume of "The Revolt of the Netherlands" came out in 1788, and added to the reputation of its author. Through the special notice of Princess Amelia,

* Goethe's prepossessions were hostile to Schiller. He stated them himself with frankness, but good humor:

"On my return from Italy," he says, "where I had been endeavoring to train myself in purity and precision of writing, not heeding what was going on in Germany, I found some recent works of poetry enjoying high esteem and wide circulation, while, unhappily, their character to me was utterly offensive. Of these, I mention Schiller's 'Robbers,' because in it, the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which I was struggling to free myself, had been laid hold of by a powerful though an immature genius, and poured in a boundless, rushing flood over all our country. * * *

Regent of Sachsen (säk′sĕn) Weimar, Schiller was appointed Professor at Jena (yā′nä); he went thither in 1789. His wanderings were now at an end. In the February following, he obtained the hand of Fraülein Lengefeld, a happiness with which he had long associated all the pleasures which he hoped for from the future.*

Schiller then devoted himself to the writing of history, upon which his views were of the most enlarged kind. His "Thirty-Years' War" is no ordinary history; it abounds in picturesque events, and is full of great thoughts, and vivid descriptions of scenes and characters.

This first complete specimen of Schiller's art in the department of history, though but a small fraction of

"The rumor this strange production had excited all over Germany, the approbation paid to it by every class of persons, from the wild student to the polished court-lady, frightened me; for I now thought all my labor was to prove vain. The objects and the way of handling them, to which I had devoted all my powers, appeared defaced and set aside, and what grieved me more was, that all my friends seemed in danger of the like contagion; I was much hurt. Had it been possible, I would have abandoned the study of creative art, and the practice of poetry altogether; for where was the prospect of surpassing such performances of genuine worth and wild form in their own direction? It had been my object and my task to cherish and impart the purest exhibitions of poetic art. This was now impossible for me. I avoided Schiller, who was now at Weimar, in my neighborhood. The attempts of our mutual friends I resisted, and we still continued to go on our way apart."

* Charlotte von Lengefeld was born in November, 1766, in Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt (*shvärts′ bōōrgh rōō′ dŏlsh stät*). She became Schiller's wife in February, 1790. For fifteen years she was his chosen companion. During this time, her only grief was anxiety for his health. She lived only in Schiller, and for him. She followed willingly, for it was easy to follow him in his inspirations. Her taste was frequently a great help to her husband. She was the wife he needed.

Charlotte's letters have a certain grace; while earnest and serious, they give the small events of every-day life in gay, often humorous, fashion, depicting the present moment in a clear and cheerful light.

After the death of Schiller, his widow devoted herself to the education of their four children. She lived to see both of her accomplished sons happily married. In her last years, she was troubled with weak eyes, threatening blindness. This misfortune she bore with courage and cheerfulness, in the circle of her children and friends. She died at Bonn, July, 1826, in the arms of two of her children.

what he meant to do, and could have done, proved, in fact, to be the last he ever undertook. In 1791, a fit of sickness overtook him; he had to exchange the inspiring labors of literature for the pains of physical disease. His disorder had its seat in his chest, and was violent and threatening; and though nature overcame it in the first attack, the blessing of entire health never returned to him. The causes of this disorder seem to have been his unceasing toil, and, perhaps, his habit of studying at night. A total cessation of all literary effort was prescribed for him. Schiller rebelled against this. With a wife depending upon him for support, it seemed impossible to him to stop writing. In this difficulty, help came from an unexpected quarter. A pension of a thousand crowns a year was conferred upon him for three years by two benefactors, the Prince of Holstein-Augustenberg (hōl′stīn ow gōōs′tĕn bĕrgh) and the Count von Schimmelman (shĭm′mĕl män), with the single stipulation that he should take care of his health, and use every effort to get well.

After this attack of illness, through the kind provision he received from Denmark for his support, Schiller relaxed his labors for the University at Jena, discharged the duties of his class by proxy, and forsook his historical studies; he allowed himself to turn his attention to more abstract subjects, among which was the philosophy of Kant (känt), then spreading over Germany. In the controversies excited by these doctrines, Schiller took no part. The noise they made induced him to investigate them, but their influence is scarcely to be traced in his subsequent writings.*

* In the end of 1792, Schiller, for the only time in his life, seriously meditated mingling in politics. The French Revolution had from the first affected

The historical and critical studies of Schiller had enlarged and enlightened his mind, his intellect was enriched by acquired thoughts, and strengthened by exercise, but the primary vocation of his nature was poetry, and the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for this. The first youthful blaze of poetic ardor had passed away, but gleams of ideal beauty still hovered over his mind. He longed to turn them into shape. Criticism had exalted his notions of art; the perusal of the Greek tragedians had given rise to some translations; reading Homer, suggested to him the idea of an epic poem. He felt, however, that the true home of his genius was the drama, the department where its powers had first been tried. The idea of Gustavus Adolphus as the hero of his epic poem, he transferred to the subject of a tragedy, out of which grew his "Wallenstein" (wŏl′ĕn stīn). This task was for several years his chosen occupation, though his occasional labors, besides, were numerous and varied,—the editing of the *Thalia* and the superintendence of the *Musea-Almanach* were among these. In the latter, he had the co-operation of

him with no ordinary hopes, which, however, the course of events fast converted into fears. For the ill-fated Louis XVI., and for the cause of freedom, which seemed threatened with disgrace, in the treatment that monarch was likely to receive, Schiller felt so deeply interested, that he determined, not without personal risk, to address an appeal on these subjects to the French people, and the world at large. The voice of reason advocating order as well as liberty, might, he conceived, make a salutary impression in this period of terror and delusion; the voice of a distinguished man would sound like the voice of the nation which he should represent.

Schiller was still making inquiries for a French translator, and revolving in his mind the various arguments that might be used with propriety and advantage, when the progress of things superseded the necessity of such deliberation. In those few months, Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold. The Bourbon family were guillotined, or scattered over Europe, and the French government was changed into a frightful chaos, through which calm truth had no longer any chance of being heard. Schiller turned away from these repulsive and appalling scenes into other regions, where his powers were more likely to produce effect.

Goethe. Their intimacy was now frank and cordial; they were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses, and frequently used to go together from Jena to Weimar. They might sometimes be seen, we are told, on the road between these towns, sitting at table beneath the shade of a spreading tree, talking and looking at the passers-by.

Schiller had at this time little to complain of, and much to rejoice in. He was happy in his family, honored and admired by the world; his wants were provided for. He had tasks which inspired and occupied him; friends who loved him, whom he loved. His mode of life at Jena was simple and moderate, his only excess being his habit of writing and studying at night. He was to be found at his desk till four or even five o'clock in the morning, when he went to bed, and seldom rose till nine or ten.*

"Wallenstein" was sent forth to the world in 1799,—a work of anxiety and labor, which had not been bestowed in vain. It may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of the eighteenth century, at the very close of which it was published.

* During summer, his place of study was in a garden,—which at length he purchased,—in the suburbs of Jena, in a hollow defile, through which a stream flows around the city. On the top of the acclivity,—from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saale (*sä'lĕh*) and the fir-clad hills of the neighboring forest,—Schiller built himself a small house with a single room in it. This was his favorite abode during hours of composition, and a great part of his works were written there.

On sitting down at his desk at night, he was in the habit of keeping some strong coffee or chocolate, or, more frequently, a flask of Rhenish wine or champagne, standing by him, that he might, from time to time, refresh himself. Often the neighbors used to hear him declaiming aloud in the silence of the night; and, as it was very easy to watch him from the heights opposite his little garden-house, he might be seen speaking aloud and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber; then suddenly throwing himself down in his chair and writing, drinking the while,—sometimes more than once,—from the glass standing near him.

Soon after its appearance, Schiller once more changed his abode, and henceforth he spent his winters in Weimar, partly to be near the theater there. For several years, he continued to spend his summers in Jena, but at last he settled constantly in Weimar. He was now, as before, in the pay of the Duke of Weimar, and engaged in dramatic composition as the great object of his life. In 1802, Schiller was ennobled by the Duke, at the wish of the latter,—not from any desire on the part of Schiller himself, who accepted the honor from gratitude, without needing or asking for it.

In return for so much kindness, he applied himself to a close inspection of the theater at Weimar, which was the hobby of the Grand Duke, and shared with Goethe the task of superintending its concerns. In 1800, he published his tragedy of "Maria Stuart," and, a year later, "The Maid of Orleans," one of the finest of modern dramas.* Its reception was, beyond example, flattering. This was followed, in 1804, by "Wilhelm (vĭl′hĕlm) Tell," which added still more to his fame.

Schiller's faculties had never been more brilliant than at this period. Strong in mature age, in rare and varied accomplishments, he was reaping the full fruits of his

* The reception of "The Maid of Orleans" was highly flattering. At the first exhibition of the play in Leipsic, Schiller was in the theater, though not among the audience. When the curtain dropped at the end of the first act, there arose on all sides a shout of, "Long live Friedrich Schiller!" accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other military music. At the conclusion of the piece, the whole assembly left their places, went out, and crowded around the door through which the poet was expected to come. No sooner did he show himself, than his admiring spectators, uncovering their heads, made a lane for him to pass, and as he walked along many held up their children, saying to them, "That is he!"

At the first production of the play in Weimar, a certain young doctor called out from the gallery, "Bravo, Schiller!" in a loud tone of voice. Offended at this personality, the author hissed, and the audience joined him. Schiller afterward expressed his displeasure at this conduct, and the young doctor was punished for his indiscreet applause by an admonition from the police.

earlier studies. The rapidity with which he wrote shows the great riches of his mind, and the prompt command he possessed over them.* All that he had done seemed but a fraction of his appointed task. A bold inspiration was leading him into wider fields of poetry and thought, where yet more triumphs were to be gained. Schemes of new writings floated in his fancy; he was surrounded by a multitude of projects, and full of ardor about carrying them out.† But Schiller's labors and triumphs were drawing to a close.

In 1804, he went to Berlin to witness the performance of "Wilhelm Tell." On his return, he was seized with a paroxysm of the malady which, for many years, had never wholly left him. The attack was fierce and violent. It brought him to the verge of the grave, but he escaped once more, was considered out of danger, and again resumed his poetical employments. His mind was now frequently engaged with solemn and sublime ideas. The universe of human thought he had explored and enjoyed. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant, increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life. At times, it is a gloomy resignation to the want

* At Weimar, his way of life was like that at Jena. He might frequently be seen in the park there,—which is large and beautiful, laid out with great simplicity, like a natural woodland,—wandering about the remote paths, with a note-book in his hand, now loitering slowly along, now standing still. If any one appeared in sight, he would dart away into another avenue. One of his favorite resorts was a shady, rocky path, which leads to a little pavilion built by the Grand Duke, under the direction of Goethe. Here runs a little brook over its smooth channel of slate-stone. Some verses of Goethe are cut upon a stone plate set into the rock. The spot is completely overgrown, and surrounded by shady trees and shrubs.

† Whatever Schiller intended to write, he first entirely composed in his head before putting a line on paper, and he used to call a work ready as soon as its plan was complete in his mind. From this it happened that there were often reports that he had finished a piece of composition, when, in the ordinary sense of the term, it was not even begun.

and despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen. It soared away in search of other lands, looking for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. He had no reason to regard death as a near event, but the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation.

The spring of 1805, which Schiller had looked forward to with hopes of enjoyment and activity, was cold, bleak, and stormy, and with it his illness returned. The help of physicians was vain, his disorder kept increasing; on the 9th of May, it reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day, he grew insensible and, by degrees, delirious. Among his expressions, the word Lichtenberg (lĭkh′tĕn bĕrgh) was frequently noticed, a word of no import,—indicating, as some thought, the writer of that name, whose works he had lately been reading.

But his friends were spared the pain of seeing him depart in delirium. The physical suffering which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties passed away, and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he fell into a soft sleep, from which he awoke in the full possession of his senses. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it, not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet, unpretending manliness which had marked his life. He took a touching, tranquil farewell of his family, ordering that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquired how he felt. He replied, "Calmer and calmer." About six, he sank into a deep sleep. Once, for a moment, he looked up, with a lively expression, and said: "Many things are growing plain and

clear to me—" Again he closed his eyes; his sleeping grew deeper and deeper, until it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Schiller was forty-five years old when he died. Sickness had long wasted his form. He was tall and thin, his face was pale, the cheeks and temples rather hollow, the chin deep and slightly projecting, the nose irregularly aquiline, his hair inclined to auburn. His countenance was attractive, and had a certain manly beauty. The lips were curved and delicate, his eyes were soft, and his brow high and thoughtful.

In his dress and manner, he was plain and unaffected. Among strangers, something shy and retiring was to be observed in him: in his own family and among his chosen friends, he was kind-hearted, free, and as gay as a little child. In public, his external appearance had nothing in it to strike or attract; his looks were constantly bent on the ground as he walked, so that he often failed to notice the salutation of a passing acquaintance; but if he heard it, he would catch hastily at his hat, and give his cordial "Guten Tag" (gōōt'ĕn täkh). Modesty, simplicity, and a total want of all parade or affectation were conspicuous in him.

Schiller gives a fine example of the German character. He has all its good qualities in a high degree, with very few of its defects. He had downrightness and simplicity, sincerity of heart and mind, enthusiasm, patience, and earnestness; imagination, delighting in the lofty and grand; intellect, rising into refined abstractions, grasping comprehensive generalizations. In his boyhood, Schiller's writings were extravagant; but in the man, there is no bombast, no inflation of thought. He is the poet of truth; he satisfies the understanding and con-

science of his readers, while he moves their hearts and imaginations.

The news of Schiller's death fell cold on every heart; not in Germany alone, but all over Europe, it was regarded as a public loss by all who understood its meaning. In Weimar, the sensation was deep and universal. Public places of amusement were shut, and all ranks made haste to testify their feelings by tributes to his memory.*

* According to Schiller's directions, the bier was to be borne by young burghers of the town, but several young artists and students, out of reverence for the deceased, took it upon themselves to carry it. It was between midnight and one in the morning when the funeral-train approached the church-yard. The overclouded sky threatened rain. But as the bier was set down beside the grave, the clouds suddenly opened, and the moon coming forth peacefully, cast its rays upon the coffin. It was lowered to the grave. The moon again retired behind dark clouds. A fierce wind began to howl, as if to remind the mourners of their great, irreparable loss.

WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

IN looking over the history of English poetry, no one can fail to note what has been called, not very correctly, the school of Pope. It was not exactly a school of poetry, but a well-nigh universal impulse of fashion. During about one hundred years, the poets of England were content to throw their thoughts into a single set form of versification,—the English heroic meter,—and to adopt almost absolutely a set and artificial mode of expression. The effect was prosaic. Neither the subject, nor what was said about it, rose far above the prose level, save in exceptional cases. There was a strange delight in treating didactic subjects in a curiously pompous and useless way; in writing satires in smooth antithetic verse; in mulling over certain conventional subjects in a dry, hard, and often lifeless manner.

About the beginning of this century, all this was done away with, and the poetry of the eighteenth century fell into contempt as profound as the honor it had before enjoyed. Cowper and Burns are the first of the great poets in whom we can distinguish a difference of style and treatment. Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Southey (sowth'ĭ), and Wordsworth, in the course of a few decades, effectually finished the work, and entirely displaced the whole school of Pope. The difference is very great. Instead of high-flown and conventional sentiment, we have strong and natural passion. Instead of

polished couplets glittering with a hard metallic luster, we have the true glow of lyric fire. In place of selecting certain stock subjects, the poets ransacked history and the world for subjects. Scott went back to feudalism; Byron sought the East; Keats revived old Greek life; Southey found romantic subjects every-where; Coleridge and Shelley crossed the line of the supernatural. They turned their minds, too, to Nature,—too much neglected, except in cut-and-dried garden forms,—and sought out all that was wild and picturesque,—the mountain, the water-fall, the ocean.

The form, too, of the eighteenth century poetry was despised. Scott seized a species of galloping moss-trooper meter; Coleridge discarded every thing except the accent to mark the rhythm. Byron and Keats revivified the old Spenserian stanza. And even when they condescended to employ the heroic couplet, they changed it utterly. The old meter was a succession of smooth, polished, epigrammatic couplets, saying its say in a couple of lines, and then, in another couplet, saying what came next. But the decasyllabics written by these new poets were all cut and broken to pieces by the desire to avoid monotony.* The full stop came purposely in the middle

* It is interesting to read the lines in which Keats, at the age of twenty-two, characterized his predecessors. He has been speaking of all the beauties of nature and of poetry, and goes on:

"Could all this be forgotten? Yes; a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They swayed about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Oh, dismal-souled!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves. Ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew

of the couplet or the middle of the line. Alexandrines, which Pope had discarded, were used with reckless frequency. Read Keats' earlier poems, and even "Lamia" (lā′mĭ á), or Leigh (lē) Hunt's "Story of Rimini" (rē′mē nē), and then read any thing of Pope's.

But these all sought the romantic, the startling, the eccentric in subject and in treatment. They argued that the sham sentiment, the sham passion, the absurdly high-flown ideas should be replaced by genuine feeling, true romance. They carried the day with them. Scott's chivalry, Byron's romance, Coleridge's supernaturalism were all the fashion. Wordsworth alone put forth a contrary idea. Instead of seeking true poetry in more romantic and fantastic subjects,—in more striking and vigorous meter,—he thought that the truest poetry was to be found in the common life which he saw around him, and that it could be expressed in the commonest language of prose. And his poems are on the simplest

> Of summer nights collected still to make
> The morning precious: beauty was awake!
> Why were not ye awake? But ye were dead
> To things you knew not of,—were closely wed
> To musty laws, lined out with wretched rule
> And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
> Of dolts, to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
> Till, like the certain wards of Jacob's wit,
> Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
> A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
> Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
> That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
> And did not know it.—No, they went about,
> Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
> Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large,
> The name of one Boileau!" (*bwä lō′*).

There is, of course, much exaggeration in all this; but there is much that is true. The eighteenth century was undoubtedly a period in which English prose was finer than it had been before or has been since, and also a period when the tendency of poetry was to become prosaic.

and most natural subjects, and his language and meter are of the simplest and most natural kind. The public did not agree with him. It elevated Scott, then Byron, to the very highest place, and refused to recognize Wordsworth. But even in his life-time, the tide turned; and probably to-day, among the real leaders of literary opinion, Wordsworth would be readily given a higher place than any other English poet since Milton, except Robert Browning.

The Lake Country of England* is so inseparably connected with Wordsworth, that any lover of the poet would gladly give both time and money to see it. In fact, aside from grounds of poetic association, it affords as many attractions to the lover of the picturesque as does any other part of England. There are mountains,—Helvellyn (hĕl vĕl′lĭn) and Skiddaw, for instance,—not the highest in the world, but rugged and grand to the very point of awfulness; there are lakes, Derwent-Water, Windermere, Grasmere, Rydal-Water (rī′dăl), which may rival any of which we have heard. There are mountain tarns

* Wordsworth himself wrote a Guide to the Lakes. His descriptions of Lake scenery are well worth reading. This is what he says of the mountain tarns:

"They are difficult of access, and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand; and there are accidents of things which would make the meanest of them interesting. At all events, one of these pools is an acceptable sight to the mountain wanderer, not merely as an incident that diversifies the prospect, but as forming in his mind a center or conspicuous point to which objects, otherwise disconnected or insubordinated, may be referred. Some few have a varied outline, with bold, heath-clad promontories; and, as they mostly lie at the foot of a steep precipice, the water, where the sun is not shining upon it, appears black and sullen, and round the margin huge stones and masses of rock are scattered, some defying conjecture as to the means by which they came thither, and others obviously fallen from on high,—the contributions of ages. A not unpleasing sadness is induced by this perplexity and these images of decay; while the prospect of a body of pure water, unattended with groves and other cheerful rural images by which fresh water is usually accompanied, and unable to give furtherance to the meager vegetation around it, excites a sense of some repulsive power strongly put forth, and thus deepens the melancholy natural to such scenes."

as beautiful and gloomy as the Scottish lochs; there are brooks and rivers, meadows and uplands,—all that one could ask for in mountain scenery. While it is not always grand and awe-inspiring, it is ever remarkably picturesque. Wordsworth himself says: "But a short residence among the British mountains will furnish abundant proof that, after a certain point of elevation, viz., that which allows of compact and fleecy clouds settling upon or sweeping over the summits, the sense of sublimity depends more upon form and relation of objects to each other than upon the actual magnitude; and that an elevation of 3,000 feet is sufficient to call forth, in a most impressive degree, the creative and magnifying powers of the atmosphere."

The Lake Country is a tract of mountain region on the borders of three counties,—Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. The sea is on the west, visible from the mountains. Of these, the most famous,—Skiddaw,—is on the northern part, in Cumberland, a few feet over three thousand high. To the south lie Derwent-Water and Keswick (kĕz′ĭk). More nearly in the center of the region is Helvellyn, a bit higher than Skiddaw, and farther south still are Grasmere and Rydal Mount and Rydal-Water. Beyond, and to the south-west, are Coniston-Water and Furness Fells, while to the south is Windermere, and to the west the River Duddon. We can hardly go further in description. Wordsworth knew and loved the Lake Country, so that many of its minutest points are celebrated in his poetry. But his readers will recall the more familiar points.

At Cockermouth, in the north-eastern part of the Lake region, was Wordsworth born. He went to school at Hawkshead, near Windermere, in the southern part;

and the greater part of his after life was passed at Grasmere and Rydal, in the very heart of the country. He knew it to its minutest corner.*

Wordsworth's life was not eventful. Its chief interest lies in his work. Born, as we have said, in Cockermouth, in Cumberland, he lost his mother, and then his father, before he was fifteen years old. He had at this time been several years at school at Hawkshead. The amount that he learned from books during these five years' schooling is not chronicled, but the amount that he learned from Nature in term-time and vacation,—in wandering about in the beautiful country near at hand,—early improved his mind in a direction that is very plain in his later works.

Wordsworth probably could not, of himself, have gone to a University, having inherited nothing from his father save a lawsuit against the Earl of Lonsdale, whose agent he had been. But, thanks to his two uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackenthorpe, means were found, and in 1787, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge,—making one more of that noble list of poets who have lived there, which list was to be again lengthened by the names of Coleridge and Byron.

Of Wordsworth's University life we need not say much. He remained three years, took a degree, and departed. His vacations were spent in the country, the first two among the lakes and the third in a walking trip in Switzerland.†

* Wordsworth, as we have mentioned before, was the author of a Guide to the Lakes. It is said that on one occasion, late in his life, a clergyman, in conversation with him, asked politely if he had ever written any thing beside this Guide.

† This vacation excursion, most characteristic of the man, though now the commonest thing in the world, was, at that time, an unheard-of proceeding. He speaks of it himself as an "unprecedented course," showing "a hardy slight of

On leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth had no settled plan for the future. The pulpit and the bar were both distasteful to him. "He did not feel himself good enough for the Church," he said afterward. He had some thoughts of the army. But he had no very definite aims. For a short time he lived in London; but, after a few months, left England for France; then (November, 1791) hurrying along to the excesses of the Terror, Wordsworth looked upon the Revolution with satisfaction. He sympathized with its ideas,—he desired to identify himself with it. He stayed but a short time in Paris, but spent almost a year at Orleans (ôr lā ŏng′) and Blois (blwä).* He returned to Paris in October, 1792,† at which time the revolutionary proceedings were rushing on at such a pace as might well have alarmed him. He thought of entering the struggle himself by the side of the Girondists (jĭ rŏnd′ĭsts), but his friends, viewing his course with dissatisfaction, recalled him to England by stopping his allowance.

college studies and their set rewards." He walked through Switzerland with his friend Jones, and recollections of the trip may be found in the "Prelude," that introduction to the excursion wherein he describes much of his own life. His first two vacations were passed in the company of Nature, the one among the Lakes, and the second with his sister at Penrith.

* At Blois, the French language was thought to be spoken with the greatest purity. Addison, it may be remembered, lived there some time, to acquire a correct pronunciation.

† Wordsworth returned to Paris from Blois, in October, 1792, immediately after the September massacres. His enthusiasm for the ideas of the Revolution was by no means checked, but his finer sensibilities were greatly shocked at the thought of the destinies of freedom being in the hands of such men as had seized control of affairs. It was at this time that he thought seriously of entering the arena himself with the leaders of the Girondists. Such a course of action,—which, whatever its other results, would undoubtedly have conducted him to the guillotine, with his political friends, in May, 1793,—was rendered impossible by a somewhat undignified hinderance. Wordsworth, while, in his own eyes, "a patriot of the world," was, in the eyes of others, a young man of twenty-two, traveling on a small allowance, and running his head into unnecessary dangers. His funds were stopped, and he reluctantly returned to England at the close of 1792.

As the Revolution went on, Wordsworth, with many others, lost the sympathy with which they had watched the first efforts of the French people to free themselves from the burdens which had been left to them by feudal times. 'Twas not unnatural; for the principles with which the Revolution started were either abandoned or reduced to absurdities.

On returning home, Wordsworth found himself able to adopt a life which must have come as near his ideal of what life should be, as he could have asked. With his sister Dorothy,* he began the simple cottage existence which makes up almost the whole of the rest of his life. He now spent his time writing, though he wrote nothing of his best at this period. He became possessed of a small legacy, which, with other sums, afforded him a sufficient income for himself and his sister to live in a quiet, but very happy manner.

In 1797, the Wordsworths moved to Somersetshire, to be near Coleridge, with whom Wordsworth had contracted a close friendship. The result of this proximity was the publication of "Lyrical Ballads." It had been the idea that the two poets should contribute about the same number of poems, Coleridge drawing his subjects from the supernatural and Wordsworth from every-day circumstances. But Coleridge contributed only the "Ancient

* One of the most marked things in the life of Wordsworth, and one of the things that most added to his pleasure, was his intimate friendship and constant companionship with his sister Dorothy. An intellectual woman, keenly alive to the wants and requirements of her brother's temperament, and deeply sympathizing with his views and aspiration, she was to him more, probably, than any other woman could have been. And, doubtless, her devoted affection, her intelligent sympathy, and her own poetic and imaginative fancy, had much to do with the drawing out and developing of her brother's more conservative nature. Like him, she loved the companionship of Nature, and her highest ambition was to enjoy and study with him the philosophic aspect of the beautiful scenes among which they lived.

Mariner" and a few other pieces. Wordsworth, in these poems, struck the key-note of his poetical theory. "Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey," "The Tables Turned," "Expostulation and Reply" are truly Wordsworthian. Some of the others have what is one of Wordsworth's faults in his poorer poetry, an utter triviality, redeemed by very little else. The poems are to-day admired, some on account of their very great beauty; others because they were written by Wordsworth. At the time of their publication, they do not seem to have caused a pleasing sensation.* Had the "Lyrical Ballads" received much careful reading, undoubtedly Jeffreys' "This will never do"† would have come much sooner.

Shortly after the publication of "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth and his sister crossed to Germany, where they spent a winter at Goslar (gŏz′lär), returning at the end of the year 1799, to settle together at Grasmere, in the midst of the Lake Country.

* "Every one knows that Wordsworth's early poetry was received with a shout of derision such as,—except in the case of Keats,—has never attended the first appearance of a great poet. Every one knows, too, that in a quarter of a century, it was succeeded by a growth of profound and enthusiastic admiration, which, though it has been limited by the rise of new forms of deep and powerful poetry, is still far from being spent or even reduced, though it is expressed with more discrimination than of old, in all who have a right to judge of English poetry."—*R. W. Church.*

† Jeffreys began his article on "The Excursion" in the *Edinburgh Review* with these words. The *Review* was not started at this time; but very shortly after its beginning, in 1800, it seized the position of critical dictator to Great Britain and Ireland, and was allowed to retain it. We may imagine the spirit in which good Whigs looked on it, from these lines, written by Southey some time later:

"Mr. Jeffreys said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet;
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffreys' *Review*,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned.
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too."

Wordsworth's life is not varied in incident. From this time until his death, he lived among the Lakes,* with occasional trips elsewhere,—to London, to the Highlands; sometimes abroad. We shall not try to particularize further, for the mere recital of the bare facts would be of little interest.

Wordsworth lived at Grasmere, in two or three different houses, at different times, till 1813. In 1802, he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, and with her and four children who were born to them, and his much-loved sister Dorothy, his household was complete. Several times he varied the quietness of his life by tours in Europe. But, as a rule, he lived quietly at Grasmere, and afterward at Rydal Mount, among the lakes and mountains, with relations and friends whom he loved, and not infrequently visited by friends from a distance. He was possessed of a modest income. Lord Lonsdale had paid the debt which the poet's father had bequeathed to his children. In 1813, through the interest of the same nobleman, the place of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, and, afterward, for Cumberland as well, was given him, and almost thirty years after, an annuity of three hundred pounds from the Crown was offered him as a mark of respect for his distinguished literary ability.

* Wordsworth's life among the Lakes, though quiet and retired, was by no means an utterly secluded existence, absolutely cut off from the outside world. As time went on, and he was more and more recognized as a "center of spiritual strength and illumination," there gathered around him a number of the finest intellects of his day. Southey lived but a little distance away, at Keswick, —a man of great learning and culture, though never one of England's greatest poets. John Wilson, better known as "Christopher North,"—that strange and brilliant combination of scholar, man of letters, athlete, and sportsman,—lived for some time near Wordsworth. De Quincy also passed some time in the Lake Country, as also did Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, known to all the readers of "Tom Brown." Hartley Coleridge, the son of Wordsworth's friend, a genius of a high order, was also a neighbor.

A year or two before, he had received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford, amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the year after, on the death of Southey, the Laureateship was conferred upon him. He died in 1850.*

Wordsworth has occupied a curious position with the public. Born in 1770, a little while before Scott, and a long while before Byron, Wordsworth was, as far as popularity is concerned, at once distanced by his younger competitors. Scott, on his publishing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," was given, by common consent, the place of first among English poets. Byron easily displaced Scott with his "Childe Harold," and with his romantic Greek tales. Wordsworth received little else than unmixed ridicule from the reviews and the reading public in general. He had, however, his admirers, and by the time of the death of Byron, these admirers, who had, at the beginning of his work, been young persons, were now grown up into positions of influence. The turn for Wordsworth was very strong for some time, till the appearance of Tennyson. Tennyson never effaced Wordsworth, but, on

* Something should, perhaps, be said about the Lake School of Poetry,—as absurd a name as was ever affixed to any body of men. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey,—poets of very different styles, conceptions, and views of poetry,—were classed together as a school of poetry by the reviewers, who pursued them all with the utmost vigor. As a matter of fact, they all did, at times, live in the Lake Country, and this is the only thing they had in common. To consider Wordsworth and Southey as holding the same views in regard to literary composition would be ridiculous. Wordsworth himself, though he valued Southey's friendship, probably never esteemed him a great poet. With Coleridge it was different. Wordsworth was, in his earlier days, intimate with Coleridge. They talked much together, and had many ideas in common. But, in their trying to write a poem together, it was soon seen that their views and styles were so utterly different, that the idea of joint work was thrown aside, and the "Lyrical Ballads," published conjointly, is practically made up of Wordsworth's poetry, although there are one or two of Coleridge's pieces besides the "Ancient Mariner." The "Lake School" was a good enough nickname to fasten upon political opponents, but it was foolishly absurd, and had little meaning.

the whole, he diminished the number of his admirers. Since that time, it seems probable that the understanding and love and admiration of Wordsworth have increased very greatly, so that, as we have said, his place among English poets is probably something above any one of the three poets last named.

BYRON.

1788-1824.

LORD BYRON'S father was a spendthrift, of noble family, commonly called "Mad-Jack" Byron. His mother was a Miss Gordon, whom Byron married, presumably to get rid of his very pressing debts. The boy was born in London, January, 1788, as his mother was returning from France, and was born lame,—that is, the heels of both feet were so formed that he could hardly set them on the ground. With one foot this difficulty was increased by various surgical operations. With the other, it always existed, though never prominently. Lord Byron, like Sir Walter Scott, was lame throughout life; but, unlike his great Scotch contemporary, was lame in a painful and maddening way that was not without its effect on a nervous, sensitive temperament.

Shortly after this, his mother moved to her former home, Aberdeen, Scotland, and here the poet grew up. On the death of his great-uncle, in 1798, he succeeded to the title which his father had never enjoyed, and, with his mother, moved to Newstead Abbey, the family seat, in Nottinghamshire. He had attended the Aberdeen Grammar School in Scotland; in England, he was sent to Harrow, where he remained four years, until the summer of 1805.* He was no great scholar at school; no

* It may be the duty of a biographer to chronicle the youthful loves of his hero.

Lord Byron was not slow at any age to fall violently in love with a woman who pleased him, and the passion, while it lasted, was all-engrossing. At Aber-

great figure among his fellows; though he possessed an imperious and haughty spirit, which sometimes put him in the position of leader.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, whither he went in 1805, Byron's course, though not absolutely commonplace,* showed few indications by which any one could form the idea that in half a dozen years he would be reckoned the greatest poet in England. He did not join indiscriminately with the other men, but kept rather to himself and a few others who gathered around him, and to these he was devotedly attached. He lived in handsome chambers, in expensive style, and showed from the first that he had no idea of obtaining University honors.

Perhaps we may be wrong in saying that none could

deen, when only nine years of age, he conceived a strong passion for Mary Duff. This passion was so lasting, to no detriment of two others which followed it, that, eight years afterward, the mere news of her marriage threw Byron into violent convulsions. On moving to Nottinghamshire, he was struck by the beauty of his cousin, Margaret Parker, and long afterward cherished for her strong and lover-like affection. But his cousin died of consumption, and Byron, still a school-boy, fell in love with another cousin, Mary Chaworth (*chā′ wŭth*), but Mary Chaworth did not care for the future poet, and married another. This last passion seems to have been a most violent one. The poet himself, who seems, in after life, to have frequently considered these questions, used to consider it, in vigor and intensity, second only to his absorbing love for Teresa Guiccioli (*gwēt chō′ lē*).

* His life at Trinity, though not remarkable, was entertaining. Like the others in his set, he had expensive chambers; his wine parties and breakfasts; his own valet. He kept a couple of horses and a carriage, wherein he posted about the country. He had with him generally two dogs, "Boatswain," the famous Newfoundland, and "Nelson," the bull-dog. On returning from one vacation, he brought with him a bear, which he said he intended should take one of the Trinity scholarships. His rooms afforded the materials for constant practice with pistols or the small-sword (dueling was still in vogue), or with the gloves, for sparring was one of the few manly exercises of which he was fond. He was unquestionably great at swimming. Besides this, he went through the regular gay life of a wild young man in rather a wild age, and, among other things, played high, and ran deeply into debt, which hampered him to a certain extent throughout his life. But it does not appear that, at this time, he was wilder or wickeder than the large majority of rich young men in an age when drinking and gambling, fast living and loose living were the rule, and not the exception.

have prophesied his greatness. Those who knew him well undoubtedly had extravagant expectations, which were curiously carried out; but when we consider the work on which the expectations were based, we must acknowledge that affection, rather than critical acumen, was at the bottom of such opinions. "Hours of Idleness," a volume of juvenile poems published when he was still in residence at Cambridge, though by no means worthy the contemptuous abuse poured on it by the *Edinburgh Review*, was not, to our mind, an earnest of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan." The volume, however, such as it was, fell under the notice of the *Edinburgh Review*, then almost dictatorial in literary questions, and a true slashing article of the real old style appeared, in which jeers and flings at Byron for being a peer, and a young one at that, are mingled with much that is sensible, though ridiculously severe. Such as it was, however, Byron took it greatly to heart. It filled him with an almost blind rage, and in this condition he wrote and shortly published a vigorous satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he struck wildly around him against the writers of his day, known and unknown alike. It was a strong and able piece of work, but foolishly unjust, and Byron probably regretted it afterward, when he had the opportunity to meet personally some of those whom he had lampooned.

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was not published till 1809. Before that, however, Byron had left Trinity College, and had decided to go abroad for some time. He passed some little time at Newstead Abbey, with some of his friends, and sailed for Lisbon in the summer of 1809. He was absent about two years. The exact causes of this journey, as Byron desired the world

to imagine them, may be found in the first few stanzas of "Childe Harold." The reader may, however, if he choose, doubt whether Byron was actually describing his own condition in these verses, and it seems not impossible to believe that he went abroad because he had no very immediate prospects at home, because he was in debt, because it was the fashion to travel in the East, or, in a word, because he thought he should enjoy himself by being for awhile away from home.

During the two years that he was abroad, Byron went through Portugal and Spain, and thence, by way of Malta, to Greece. He saw much of Greece and of Turkey, interested himself much in Modern Greece, swam the Hellespont (hĕl′lĕs pŏnt), and so forth, and finally returned to England in the summer of 1811, having with him,—written during his pilgrimage,—"Hints from Horace," a satire, and the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which last was shortly published.

Byron himself preferred the former. The public (and posterity has agreed with it) preferred the latter. Probably no reputation was made so quickly as that which "Childe Harold" brought to Byron. It may be said also that probably no reputation was so short-lived. The poem was the rage with fashionable society at once, and in London, Byron was the lion for five years, when he was actually driven away by the sudden turn of popular fancy which came later. But though the fashionable set elevated him at once, and dethroned him as readily, we can not doubt that, among the lower and middle classes, Byron's reputation as a poet had mingled with it from the very first much horror and detestation, on account, chiefly, of the very loose views on religion that he was thought to hold, amounting even to infidelity,—a mental

state far more abhorred in 1810 than at present. With his own class, however, it was not so. The poem and the author were received with unmingled applause. Byron became the man of the day,—the man to be stared at, talked of, run after, admired, and to be known. He went every-where. He made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, which was fairly successful. He made the acquaintance of the Prince Regent, who had expressed a desire to know him. He met with all the famous men of letters, many of whom he had lampooned in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He made the rounds of all the drawing-rooms, and made love, after his own fashion, to the famous beauties. Life, however, was not all bright, even now. Since his return from abroad, he had lost by death no less than six of his early friends. His mother died, shortly after his return, at Newstead, and, almost at the same time, Charles Matthews, the nearest of his Cambridge friends, was drowned in the Cam. He was troubled, too, by money matters. But these he thought to put to rights, in a measure, by the sale of Newstead Abbey, which, however, could not be managed at this time. As for receiving money for his works, he conceived that to be a degradation to which he could not approach, and gave the money paid him by Murray for "Childe Harold" to a friend of his who had helped him put it through the press.*

He was at this time the very ideal of one's youthful dream of a poet. He was in the perfection of his personal attractiveness. His handsome, or, rather, his beau-

* Byron was not always so nice in his views. Later,—after he had left England,—he is very vigorous in his demands upon Murray for the uttermost farthing.

tiful face and head, his strong throat and powerful shoulders and chest, were only rendered more romantic by his unhappy lameness.* His manner, though seemingly cold and supercilious to those at a distance, was delightful and fascinating to his friends, either men or women. His poems were the popular ones of the day, and well deserved such a place through the noble genius which showed forth in them.

About two years after his return, Byron published "The Giaour" (jowr), a poem well calculated to keep his popularity at its present height. A wild romantic anecdote forms the ground-work of the tale, which is told in verse that is bold, highly colored, and lyrical to a degree. The public at once identified Byron with his hero, and ever since, the stock criticism of Byron is to say that he merely reproduced pictures of himself over and over again, in varying costumes and amid varying scenery. Whether this be exactly so or not, there is no denying that there is a certain family likeness in the poems which followed each other rapidly during this season of

*It is well known that Lord Byron, curiously enough, was something of an adept in the art of self-defense. Jackson, the great sparring-master of his day, was his master and his familiar friend. The great professor of pugilism had too genuine and warm an admiration for pluck and bottom, wherever they came under his observation, not to be touched to the heart by the spirit and address with which the lame peer (who was said to write as fine poetry as "any man who did it for a living") handled the gloves, striking out from the shoulder, and coming upon his tottering pins for round after round with the best "millers" of the school, till he was forced to give in from the unendurable pain that came to his right foot from the violent exercise.

Swimming was another manly art at which Byron was no mean hand. In the water his lameness was by no means so much of a hinderance as on land, and the sport was always a favorite diversion to him. On his first journey abroad, he emulated Leander (*lē ăn' dĕr*) of old in swimming the Hellespont. And at home, he would swim some long distance on a wager with great pleasure. On his last voyage to Greece, his chief diversion was his noonday bath, which he took as regularly as the clock struck twelve. In this trait of his, Byron reminds us Americans of our own poet, Edgar Allan Poe, who was even a greater exponent of this manly art than was Lord Byron.

his success. "The Bride of Abydos" (ă bī′ dŭs) was published toward the end of the year, "The Corsair" in the beginning of the next, and "Lara" (lā′ rä) before the beginning of July.

In September, 1814, Byron became engaged to be married to Miss Isabella Millbanke. This was the beginning of the end. Surrounded by admiring women ever since the publication of "Childe Harold," Byron had distinguished himself by an affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, who had retired to Ireland for reasons obvious at the time. But he had at the same time fallen in love with Miss Millbanke, whom he had met at Melbourne House, and had offered himself to her (in 1812), but had been refused. But his affection for her still continued, and, being fortunate enough to find another chance, he asked her again, and some time in the autumn of 1814, was accepted. He was married January 2, 1815. Their life together was for a time happy, though Byron was deeply in debt, and his bride had not at this time the large fortune which she subsequently inherited. But this happiness did not last long. From a number of causes, which can not be here entered into, Byron and his wife drifted apart. Byron's love for his wife cooled rapidly, and his treatment of her became, on the whole, disgraceful. He continued, however, to write. "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" (păr ĭ sē′ nä) were published at this time, poems vigorous and full of fire, though hardly equal to those they followed.

December 10, 1815, was born a daughter to Lord and Lady Byron. They were at this time on no good terms, though not in open quarrel. Byron was also in pecuniary embarrassments, and was set on going abroad, of which his wife would not hear. For these, and other

reasons besides, Lady Byron left London for her father's house in January of the next year, hoping, and, to some extent, expecting that Lord Byron would join her there. She thought that her husband's treatment of her might be explained through insanity,—but Byron was by no means insane. Lady Byron, through her father, intimated to her husband her desire to live apart. He proceeded to distinguish himself by open unfaithfulness, and they were formally separated.

The odium of this separation, and very justly, fell upon Lord Byron. It is a little curious, perhaps, that such a storm should have arisen as should absolutely drive him from his native land. Such, however, was the case. Byron was cut by his friends and hooted and murmured at in the streets. The public prints teemed with discussions of the matter. The most fearful accusations were made and believed,—for it must be remembered that the separation only was known,—probably all the causes have not even now come to light. "I felt," said Byron, "that, if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me." He showed himself little in public,—now and then at the theater, now and then at the House of Lords,—and left London for Dover, whence he sailed, April 25, 1816, for Ostend (ŏs tĕnd′), looking his last on England, for he never returned.

It may appear strange to some that England, which had made an idol of Byron only a few years before, should now turn and make him a scapegoat. To find out every reason would be difficult. But some are apparent. Byron's excessive popularity was by no means of a lasting nature. The popularity of a dandy, a satirist, a supposed infidel, is not likely to be. Nor is the

popularity of one who is young, triumphant, eccentric, and supercilious. Nor is it likely that one so admired by women as was Byron will always be admired by the men. The admirer of Washington, the man who could see any thing fine about Napoleon, was not likely to find favor in England at that time. Even at the publishing of "Childe Harold" there had not been wanting many to disapprove. So it was that, on the occasion of Byron's separation from his wife, a reaction swept over him which had for a time been only too ready to rise.

Byron, when he left England, in 1816, was twenty-eight years old. He had, within four days, eight years more to live. Whether the period of his youth and of his wild and short-lived triumph be the most characteristic, or the period of his exile, his sufficient but exaggerated misanthropy, wickedness, infidelity, of his romantic life and romantic death, is hard to say. For my part, I think we are apt to picture Byron as the dandified satirist, the romantic poet, the affected misanthrope, the lion of successive London seasons, the friend of lords, beauties, dandies, blue-stockings, and prize-fighters, the boy who awoke to find himself famous, the Byron who brought a bear to Trinity to compete for a scholarship, who drank with his friends from human skulls in the recesses of Newstead, who was successively identified with "Childe Harold" and the string of picturesque Greeks and Turks which he painted one after another for the world to admire. But there is another side to Byron's character, in which he chose to show himself to his English scorners, and what it was we shall try to put down in a few words. During this later period, all his evil qualities darkened, while his good ones nearly van-

ished. His romantic melancholy became downright misanthropy, his none too slight immorality in England became in Italy shameful dissoluteness, his tendency toward irreligion became hard and pronounced infidelity, his satire became blind, and, though no less sharp, utterly unjust. The Byron of later years is no pleasant character.

Crossing the Alps, after a few months' stay in Geneva with Shelley, Byron reached Venice, where he almost immediately touched the very lowest point of self-degradation that he ever reached. Smarting with the shame and humiliation with which he had left England, his former bad qualities, rendered deeper and more pronounced by that resentment which often proves a sinner's vengeance against himself, it is not wonderful that the excesses of his life in Venice were far more shameless than those of after years. Finally, he had fallen into such serious ill health that of necessity he was obliged to change his manner of living. He had now, as at several other times before and after, some hopes of a reconciliation with his wife. But they came to nothing, and, meeting with a new object for his susceptible affection, he began a liaison (lē ä zōng′) with Teresa Gamba (tā rā′zä gäm′bä), wife of Count Guiccioli, whom he chanced to meet in Venice.

Following the Guiccioli, Byron left Venice for Ravenna, where the husband of the lady had a palazzo (pä lät′ zō), at which Byron was made welcome, and where he lived for some time. In the summer of 1821, Byron removed to Pisa (pē′ zä) on account of revolutionary difficulties at Ravenna, in which the Guiccioli brothers were concerned, and here and at Genoa he lived until his departure for Greece. At Pisa, where he was the center of a group of English people, many of them

well known, he distinguished himself by none of his Venetian atrocities, wrote much and brilliantly, and, in fact, passed a year which is perhaps the brightest of his Italian life. Here was Shelley within a year of his death at Spezzia (spĕt′ zē ä), here was Leigh (lē) Hunt, and here, too, were several other men and women whose chief reputation comes from being friends of Byron,—Medwin, Trelawny, Lady Blessington, and also Teresa Guiccioli, and her brothers, the Gambas. We can not linger to describe his life here*,—we must pass on to Genoa, where he lived, just outside the city, for a little less than a year, leaving finally on the 16th of July, 1823, for Leghorn, on the way to Greece to join in the insurrection which he fondly hoped might restore that country to her old place among nations. In Greece he lived but nine months after his arrival, and these months were full of trouble, failure, and disappointment to his hopes. He could do but little for the country of his enthusiasm, and, finally, struck with an epileptic fit, and afterward

* Some sketch of Byron's life at Pisa may, however, be of interest in a note. He rose late (say at noon), breakfasted on a cup of tea, which at times would have an egg beaten into it. At two or three, he would lunch lightly and meet his friends. Billiards usually came next, and after a game or so he would ride out of town with any friends who happened in upon him to a place where riding horses were in readiness. The party would then ride out to a certain farm-house at a little distance from town, where they amused themselves in one way or another, notably by pistol-shooting, a sport at which Byron excelled. Then back to town. Dinner was sometimes at the farm, sometimes in Pisa, The evening was given up to reading, writing, and so forth, often until two or three in the morning.

Byron's appearance at this time was in some degree changed from that with which the London public had been familiar. Leigh Hunt, who had known him in England, hardly recognized "the fat gentleman dressed in a loose nankin (*năn kēn′*) jacket and white trousers, his neckcloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person" he had known in England. Half an hour later, on going forth from his hot salmon-colored villa in the fierce sun, Byron had donned a "loose riding coat of mazarine (*măz ă rēn′*) blue and a velvet cap, looking more lordly than before, but hardly less foreign."

caught in a rain-storm, he grew weaker, and so died in the afternoon of April 19, 1824.*

We have not chronicled Lord Byron's literary work as it continued. During all the period of his exile, he was hard at work, and, as may interest the readers of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was well paid for it. He added two cantos to "Childe Harold,"—perhaps the most admirable things he ever wrote; he wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon" (chĕl yŏn′) during a couple of wet days in Geneva, he wrote "Don Juan" at Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa, and in Italy at various times he wrote his dramas, "Sardanapalus" (sär dȧ nȧ pā′ lus), "Manfred" (măn′ frĕd), "Marino Falieri" (mȧ rē′ nō fä lē-ā′ rē), and so on. The plays, wholly unactable performances, seem to us by no means so sterling in their qualities as the Greek tales. But "Don Juan" and the last half of "Childe Harold" are as fine as any thing he ever wrote.†

* Immediately after Byron's death, it was proposed by certain of his friends that his body should be interred in the Temple of Theseus (*thē′ sē ŭs*) at Athens. Some of the Greek leaders desired that the poet should sleep at last in the noblest spot of the country for which he had given his life, and so did several of the poet's English friends who were about him. But, on the whole, it was thought best to embalm the body and to send it to England, that it might rest with other English poets in Westminster Abbey. But on the arrival in England of the remains, the Dean of Westminster refused the poet's friends the right to bury there one of the greatest English poets who had ever lived, and the funeral procession turned northward to Newstead Abbey, where may now be seen the tomb of Lord Byron, for which his sister Augusta wrote a proper epitaph.

† Byron left at his death, his wife, with whom he had never been reconciled, a sister, Mrs. Augusta Leigh (*lē*), and a daughter, Ada by name. After his death another reaction in his favor took place. He was, to an extent, reinstated in popular favor, though by no means in the position which he had formerly held. And controversy at once began as to whether he was really so much to blame as had been supposed. But the feeling was by no means universal. There were Byron worshipers after his death, but they were only a part of the nation. The universal enthusiasm with which he had been greeted in his youth could not be revived, and never can.

HUGO.

1802–1883.

VICTOR HUGO was born at Besançon (b'z ŏng sōng'), in the south of France, in 1802. His father was then a captain in the French army, and rose to the rank of general. On both sides, his parents were of the mechanic class, and, while the great poet and novelist amused himself, afterward, in tracing memorials of French Hugos, he never pretended to the blood of the nobility. The father was actively engaged in Italy, at one time against the celebrated bandit Fra Diavolo (frä dē ä′ vō lō). During a part of this time, his wife, with three children, of whom Victor was the second, lived in Paris; and most of his associations till he was nine years old were with Paris.*

* At the beginning of their residence in the Feuillantines (*fû yŏng tēn′*), and before the arrival of General Lahorie (*lä rē′*), Abel, the eldest boy, was placed at college, the other two, up to the time of their departure to Spain, going daily to a school in the Rue Saint Jacques (*săng zhāk*), where a worthy man, the Père Larivière (*pêr lä rēv yêr′*), who, in spite of his humble circumstances, was well informed, instructed the young people of the neighborhood in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic.

Every time the two children returned from school, they had to pass through groups of street-boys that were always playing in the cul-de-sac (*kōōl dĕh săk′*). These were chiefly the sons of the cotton-workers, who were very numerous in the neighborhood, as there was a factory close by, just opposite the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. No doubt both Victor and his brother, left to themselves, would have been ready enough to accept the invitation to join in the open-air sports; but their mother had forbidden it, and accordingly it was not to be thought of for an instant. It was not without an effort that young Victor turned his eye away from the games that were going on, and fixed it resolutely on the great blank wall on the other side that extended half-way along the Impasse (*ăng pās′*) of the Feuillantines, being the side of an old ecclesiastical structure of the seventeenth century.

In that year, the mother and her children went to join General Hugo in Madrid (măd rĭd′), where he was now the major-domo in the short-lived court of Joseph Bonaparte. In a residence of nearly two years in Spain, the boy gained his first enthusiasm for that country,—a certain Castilian turn which the critics find in his dramas, and what the French call the "*Sonoritè*" (sō nō rē tā′) or "Sonorousness," of his styles,—which reminds us of that Spanish language which "lends itself to eloquence."

In 1812, they returned to France, and at the school where he was placed, the young Victor showed his readiness at writing, and especially at verse. He was hardly fifteen when, in some competition, he sent an ode to the French Academy, which would have been crowned but that the judges thought there was some deceit in the pretense that the author was so young.* His father destined him to a military life, and arranged that his education should prepare him for the Polytechnic School. But his evident fitness for a literary career had already shown itself. He and his brother begged that they might not

* When Victor was sixteen, he won a prize, a golden lily, for a poem on the subject of the erection of Henry IV.'s statue on the Pont Neuf (*pōng nûf*). The ode was composed in a single night, and under circumstances that make it a touching tribute of filial affection. Madame Hugo was suffering from inflammation of the chest, and her two younger sons were taking their turn to sit up with her at night. On the 5th of February, 1819, it was Victor's turn to remain in the invalid's room. In the course of the evening, his mother, ever keenly interested in his performances, and a firm believer in his future name, and knowing that the following day, according to the rules of the competition, was the latest on which contributions could be received, alluded to his composition as supposing it to have been duly sent off. Victor was obliged to confess that the ode had not been written, and pleaded that he had had too many occupations to be able to attend to it. His mother rebuked him gently; but the youth could see plainly enough that she laid herself down with a feeling of sore disappointment weighing on her heart.

No sooner was she asleep than Victor set to work; he wrote diligently all through the night, and when she awoke at daybreak, he had the completed ode to lay before her as a morning greeting.

be obliged to present themselves for examination. General Hugo unwillingly gave his consent, but he withdrew the pecuniary allowance he had made for their support, and Victor Hugo had to leave the "pension" where he was, and go to live with his mother. But his name was already known among young authors. He and his brothers established a magazine, which they called the *Conservateur Littéraire* (kŏng sĕr vä tûr′ lēt tĕ rār′), and his work in this extended his acquaintance among literary men.

The death of his mother in 1821, was a terrible shock to him, and he now had some experience of poverty, such as he has described in the early years of *Marius* (mä′rē ŏŏs) in "Les Miserables" (lā mē zā rä′bl). He lived for one year on one hundred and fifty dollars,—a small sum for Paris. This was what he earned by his magazine and an occasional pamphlet. At length, he published a collection of his poems, encouraged by the reception which the public had given to Lamartine's (lä mär tēnz′) "Meditations." They both met with success, and passed through several editions. Its date is 1822, and this date is to be remembered by the student of French literature as marking the period when the Romantic school, as the writers in it chose to call themselves, broke with the old classical school of French art and poetry. The volume brought him seven hundred francs, and the king gave him a pension of one thousand a year, of which wealth the first result was that the young poet was able to marry his love, Adèle Foucher (ä dāl′ fōō shā′), and to obtain the consent of his parents and hers.

Up to this time, he had been a firm royalist, and had maintained the cause, not then so doubtful, of the restored Bourbons (bōōr′bŭnz). He had taken his opinions,

he says, from his mother. And, in these times, "women regarded the first Napoleon as the monster who robbed them of their sons, while men remembered him as the hero who had given them their epaulets." The Bourbons, who had returned, were not ungrateful to the young poet. Charles X. made him a chevalier (shĕv ă lēr′) of the Legion of Honor when he was but twenty-three years old.*

From this time forward, the life of Victor Hugo is a life of constant literary activity. His reputation was established; it became fame. The "Romanticists," as they called themselves, had time on their side in their contest with the classical conventionalism of literature. They started a magazine called *La Muse Francaise* (lä mūz frŏng sāz′). They formed a sort of literary society — of twenty or more—who listened to each other's verses, and "called each other by their first names." In 1827, Victor Hugo turned his attention to the stage. He wrote the drama of "Cromwell," a play which rejects the "unity of place" and the "unity of time." The old classical critics of France insisted that a play must combine the unities of time, place, and action. The whole play must pass within twenty-four hours, at one place, and with but one motive. Another play called "Amy Robsart," of which he had written part in his boyhood, and which had been finished by a friend, was, at this time, hissed from the stage.

* The reader will observe that this is the same honor which Napoleon had conferred on Goethe (*gû′ tĕh*). The circumstances under which the decoration was conferred have been related by Alexander Dumas. At first, Victor Hugo and Lamartine had been included among a batch of others selected for a general promotion; but on the list being presented to Charles X., he struck out both the names. The Count de la Rochefoucauld (*rōsh fōō kō′*), who had himself drawn up the list, and who took a great interest in the young poet, ventured to express his surprise at the two most deserving of the names being canceled. The king replied that they were both far too illustrious to be included with the rest, and that they must be assigned a special promotion by themselves.

"Cromwell" was not intended for the stage. But with the success of Dumas' (dū mäz') romantic drama of "Henry III.," authors and actors were so encouraged that Hugo went forward and wrote "Marion Delorme" (dĕh lôrm'). It was accepted at the Odéon (ō dā ōng'), but the censorship prohibited its performance, because it ridiculed Louis XIII. Hugo waited in person on his patron, Charles X. This king, who seemed born to bring royalty into contempt, wavered, refused permission, and proposed to raise Hugo's pension from two thousand francs to six thousand.* Victor Hugo, of course, refused the pension. Fortunate was the interview for him. The bigot king was tottering to his fall. His refusal and Hugo's refusal were every-where known, and the poet, of whose play a wrong-headed Bourbon was afraid, became, almost in a moment, one of the popular heroes. It is fair to add that in that moment he ceased to be a Royalist.

To replace "Marion Delorme" at the theater, he wrote "Hernani"† (ér nä'nē), and this, as it happened, therefore,

* The king did not understand Jacob Abbot's rule: "If you refuse, refuse absolutely; if you grant, grant cordially."

† During the rehearsal of "Hernani," Mlle. Mars one day, pausing in the middle of her part, suddenly said to the performer who was acting with her, "Pardon me, I have a word to say to the author."

She advanced to the foot-lights, and, shading her eyes, looked round about in every direction, as if trying to discover him, although she was perfectly aware that he was sitting in the orchestra close to her.

"Is M. Hugo here?" she inquired.

"Here, mademoiselle, at your service," replied Hugo.

"Ah, yes; thank you. I want to speak to you about this line—

"'And thou, my lion, how proud and generous thou art!'

that I am made to say."

"Quite right," said Hugo

"And you really like that?" inquired the actress.

"Like *what?*" demanded the author.

"The term 'my lion.'"

"Yes, I wrote it because I liked it best."

"And you wish me to retain it?"

was his first successful play. It was performed in February, just five months before Charles X. was sent into exile. An appeal was made to him to stop the play. This time he had the sense to say, "In affairs of letters, my place, gentlemen, like yours, is with the audience." The first performance was an occasion for a fierce conflict between the old school of critics and the new.* But the stars in their

"Certainly; unless you can suggest something better."

"I am not the author; it is not my place, but yours, to find something better," insisted Mlle. Mars.

"Well, then, we will, if you please, leave the words as they stand," retorted Hugo.

"But I feel it so odd to have to call M. Firmin *my lion*."

"That is only because you want to remain Mlle. Mars instead of becoming Doña Sol (*dōn'yä sōl*). Once get yourself absorbed so as to feel yourself the Castilian lady, the noble daughter of the sixteenth century, and the pupil of Gomez de Sylva, and you will have no thought of M Firmin; you will see before you none other than Hernani, the robber chief, making the monarch tremble in his capital. Be such a woman, and to such a man you will open your soul, and say *my lion*."

"Well, then," assented the actress, in her harsh, dry voice, "if you decide so, I will say no more. My business is to deliver what the manuscript directs; it makes no difference to me. Come, Firmin, we will proceed:

"'And thou, my lion, how proud and generous thou art!'"

The rehearsal was then resumed; but the very next day the same contention arose again, and Mlle. Mars insisted upon substituting "mon seigneur" (*mŏng sānyŭr'*) for "mon lion" (*lē ōn'*). Annoyed at the interruption, Victor Hugo determined at once both to put an end to the grumbling, and to be himself treated with proper respect; accordingly, he requested Mlle. Mars to throw up her part. Accustomed though she had been to have all the writers of the world bowing down to her talent, Mlle. Mars soon discovered that she had now to deal with a character of another kind. She forthwith became polite, and promised the author that she would perform her role as no one else could.

* The fury that "Hernani" excited was quite alarming. One dramatic author, whose name, in spite of his marvelous memory, Victor Hugo has quite forgotten, sent him a challenge; and the poet received many letters that were not only insulting, but menacing. Madame Victor Hugo has mentioned one of them which ran to this effect: "If you do not withdraw your vile play, you shall soon be sent beyond the taste of bread."

Victor Hugo only smiled at all this; but one night, after returning from a stroll in which he had composed a page of the "Feuilles d'Automne" (*fûʹyĕh dōtŭmʹ*), he lighted his lamp, and was writing, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, when he heard a loud report, and immediately felt the window-pane at his side shivered to atoms. In vain he looked down into the street; not a soul was visi-

courses fought for the Reformers. Revolution was in the air, and the piece was thoroughly successful.

Meanwhile, as early as 1831, Hugo had appeared as the most successful French novelist of his time.* The publication of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (nō′tr dām) was an era, and made his name known among thousands who had never read his poems. He wrote two other novels, "La Quinquengrogne" (kwēn kwān grōn′) and "La Fille de Bossue" (lä fēl dĕh bō sū′), but in fifty years since, these have never been published. "Les Miserables," so well known through the world, did not appear until 1862."

He gave a cordial assent to the movement by which Louis Philippe (lo͞o ē′ fē lēp′) was made king, and in 1845 the king made him a peer of France. The honor, such as it was, shows the respect he had earned among all classes by his work. But the honor was in some sort doubtful. The French "House of Lords" was itself an institution whose very existence was challenged by the liberal writers of every school. "Have we any Peerage in France?" was the title of one of the essays of the day. The old noblesse

ble; but on examining the room, he discovered that a bullet had passed only a few inches above his head, making a hole right through a picture of Boulanger's (*boo lŏng zhāz′*) that was hanging on the opposite wall. He put out his lamp and went to bed; but he made no report of what had happened, and took no measures to ascertain who was the would-be assassin.

* A picture of the poet in his home has been sketched by M. Xavier Marmier (*zăv′ĭ ĕr mär mē a′*), a young man devoted to art, and subsequently a distinguished writer in the *Revue*, and an Academician. "One evening, in the winter of 1831, I presented myself in the Rue Jean-Goujon (*zhŏn gōō zhŏng′*); I had no letter of introduction, but, convinced that any sincere lover of literature would be sure of a welcome, I called to submit a book of poems to the poet, and to request his criticism and advice, which I knew would be equally wise and candid. Ushered into a large room, furnished with simple and yet elegant taste, I was struck by the womanly beauty of Madame Victor Hugo, who had one of her children upon her knee; and when I saw the poet sitting reading close by at the fireside, I was vividly impressed with the resemblance of the entire scene to one of Van Dyck's (*vän dīks′*) finest pictures."

(nō blĕs′) of France had been swept away by the Revolution. The creations of Napoleon's nobility have always borne the character of the paste diamonds of a theater—used for coronets by a showy manager. Louis Philippe was not a Napoleon, and his manufacture of noblemen, when it came, was thought not to come up even to the trade-mark of him who could make, if he chose, a Duke of Ragusa (rä gōō′sä) and a Prince of Moscow (mŏs′kō). Hugo was severely blamed by the more radical liberals by accepting an honor which could be so easily ridiculed.

He did, however, enter the House of Lords (Chambre des Pairs) [shăm′ br dā pār], which had so short a life before it, in 1846. His first speech was on copyright, in February of that year. He afterward spoke in behalf of Poland, and to support Jerome Bonaparte's petition that he might return to France. In 1848, he made a speech on Italian unity. But in the revolution of February of that year, Louis Philippe was exiled, and the "Chambre des Pairs,"* which had lasted but a little more than a generation of men, ceased to be. Victor Hugo has preserved his not unfavorable opinion of this king in a chapter in "Les Miserables." Their intercourse with each other approached intimacy as far as a king and his subject can be intimate, and Hugo does not permit himself, after the fall and death of the king, to speak of him disrespectfully.†

* In the stormy discussions of the other Chamber, in the last days of Guizot (*gē zō′*), a radical member alluded to Walpole (*wŏl′ pōl*), and mispronounced the name. The Chamber laughed. "I do not know how you pronounce it," stammered the poor man. "In French it is called *Guizot*," screamed one of the radicals.

† Louis Philippe's career will never be summed up better than in Sir Robert Peel's speech in the House of Commons when he announced his death. Sir Robert called him "the most distinguished monarch who has ever filled the throne of France——" and paused long enough to attract the attention of a wondering House, to add, "since the fall of the First Napoleon."

With the proclamation of the Second Republic, Hugo's name was proposed as a candidate for the "Constituent Assembly." On a first trial he failed, but on the second he was chosen to represent Paris, and afterward he sat in the "First Legislative Assembly."* In 1849, he presided over a great Peace Congress, from all the world. The new President, Napoleon III., with witty courtesy, ordered a guard of honor from the army to show the interest of the nation in their meetings. Hugo edited a Republican journal—he had supported Napoleon's candidacy for the Presidency, he had himself voted for him in the first Plebiscit (plē bĭs′sĭt). Napoleon had said to him, "I am honest, and I shall follow in the way of Washington." Hugo had believed him. When the Coup d'Etat (kōō dā tä′) came, by which the President became an Emperor, Hugo departed into exile.† He had asked in the Assembly,

* As Victor Hugo's fame increased, the calm serenity of his early years of married life was necessarily somewhat disturbed by the troubles and anxieties that glory brings, but in the Place Royale (*plăs rō yăl′*) Madame Victor Hugo relates that they lived in much happiness with the children, who were their pride and their delight. Visitors flocked daily to the hospitable dwelling, attracted both by the fascinations of the hostess and by the refinement and joyousness of the poet.

After his guests had departed, however late it might be, Victor Hugo made it a rule to go out for a stroll by himself; and, armed with nothing but a cane, would cross the Champ Elysees (*shŏng sĕh lē zā′*), and wander as far as the Arc de Triomphe (*trē ŏngf′*). This was his favorite hour for work, and he has himself informed us that some of his finest thoughts have come to him more readily in the midnight hours of the silent streets, and in the shadow of the trees that line the pathways, than in the solitude of his study. He continued this practice for a long time without any interruption. Once, however, an accident befell him when he stumbled over a pile of chairs that had been left in the avenue, and over which he had to clamber; and once he met with an adventure of a more startling character. As he was sauntering along near the Rue des Tournelles (*tōōr-nĕl′*), he was attacked and knocked down by some pickpockets who were waiting at the corner of the street, and he would certainly have been robbed if some passers-by had not disturbed the ruffians, and made them take to their heels. The poet immediately regained his feet, and, running after the thieves, cane in hand, called out "Help! help!" but in so low a tone that it was plain he did not want the rascals to be caught.

† A price was set upon his head; a reward of 25,000 francs was offered to any

whether, having had a Napoleon the Great, they were willing to have a Napoleon the Little. "Napoleon le Petit" (lĕh pā tē′) was the first poem which came from his foreign home. On the fifth of August he landed in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands, and, till the little Napoleon fell, twenty years after, this island, or its neighbor, Guernsey (gûrn′zĭ), was his home.

A prophet in his own country has not the honor he deserves. But it sometimes happens that a prophet in exile has just the position which gives his words the most frequent echo, as it wins for them the surest hearing. Every whisper which escaped from Napoleon at St. Helena (hĕ lē′ nȧ) was treasured by his adherents in France as a prize all the more valued because it had been brought so far. And from his island fastness of Guernsey, Hugo for twenty years issued the rallying cries of the French republicans.* "I warn him," he said at the

one who would either kill him or arrest him; but as he knew that the sacrifice of his life could be of no benefit to any one, he did his best to escape the assassin's hand, and, leaving his home and his family, he started off through Paris in a *fiacre*. Madame Drouet (*drōō ā′*), a brave and noble woman, did her utmost to secure the poet a safe asylum. She applied at many doors; and, undiscouraged by the denials she received, she persevered in her attendance, and devised many schemes for his escape with undaunted determination. The drive was sufficiently terrible.

At last, after weary hours spent in anxiety and fatigue, the fugitives, almost sinking in despair, found a retreat under the roof of a relation of Victor Hugo's, who was the manager of a Legitimist journal. With generous sympathy, he took the risk of receiving the proscribed man into his house, and, after keeping him concealed for five days, procured a passport, by means of which the outlaw, having adopted a complete disguise, was enabled to depart, on the 12th of December (1851), from the Northern Railway Station.

* It did not content Victor Hugo while he was in Guernsey to plead the cause of the miserable in his books; from the year 1861 he labored to put his theory into practice by entertaining a number of poor children, who were brought every week to his house by their mothers. At first eight, then fifteen, then twenty, and afterward forty, came to sit at his table, where they were waited on by himself and his household, and regaled with slices of roast beef and glasses of wine, and told "to laugh and be merry." It seemed to Victor Hugo that his idea was worthy of imitation; considering it not "alms-giving," but "fraternity," and hold-

beginning, speaking of Napoleon III., "that whether it be from France, from Belgium, from England, or from America, my voice shall never cease to declare that he must expiate the crime of the second of December. America is open to me, and America is sufficiently after my heart."

On every occasion he showed the world that he still lived. Poems, letters, even pamphlets from his pen came into all the discussions of the time. In 1860, he delivered an address in Jersey, whose citizens had invited him to speak at a meeting for the liberation of Italy. In 1867, he made an excursion in Zealand. In the same year, the ban of an old proscription had been removed, "Hernani" was again produced at the Theatre Français in Paris, and "Ruy Blas" (rōō′ē bläs) at the Odéon.

The success was unbounded, and in his old age he had the pleasure of hearing of the triumph of the plays of his youth.

This new homage made his return to Paris an event all the more dramatic,—when, after Napoleon the Little had fallen, Victor Hugo was an exile no longer. The third Republic was proclaimed on the 4th of September, 1870, and on the 5th, he entered Paris.

ing that this blending of poor families with his own was as advantageous to him as it was to them; it was all in accordance with the spirit of pure democracy, and the result should be that, while we learn to serve them, they should be brought to love us. At Christmas-time especially there were great festivities, and a general distribution of toys, cakes, and clothing.

While they were quite young, his little grandchildren were allowed to bring their cat into the *salon* (*sä lōng′*) before dinner, when the diversion in the way of romping would be unlimited. The venerable gentleman whom they called their "papapa" would permit them to pull his fine white beard, and to roll themselves over him, laughing heartily, as he called out:

"Ah! I see you know what a grandfather is made for: he is made to sit upon!"

As an illustration of his love for domestic joys, we may instance his definition of Paradise, as "a place where children are always little and parents are always young."

He made no canvass as a candidate; but he was chosen to the National Assembly, which sat at Bordeaux (bôr dō′), in February, 1871. He sat in the ranks of the extreme Left. He protested there against the preliminaries of peace; against the session at Versailles (vĕr-sālz′), in place of Paris; against the refusal to receive Garibaldi (găr ĭ băl′ dĭ) as a member. After this last protest, he resigned, and lived in private.

But when the time came, he lifted up his voice against the Commune also. When the next Assembly was chosen, he was a candidate. But Paris would not choose him. He was not radical enough for its electors.

His last romance, "'93; or, The Civil War," was published in 1874. "The History of a Crime" was published in 1877. In 1876, he was chosen a senator, under the new Constitution, and took his seat. In 1882, he published his last tragedy, "Torquemada" (tōr kā-mä′ dä), and in the next year, he died.

His death was considered that of the first Frenchman of his time. The charge of the funeral was assumed by the government. The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest pomp, and his body was buried beneath the Pantheon (păn thē′ ŏn), which was dedicated to the "Glories of France."

LONGFELLOW.

1807-1882.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in the city of Portland, in Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He died in Cambridge, on the 24th of March, 1882. His father was a leader at the bar; his mother, a lovely woman, from whom he seems to have inherited the imaginative and romantic side of his nature, was Zilpha Wadsworth, a descendant from John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, whose loves her son was to make famous.

In his fourteenth year, he was sent to Bowdoin (bō′dn) College,* then but twenty years in existence.† His

* His brother gives some pleasant traditions of his childhood:

"With all his liveliness, he disliked loud noises and rude excitements. There is a family tradition of his having, on some Fourth of July, privately begged the maid to put cotton in his ears to deaden the sound of the cannon. But being asked if he was afraid, he indignantly denied it. He was fond of all boys' games, —ball, kite-flying, and swimming in summer; in winter, snow-balling, coasting, and skating. His elder brother was very fond of a gun, and many were the excursions to the neighboring woods and shores, and to the more distant marshes, in search of birds. But one day, Henry came home with his eyes full of tears, and so grieved at heart because he had shot a robin, that he never tried again. About fishing, he was somewhat less tender-hearted, though never a sportsman."

† He says of his early reading: "Every reader has his first book: I mean to say, one book among all which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the Sketch-Book of Washington Irving. I was a school-boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, nay, even by its gray-bound covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style. How many delightful books the same author has given us! Yet still the charm of the Sketch-Book remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its

brother entered college with him, and they lived together.* He spent the four years of college life happily and successfully. He sent verses to newspapers and periodicals, of some of which he was not afterward ashamed. His taste for literature, indeed, was so decided that he could not think "nature designed him for the Bar, or the Pulpit, or the dissecting-room." "Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for I will be eminent in something." Even then he looked forward to a literary life, for which, however, America at that time, offered but few hopes. He was desirous to spend a year at Cambridge, after concluding his course at Bowdoin College.†

His college attainments, however, had interested the government of his own college, and the trustees made a proposal to him that he should go to Europe to prepare himself to be the first "Bowdoin Professor of Modern Languages." The modest foundation of one thousand dol-

pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

* "Out of my childhood," wrote Mr. Longfellow in later years, "rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions than as prosaic facts. Such are the damp mornings of early spring, with the loud crowing of cocks, and the cooing of pigeons on roofs of barns. Very distinct in connection with these are the indefinite longings incident to childhood, feelings of wonder and loneliness which I could not interpret, and scarcely then took cognizance of. But they have remained in my mind."

† Professor Cleaveland has thus described the place in those early days: "The college virtually occupied only a small clearing among the indigenous evergreens. On every side but that which the river bounded the dwellings stood in close proximity to the forest, which stretched out for miles a shady and unobstructed promenade. The earlier graduates must have many recollections of social and solitary walks through these quiet grounds. Their memories have sadly failed if they do not still recall the chief features of the scene, the level earth through whose slippery carpet of scanty herbage and withered pine leaves shot up, in their season, the frequent blue-berry and winter-green, the air charged with resinous odors; the blackened tree-trunks, which told of former fires; the subdued and somber light; the tinkling cow-bells; and the gentle rustle of the breeze in the branches above."

lars had been given to the college by Madam Bowdoin, the widow of its founder, for such a professorship.*

Accordingly, in the spring of 1826, when he was but nineteen years old, he sailed for Europe. He spent several months in France, eight in Spain,† a year in Italy, and six months in Germany. He then returned to America, and in the autumn of 1829 entered on the duties of his Professorship at Bowdoin College.

These duties were by no means light or elegant. He was the personal instructor, in each of four modern languages, for boys and young men who had no knowledge of any one of them. He had to prepare new text-books and to publish them. Meanwhile he was determined to quicken an interest among his pupils in the literature of Europe, and he prepared and delivered courses of lectures, though they were not required of him, which should stimulate thought, study, and conversation. He undertook all the duties which such a position required, cheerfully and successfully. A very remarkable group of pupils, who have been distinguished in public life, has testified to the enthusiasm which the young professor excited. It is to be observed, indeed, in any study of Mr. Longfellow's career, that he showed through all his life that attribute of genius, which has been called the most valuable of all—

* James Bowdoin, who founded this college, was the president of the convention which formed the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was afterward the Governor of that State, which then included the district of Maine. He was interested in all elegant studies, and left some valuable pictures and drawings to Bowdoin College. We may ascribe to Madam Bowdoin's interest in European art and literature the foresight which led her to establish a professorship, which has been filled and honored by Professor Longfellow and Charles Carroll Everett.

† From Spain he wrote to his sisters: "Are you studying French, or Spanish, nowadays? If not, you should lose no time in commencing, for I assure you that, by every language you learn, a new world is opened before you. It is like being born again; and new ideas break upon the mind with all the freshness and delight with which we may suppose the first dawn of intellect to be accompanied."

the willingness to work. Many a man destitute of the finer resources which have given Mr. Longfellow his poetical fame, might study to advantage his industry, his perseverance, and that regularity in the discharge of his duty which have made him one of the most useful as he is one of the most attractive authors of his time.*

In one of his early letters he compares the forest surroundings of Brunswick, which is the seat of Bowdoin College, to the forlorn region of the Landes in the southwestern part of France. The comparison is an apt one. It does not seem from his letters that he made any complaint of a certain narrowness of life which must exist in a small village, hidden in a forest, away from the movement of mankind. Such a village in those days was Brunswick. And it was with pleasure that, after five years' residence there, Mr. Longfellow received an invitation to become the Smith Professor of Modern Literature in Harvard College. In this chair he followed George Ticknor, the author of the History of Spanish Literature. He was succeeded in it, in the year 1854, by James Russell Lowell, who still holds this honorable post. In

* An anecdote is reported which well illustrates his relations with his pupils. A student had incurred the censure of the college faculty for some slight offense against the regulations, and Mr. Longfellow was instructed to "admonish" him. The Professor met the youth the next day in the Library, and was addressed by him with a question upon some point in French literature. An animated and instructive disquisition followed upon the subject, in course of which the Professor forgot his duty and was turning away, when, recollecting himself, he came back, with "Ah! I was near forgetting. The Faculty voted last night that I should admonish you for (naming the offense), and you will consider yourself admonished." Coming from him, this was perhaps a more effective admonition than a sterner and more formal one from a less friendly teacher.

Another anecdote relates that in one of his French classes a student was called upon who had evidently made little or no preparation, and was prompted by his classmates very audibly. The Professor took no notice of this till the young man was seated; then he quietly said: "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theater, where the prompter performs a more important part than the actor."

this chair his duties would be rather the oversight of the instruction given in language by others, with the delivery of such lectures as might maintain an interest in the modern literature of Europe. He gladly accepted the appointment, with the condition that he might travel in Europe for a year or two before entering upon its duties.

In the year 1831, he had married Mary Storer Potter, of Portland, a lovely lady, now remembered as

> ——— "the being beauteous
> Who unto my youth was given
> More than all things else to love me."

In 1835, being in somewhat delicate health, she accompanied him on a European tour before he entered upon his new duties. One of her letters from London recalls with interest their meeting with "Mr. Carlyle, of Craigenputtock" (krā gĕn pŭt′tōk), and Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Emerson had brought them all together. "He passed half an hour with us, much to our delight. He has very unpolished manners and a broad Scottish accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts, that it is truly delightful to listen to him. He invited us to take tea with them in Chelsea, where they now reside. We were as much charmed with Mrs. C. as with her husband. She is a lovely woman, with very simple and pleasing manners. She is also very talented and accomplished; and how delightful it is to see so much modesty combined with such power to please. On Tuesday, we visit Chantrey's (chăn′trĭz) studio with them."*

* This will be the most convenient point for the imaginative reader to construct a scene in which he may suppose that some great authors of the century meet each other. Let them find Chantrey engaged in modeling a bust of Robert Browning, let Tennyson be reading aloud in the studio, an unpublished poem, and let Victor Hugo, who has come over from Paris on a visit, look in to ask his way. Mr. Emerson, having brought the party together by his letter of introduction, is present in spirit.

Mr. Longfellow was already known in America as an author. Alexander Everett was then the editor of the *North American Review*. When he was American Minister at Madrid, he had welcomed young Longfellow to that city, and at his request Longfellow had prepared several important articles for the *Review*. He had also published, in serial numbers, the essays which make up "Outre-Mer" (o͞o′tr mār). He now arranged for the publication of these in London. He traveled in Sweden, Denmark, and Holland; but his wife's health was steadily declining, and on the 29th of November she died. He spent the next year in Germany and Switzerland until October, when he sailed for America. He then established himself at Cambridge, and began the discharge of the regular duties of his professorship. To those duties he devoted himself with great industry and regularity for nearly twenty years. He resigned his professorship in 1854.

There is but little incident in such a life. But in Mr. Longfellow's career, certain steps are marked by the successive publication of poems, or volumes of poems, which won for him, in different ways, the love of the English-speaking world. The titles of these poems and stories show his industry, and also the wide range of his interest in topics connected with his studies.

In early life, he had printed the "Coplas de Manriques" (kōp′lăs dĕh măn rē′kĕs). In 1839, he published "Hyperion" (hī pē′rĭ ŏn) and the "Voices of the Night,* his first

* "In the midst of the siege of Paris," says General Meredith Read, "a venerable man presented himself to me, bowed with grief. He said, 'I am Monsieur R.,' and named his official position. 'I have just learned that my son has been arrested by the German authorities at Versailles (*vĕr sūlz′*), on an entirely unfounded charge. He is to be sent to a German fortress, and may be condemned to death. I am here [in Paris] alone and helpless I feel that my mind will give way if I can not find occupation; can you tell me of some English book

book of original poems. In 1842, his "Poems on Slavery" appeared. In 1845, he had completed the "Poets and Poetry of Europe." In 1847, "Evangeline" was published, and won, at once, the favor which it has always maintained. In 1849, "Kavanagh" (kăv′ă năh), and "The Sea-side and the Fireside" were published In 1851, the "Golden Legend" appeared; and in 1854, "Hiawatha" (hī ă wä′thä), which, at first, he proposed to call "Manabozho" (mă nă bō′zō).

At this time, as has been said, he resigned his professorship. Its duties chafed upon him, because they interfered with the more attractive work of composition. In 1858, "Miles Standish" appeared. Mr. Longfellow was steadily at work on his translation of Dante. In 1863, "The Wayside Inn" was published, and in the next year, Dante. "The Christus Trilogy," which he called "The Divina (dī vī′nä) Tragedia," was published in 1872. "Ultima Thule" (ŭl′tī mä thōō′lĕh), the last volume published under his own eye, appeared in 1880.

In 1843, he married, as his second wife, Frances Elizabeth Appleton. He had first seen her, a maiden of nineteen, in Switzerland, six years before. She is the Mary Ashburton of his romance of "Hyperion." She was the mother of all his children. She died on the 9th of July, 1861, in what is remembered in America as the war summer.*

which I can translate into French?' I promised to do so, and he left me. Within an hour or two, however, I received a line from him saying, that he had found what he required. A few days afterward, he came again to see me; but now erect, his face bright with hope, his voice clear and strong. He said, 'I have been translating Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and I am a new man; I feel that my mind is sound, and that faith and hope have taken the place of despair. I owe it all to Longfellow.'"

* On the ninth of July, his wife was sitting in the library with her two little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls, which she had just cut off. From a match fallen on the floor, her light summer dress took

In the summer of 1868, he visited England once more, and was most warmly received there. He was accompanied by a party of his children, grandchildren, and another friend. They went together to the English lakes, and afterward spent several weeks in England. The University of Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and the next year the University of Oxford that of Doctor of Civil Law. The Queen fixed a day for his visit to Windsor, and he was most cordially welcomed by men of letters. But nothing could have interested him so much in this "cordial and sincere" welcome as the enthusiastic and grateful expressions of the rank and file of the people. This tour in Europe lasted a year and a half. The party spent the winter in Rome.

In the last ten years of his life, after his return from Europe, though he was not pressed by any college duties, he occupied his time constantly in a cordial, and, one might almost say, a parental hospitality, in which he

fire. The shock was too great, and she died next morning. Three days later, her burial took place at Mount Auburn. It was the anniversary of her marriage day, and on her beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, some hand had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there, being confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received.

A note from her shows pleasantly the nature of her co-operation in his work:

"Now, thanks to Dr. Elliot, Henry's eyes begin to emerge from their long captivity, and he is able to use his pen a little, and read a good deal,—this is, comparatively. He has written lately some poems which his friends praise very enthusiastically. One upon Peace ['The Arsenal'], is my favorite, and Sumner's, who intends to send it to Dr. Howe by this steamer. But H. himself thinks better of another, upon the ancient city of Nuremberg. This is not so spirit-stirring, or so likely to inspire high hopes of humanity, and is, therefore, less interesting to me; but it is a fine picture of the olden time. * * * H. has resumed his lectures, and I am sometimes tempted to disguise myself, *à la* Portia, and be a listener. We get on bravely with the book of translations. You would be amused to see how completely I have entered into league with the printer's devil, and await his familiar knock. Felton and the rest of the club flourish in immortal youth, and are often with us to dine or sup."

sought the good of all young authors, and of a world of admirers who applied in whatever need, real or imaginary. There was not a beggar within a hundred miles, whose life had been in sort connected with literature, but sought relief at the hospitable door of the Craigie House. He never turned away from one such applicant. For ten years of kindness, his hand and his heart were open to every appeal; and he had the satisfaction of knowing, at the end of every year, that, as it went by, he had in his kindly personal intercourse, made thousands of people happy.*

In 1875, his college class celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation at the commencement at Brunswick. Eleven members of the class were present. Mr. Longfellow read that remarkable poem, "Morituri Salutamus."

The first four lines suggest its character:

> "'O Cæsar, we who are about to die,
> Salute you'! was the gladiators' cry
> In the arena, standing face to face
> With death and with the Roman populace."

And the closing lines of the poem, which are given below, indicate very distinctly the way in which the

* Of course, there continued to be other visitors of less distinction and of less interest. On one day the journal records "fourteen visits, thirteen of them Englishmen." All who came were received with unfailing kindness and courtesy, and a quick, instinctive adaptation of his conversation to their measure. If, as was usual, they turned the conversation to his writings, he thanked them for the sympathy, which gratified him, but very quickly and easily turned the talk to some other topic. Doubtless his courtesy and his kindness were often subjected to a heavy strain, by some who forgot the law of limits in the duration or frequency of their visits, and their claims. Mr. Norton relates that he once gently remonstrated with his friend for suffering an unworthy *protégé* to impose himself so long upon him; when he replied, with a humorous look, "Charles, who will be kind to him if I am not?"

poet, beloved and honored by all around him, passed his closing years:

"What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,—
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light.
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus (ĕd′ĭ pŭs kŏ lō′nē ŭs), or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard (tăb′ärd) Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

Mr. Longfellow died, after a short illness, on the 24th of March, 1882.* The last lines he wrote were—

"O Bells of San Blas (săn blăs), in vain
Ye call back the Past again;
The Past is deaf to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak every-where."

* Cardinal Wiseman says of Mr. Longfellow's poems: "There is no greater lack in English literature than that of a poet of the people, of one who shall be to the laboring classes of England, what Goethe (*gû′ tĕh*) is to the peasant of Germany. It was a true philosopher who said, 'Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws.' There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary to mention his name. Our hemisphere can not claim the honor of having brought him forth; but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And, whether we are charmed by his imagery or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline,—I am sure that all who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

TENNYSON.

1809- —1892

ALFRED TENNYSON, now Baron Tennyson, was born in Somerby, England, August 5, 1809. Carlyle was fourteen years older than he. Robert Browning is two years younger. The group of six authors, whose lives come together in these pages, — Carlyle, Hugo, Emerson, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning,*—as they lived to

* Carlyle and Emerson, as is well known, corresponded intimately. The published volumes of their letters are among the most interesting memorials of our times. When Mr. Emerson visited England in 1848, Carlyle brought him and Tennyson together. "Tennyson and Carlyle love to recall the days when they used to sit together, in the garden of the latter [behind the house in Cheyne (*chān*) Row], smoking their pipes, and interlarding their conversation with brilliant flashes of silence." These are Mr. Conway's words. It was proposed in 1848 that Tennyson and Emerson should visit Paris together, just after the revolution of February; but this plan was not carried out. Browning and Tennyson are personal friends. Mr. Longfellow visited Carlyle and his wife in 1835, and visited Tennyson in 1868. The intimacies of the three Englishmen and the Americans with Victor Hugo were probably more formal, if indeed they existed at all.

Mr. Longfellow's notes on Tennyson, as preserved in his Journal, are interesting.

July 19, 1859.—"Got from the publishers Tennyson's new poem, 'Four Idyls (*ī' dĭlz*) of the King.' Eagerly devour the first part of them, which is charming, reminding one of Chaucer's (*chaw' sĕrz*) 'Griselda' (*gri sĕl' da*). * * * * Finished the 'Four Idyls.' The first and third could only have come from a great poet. The second and fourth do not seem to me so good." Again, August 12, 1859, in a letter to Mr. Fields: "'The Idyls' are a brilliant success. Rich tapestries, wrought as only Tennyson could have done them, and worthy to hang beside 'The Faerie Queene.' I believe there is no discordant voice on this side the water."

January 1, 1867.—In a letter to Charles Sumner: "I have just received a letter from Tennyson, in which he says: 'We English and Americans should all be brothers, as none other among the nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so, I trust.'" The correspondence was more than once resumed.

nearly the end of the nineteenth century, so reflects, illustrates, and expresses the condition and the needs of that period, that the life of each of them helps to a right understanding of that of each of the others. Indeed, every one of the group has done his share in the education of this generation, which is, and ought to be, so remarkable.

Tennyson is one more of the leading poets of the world who has been fortunate in the external circumstances of early life and education. He was the third in a family of twelve children. His father was Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, a clergyman in Lincolnshire, in England. It is remembered that in this large group of young people, story-telling and story-writing was a favorite amusement. With his two elder brothers, Alfred Tennyson was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Whewell (hū′ ĕl), the writer on education and morals,* was then a tutor in that college, and Tennyson was his pupil. At this early age, he showed his poetical ability. When he was but nineteen years old, he won the chancellor's medal for an English poem, with the rather un-

Browning and Tennyson have been cordial friends. In 1872, Browning dedicated a selection of his poems to the Laureate in these words:

DEDICATED TO
ALFRED TENNYSON.
IN POETRY, ILLUSTRIOUS AND CONSUMMATE;
IN FRIENDSHIP, NOBLE AND SINCERE.

* Dr. Whewell was afterward the Master of Trinity. He was the son of a carpenter, or, as Englishmen now say, of a joiner. His early ability, especially in mathematics, was such that he was sent as a pupil to the Cambridge Trinity College,—and distinguished himself there. He afterward obtained a Fellowship, and in 1816, was appointed a tutor. He was afterward Professor of Mineralogy, and, in 1838, was appointed Professor of Moral Theology. In 1841, he became "Master of Trinity," and in 1855, vice-chancellor of the University. He died in that office, at the age of seventy-one, in the year 1866. It was truly said of his valuable treatise on morals, that if you would take for granted, with the author, the divine establishment of the English church and English state, every thing else in the treatise follows logically. He was an admirable teacher, and was much beloved, as he deserved, by his pupils.

promising title, "Timbuctoo."* His brother Frederic had obtained a prize the year before for a Greek poem. At the time of Alfred's success, he and his brother Charles printed a volume of "Poems by Two Brothers." It has since been highly prized as a poetical curiosity.

The first volume which he published with his name, was "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson," published in London, in 1830, while he was still an undergraduate. It made but little impression on the public; but Professor Wilson (of *Blackwood's Magazine*) showed his literary insight by predicting the fame of the author, and William J. Fox,—who first announced to the world the certainty of Browning's genius,—made no mistake in heralding this new poet. "Claribel," "Lilian," and "Oriana" (ō rī ăn′ à) are all in this volume. In 1833, a new volume, containing many of the poems in the first, retouched and improved, appeared in London. "Oenone" (ē nō′ nē), "The Lotos Eaters," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Lady of Shalott" (shă lŏt′), now appeared for the first time.†

As he passed from simple lyrics to his larger poems, his poetry, in its mere form, became narrative. He thus

* This was at the time when the travels of Mungo Park and others had given a special interest, among Englishmen, to the interior of Africa. Henry Alford (*awl′ fŭrd*),—afterward distinguished as a critic of the New Testament, as a preacher and a poet,—was an unsuccessful competitor. He used to say, good-naturedly, in later life, that, at the time, he regretted the loss of the prize, but that he had lived to be proud that he was defeated by Alfred Tennyson.

† Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson visited England in this year, and on his return brought to America this volume of Tennyson's poems. It is among the pleasanter memories of some of our older men of letters, that they first read Tennyson in this very volume,—which Mr. Emerson freely lent to his young friends in Harvard College,—and that with it their enthusiasm for Tennyson began. Mr. James Russell Lowell, for instance, first saw Tennyson's poems in this volume. From the beginning, Tennyson was sure of the sympathy and regard of the young. It was only for the old critics to die off the stage, and his success was certain.

gained what is an immense advantage for an author who has to do with a "British public." That public, which Mr. Browning says does not admire him, always wants a concrete or visible subject. It does not like a poem on "Old Age." It does like a poem on "Ulysses" (ū lĭs′sēz). It does not want a poem on "Afternoons." It welcomes one on "The Lotos Eaters."* As the public understood,

* Mrs. Carlyle gives the following amusing account of an interview with him at the theater, September 23, 1845:

"So long as I kept my seat in the dress-circle I recognized only Mrs. Macready (*măk rē′ dĭ*), in one of the four private boxes, and in my nearer neighborhood, Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon. But in the interval betwixt the play and the farce, I took a notion to make my way to Mrs. Macready. John, of course, declared the thing 'clearly impossible, no use trying it'; but a servant of the theater, overhearing our debate, politely offered to escort me where I wished; and then John, having no longer any difficulties to surmount, followed, to have his share in what advantages might accrue from the change. Passing through a long dim passage, I came on a tall man leant to the wall, with his head touching the ceiling like a *caryatid*, to all appearances asleep, or resolutely trying it under most unfavorable circumstances. 'Alfred Tennyson!' I exclaimed in joyful surprise. 'Well!' said he, taking the hand I held out to him, and forgetting to let it go again. 'I did not know you were in town,' said I. 'I should like to know who you are,' said he; 'I know that I know you, but I can not tell your name.' And I had actually to name myself to him. Then he woke up in good earnest, and said he had been meaning to come to Chelsea. 'But Carlyle is in Scotland,' I told him with due humility. 'So I heard from Spedding already, but I asked Spedding would he go with me to see Mrs. Carlyle, and he said he would.' I told him if he really meant to come, he had better not wait for backing, under the present circumstances; and then pursued my way to the Macreadys' box, where I was received by William (whom I had not divined) with a 'Gracious heavens!' and spontaneous dramatic start, which made me all but answer, 'Gracious heavens!' and start dramatically in my turn. And then I was kissed all round by his women."

The promised visit took place a few days after.

"Craik arrived next evening (Sunday), to make his compliments. Helen had gone to visit numbers. John was smoking in the kitchen. I was lying on the sofa, headachey, leaving Craik to put himself to the chief expenditure of wind, when a cab drove up. Mr. Strachey (*străk′ ĭ*)? No. Alfred Tennyson alone! Actually, by a superhuman effort of volition, he had put himself into a cab, nay, brought himself away from a dinner party, and was there to smoke and talk with me!—by myself—me! But no such blessedness was in store for him. Craik prosed, and John babbled for his entertainment; and I, whom he had come to see, got scarcely any speech with him. The exertion, however, of having to provide him with tea, through my own unassisted ingenuity (Helen being gone for the evening), drove away my headache; also perhaps a little feminine vanity at having inspired such a man with the energy to take a cab on his own responsi-

better and better, that Mr. Tennyson's poems had in them a distinct nominative case; as it could tell "what they were about," and who it was that spoke, this public gave itself up, with more complete abandonment, to the joy of poetry, to the exquisite sweetness of the song, and was glad to find out that it could sympathize with genius.

"The Princess,—A Medley," which appeared in 1847,*

bility, and to throw himself on Providence for getting away again! He stayed till eleven, Craik sitting him out, as he sat out Lady H——, and would sit out the Virgin Mary should he find her here."

* The plan of the "Princess" connects the fanciful story with the real interests of to-day, as Tennyson is very fond of doing. The poem professes to be improvised by seven "of our set," who were visiting at "Vivian Place." Sir Walter has given up the broad lawns of Vivian Place for a summer day, for the enjoyment of the people.

> "Thither flocked at noon
> His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
> The neighboring borough with their Institute,
> Of which he was the Patron. I was there
> From college, visiting the son,—the son
> A Walter too,—with others of our set,—
> Five others; we were seven at Vivian Place."

While "The Institute," and the tenants and their wives and children amuse themselves, their guests, watching the holiday, invent "The Medley"—

> "Follow me, the Prince!
> I answered: 'Each be hero in his turn!
> Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.
> Heroic seems our Princess as required.
> But something made to suit with Time and place,
> A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
> A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
> A feudal Knight in silken masquerade,
> And yonder, shrieks and strange experiments,
> In which the good Sir Ralph had burned them all.
> This *were* a medley! We should have him back
> Who told the 'Winter's Tale' to do it for us.
> No matter: we will say whatever comes;
> And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
> From time to time, some ballad, or a song,
> To give us breathing space!
> So I began,
> And the rest followed; and the women sang
> Between the rougher voices of the men,
> Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.
> And here I give the story and the songs."

had the additional advantage that it handled, in a delicate and playful satire, the question regarding woman's place and education, which were working themselves into conversation and discussion. In successive new editions of "The Princess," Mr. Tennyson introduced more and more of the charming lyrics, which give so much light and life to the poem.

In 1850, he published, without his name, "In Memoriam." It is a series of more than a hundred short poems, which he wrote, in the shock of grief, for the death of Arthur Henry Hallam,—a young man of great promise, who, had he lived, would have married Tennyson's sister.* Mr. Hallam died on the 15th of September, 1833, when he was but twenty-two years old,—away from home,—and with but short notice of illness to his friends. So dear was he to those friends,—and so pathetic have been their published memories of their sorrow,—that Arthur Hallam is now known and loved in every quarter of the world,—not for what he did, as for the sake of those who loved him. Most of the poems in "In Memoriam" were written, as it is supposed, soon after Hallam's death. Seventeen years after, Tennyson determined to publish them, with such revision as time had suggested, and such additions as in these years he had made.†

* The London *Quarterly Review*, in an article on "Lycidas" (*lĭs' ĭ dăs*), "Adonais" (*ăd o nā' ĭs*), and "In Memoriam," published in 1884, says: "There is no question that Lord Tennyson first earned his great fame, by his 'In Memoriam.' It was the appearance of this monody, in 1850, that sent serious and thoughtful men back to his early writings, to see if there was any trace of power there such as might have given promise of a riper maturity; and, to the astonishment of many, a mine of great richness lay before them, which they had passed by almost unnoticed." This is, of course, true of those who had passed by the mine. But it is certainly not true of the great body of men and women who read English books, who were younger than Tennyson. His fame was already sure.

† The introductory verses bear the date 1849. They speak of the other poems in these words:

On the death of Wordsworth, who was poet laureate, in 1850, the Queen offered the honor of the laureateship to Samuel Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," then in his eighty-ninth year. The proposal was made to the venerable poet in a letter written by Prince Albert, and the wish that he would accept the post, was accompanied by the assurance that no specific duty of any kind should be required of him. Mr. Rogers was greatly gratified by the proposal; but declined it, urging his great age and want of strength as the reason. Prince Albert wrote again, to ask what poet he would suggest as most deserving the honor. Mr. Rogers, in reply, named Alfred Tennyson, and he was appointed.*

Since Robert Southey (sowth'ĭ) was appointed to this post, there has been no compulsion on the laureate, as there once was, to manufacture one ode at New Year, and

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

This introduction contains lines,—as, indeed, the whole book does,—which are remembered every-where:

"Strong Son of God,—Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove."

* * * * *

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

* It is an amusing illustration of the separation which seems, in England, to divide sets of educated men from each other, that Lord Palmerston (*pām' ĕr stŏn*), who was at the head of the government, did not know any thing of Tennyson. He wrote to Mr. Rogers to say so. "We know nothing of this gentleman;" and to ask, if it were quite certain that there was nothing in his writings which should make it amiss that he should be the Laureate of a Queen.

another for the royal birthday. But Mr. Tennyson, uncompelled, has written, since he was laureate, some of the immortal odes of English literature. The great Duke of Wellington died in September of 1851. The English people was moved to the heart, as well it may have been, at the death, in an advanced old age, of one to whom its destinies had been once and again intrusted, and who had never failed it. Tennyson's ode on the occasion spoke for a people eager to find a fit spokesman.*

* "Bury the great Duke.
With an Empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

* * * * * *

"Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal wo,
Let the long, long procession go.
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music flow:
The last great Englishman is low.

* * * * * *

"Remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the Truth, to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right;
Truth-Teller was our English Alfred named;
Truth-Lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed.

* * * * * *

"Nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him,
Something far advanced in State,

In the year 1850, Mr. Tennyson married Miss Emily Sellwood, and he now has several children. His residence, called Faringford, is in the Isle of Wight, above "Fresh-water Bay," which the house overlooks, and is not far from the village called Fresh-water. He has described the place in his invitation to his friend Maurice* (maw'-ris), whom he asks to visit him there.

Of the later poems of Tennyson, we must not fail to mention "The Idyls of the King," "Locksley Hall," and the volume published in 1864, containing "Enoch Arden," and others. "Locksley Hall" is, perhaps, the best known and most widely admired.

In 1884, Tennyson was made Baron Tennyson, and thus entered the House of Lords. It has been said that he is the first Peer created for literary distinction. The creation marks, therefore, in some sense, an era in civilization, for it shows that the honors and the duties once intrusted only to soldiers and clergymen,—afterward conceded to land-owners because they were land-owners, and

And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him."

* "Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine;
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And farther on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

to lawyers,—may, in the future, fall to men of letters. Mr. Carlyle's classification of his Heroes is so far accepted by the Queen of England, when the Hero as Poet sits by the side of the Hero as Priest and the Hero as King. He took his seat at once in the House of Lords; and though he has never spoken there, he has once or twice since published short poems, bearing on the political questions of the day.

He has taken a strong interest in such questions, and some of his most spirited lyrics relate to them. "The Charge of the Six Hundred," "Riflemen, Form," are illustrations, which will be long remembered.*

* "He spoke much of the philosophical questions of the day also, his interest in which has led to the formation of the meetings for discussion between Huxley, Tyndall (*tĭn' dăl*), Dr. Manning, James Martineau (*mär' tĭ nō*), himself and others."—*Mr. Conway's notes of a visit at Faringford.*

Mr. Tennyson has been thought to be especially sensitive about the popular curiosity to see him. Mr. Conway says:

"A great deal of this sensitiveness is to be ascribed to the early solitude which Tennyson enjoyed when, as yet an unknown poet, he roamed in Epping Forest. In those days he could come to London, and walk the streets, with his great country shoes, and be remarked only as a brown, rustic individual, who had evidently not been long in town. It has been said of him, that he loves his fellow-men more than he likes them; but if he can mingle with them *incognito*, on equal terms, he likes to converse with the common people. He once made a pedestrian excursion to Devonshire, stopping at the way-side inns, and was now and then the life of the common tap-room, talking with the farmers about their crops, and sometimes getting into warm discussions of religious topics, in which he valiantly defended the liberal side. He enjoyed such occasions very much; but once, when some one present called him by name, he drew up in his shell of reserve like a turtle.'

BROWNING.

1812- —.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in London, on the 6th of May, 1812. He was not educated at either of the English Universities, because, it is said, of the restrictions which, in his youth, practically excluded dissenters from those institutions. Mr. Browning, however, was no sufferer from this restriction. He is one more illustration of the truth of one of Mr. Galton's remarks, "that in England there are two classes of educated men, —one of those who obtained their education at the Universities, and the other of those who gained theirs because they were not at the Universities." Mr. Browning had every advantage which the thoughtfulness of his parents could give him for the study of books and language.

He spent in Northern Italy a part at least of that period of life which some of his contemporaries were spending at public schools, or at the Universities. In this time he entered on that diligent study of the Italian history of the Middle Ages, which makes him now one of the first authorities on those subjects in the world, if not, indeed, the first. But he was not satisfied with the diligent study of books written or printed in the old libraries of Lombardy (lŏm′ bär dĭ), Tuscany, and Venice. He lived among the Italian people. He made them his friends, as he was theirs.

He gained in Italy, not only that intellectual training and that enthusiasm for poetry which so many poets of different lands have owed to Italy, but also the knowledge

of Nature and the joy of life which give gladness to almost every word he writes, as if the clearness of the sky and the warmth of the sun had quickened him, even in his boyhood, with life such as the Northern poets do not always know.

All the same, however, Mr. Browning is, has been, and will be, an Englishman. Like all other Englishmen, he likes to find fault with his country; but, like all other Englishmen, he is angry with any others who find fault with them. It is, however, with a certain satisfaction that he addresses that

"British public who admires me not,"

and he would be very sorry at the bottom of his heart if the rank and file of men did entirely comprehend him, or even understand him. And here Mr. Browning is certainly right. For, if a man is to be a leader of men, he must take them into some places where they could not go without him; and it will certainly happen, therefore, when he first speaks, that they will not fully understand his orders; far less will they comprehend them. It should also be remembered, all along in the rather stupid discussion as to whether Browning is easily understood, that the understanding, as De Quincey says, is the lowest of the human faculties.

Poets have a much more important mission given to them than the mere instruction of people in certain external facts, which they can learn from the Encyclopedia, or the price-current or other finger-posts. Mr. Browning certainly never published his books for so poor a purpose as teaching people the external facts in mediæval history. Something must be taken for granted with all readers, and just as he supposes that his readers know what c-a-t

spells, he also presupposes their knowledge of certain other things. Readers may or may not know these other things. But that is their affair, and not his.*

The first published poem of Mr. Browning's was a monologue, intended as part of a tragedy, to which he gave the name of "Pauline," which appeared in 1833. He regards this as a boyish work,—and would not include it in the editions of his collected poems, but that it has been printed outside of England, and that he chooses that it shall appear correctly if at all. It is to be observed, however, that this anonymous fragment at once attracted the attention of a critic as competent and clear as Rev. William J. Fox, who then published a magazine called the *Monthly Repository*. Fox said: "The work before us has truth and life in it,—gave us the thrill and laid hold of us with the power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius. * * * We felt certain of Tennyson,—we are not less certain of the author of 'Pauline.'"

This was the first public notice of Browning's boyish poems. It gratified the writer,—and, in 1835, he sent to the *Monthly Repository* four poems, which appear, in one form or another, in his later collections. In the same year, he published "Paracelsus" (păr ă sĕl′ sŭs). "I trust for the reader's indulgence," he said, "toward a poem which had not been imagined six months ago,"—

* "The critics often seek for hidden meanings in Mr. Browning's poems, just as enthusiasts do with a similar feeling in Shakespeare and the Scriptures. But he does not always, perhaps he does not often, help them much in their recondite questionings. Some enthusiasts, who had detected great depth of meaning in one of his poems, ventured to ask him what was its origin, and if their diagnosis were correct. His reply was rather discouraging. For he said the origin of the poem was an old bit of tapestry which hung upon his wall, which he showed them. The very intricacies and subtleties of his description were easily accounted for, when one saw what time had left of the fancies of some forgotten needlewoman.

and asked that he might not be prejudiced by it against other productions. In 1837, he published "Strafford," and with Mr. Macready's (măk rē′ dĭz) cordial interest it was put upon the stage. "Sordello" (sôr dĕl′ lō) followed in 1840; and, in the next six years, the pretty and popular editions of "Bells and Pomegranates," in which were some of his noblest lyrics, made him friends among large numbers of readers who had no knowledge of his longer poems.*

In 1846, he married Elizabeth Barrett, already well known as a poet. She had, like Mr. Browning, enjoyed an admirable education. She had an accurate knowledge of Greek; and among her early published works was a translation of the "Prometheus (prō mē′ thē ŭs) Bound," and some articles which attracted attention, on the early Christian poets. But her own original poetry soon won for her the regard of sympathetic readers, and her reputation among the promising poets of the time was already established when it won for her the acquaintance of Robert Browning.

There are a hundred romantic stories which turn on the early intimacy of the two poets.† How true these

* One of the most spirited of these lyrics is the little poem which tells "How we brought the good news from Ghent (*gĕnt*) to Aix" (*āks*). Many readers have tried to find the point in Dutch history which would show what the news was. But Mr. Browning himself says that the whole is a work of imagination. He was cruising, in a yacht, on the Mediterranean. Of a hot day, as he lay in the shade of the sail, he felt a natural longing for a ride on his own horse,—who, as he knew, was shut up in a stable in London. He could not ride, but he could imagine a ride and describe it,—and this he did in the poem, where the imagined riders carried the imagined news.

† The lines in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," in which Miss Barrett alludes to Browning, speak of several modern English poets:

> "—— Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
> Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,
> Or from Browning some 'pomegranate,' which, if cut down through the middle,
> Showed a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity."

stories are, another generation will have better means of knowing than we. This is certain, that Mr. Browning was attracted by Miss Barrett's poems, in which, indeed, she had paid him in one instance a very noble compliment, and that he asked and obtained the pleasure of a personal interview.

Miss Barrett was at this time in very delicate health, and by her illness was closely confined at home. Only intimate friends had the privilege of visiting her; and it was by a rare exception that Mr. Browning was first introduced to her. But this illness proved no check to the growth of their mutual regard, and in face of some early opposition on her father's part, they were

Miss Mitford says that she often traveled to London, five and forty miles, to see Miss Barrett, and returned the same evening without entering another house. In her invalid life, she only received the visits of her family, and a few such devoted friends. But Mr. Browning, who knew her only through her poetry, wrote to beg for an interview. The story, as it was told by Mrs. Kinney, will be believed by young readers:

"She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshiped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost: love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there, Robert Browning poured out his impassioned soul into hers, though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmity had hitherto so hedged her about, that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed, she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course, he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; *au contraire* (*ō kŏng trâr'*), to repeat it by letter, and in suchwise as to convince her how 'dead in earnest' he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome. But here began the tug of war. As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or any thing in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her,—it conquered."

married.* The best history of the turn of tide in her affections is probably to be found in her own Portuguese Sonnets. As soon as they were married, the two poets went to Florence to live. That city was her home till she died, in 1861, and has been Mr. Browning's home through most of his life. He has, however, been a traveler in almost every part of Europe. He speaks the Russian language with facility, and the French and Italian with the ease of those that were born to them.

* The Portuguese Sonnets reflect the story of their betrothal. One in each phase of feeling may be copied here:

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

NO. III.

Unlike are we, unlike, oh princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gazes from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
And death must dig the level where these agree.

XVI.

And yet, because thou overcomest so,
Because thou art more noble and like a king,
Thou canst prevail against my fears, and fling
Thy purple round me, till my heart shall grow
Too close against thy heart, henceforth to know
How it shook when alone. Why, conquering
May prove as lordly and complete a thing
In lifting upward as in crushing low!
And as a vanquished soldier yields his sword
To one who lifts him from the bloody earth,
Even so, Beloved, I at last record,
Here ends my strife. If *thou* invite me forth,
I rise above abasement at the word,
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

Mr. Browning has more than once followed his early impulse for dramatic composition, and many of his poems take the dramatic form. Several of them have been put upon the stage, and though no one of them has obtained the success,—perhaps doubtful,—of a play long performed or often produced again, this argues rather the attitude of modern audiences and their indifference to real dramatic effect. In a kindred line of literary work, his translations from "Euripides (ū rĭp′ĭ dēz) and Æschylus" (ĕs′kĭ lŭs) have shown that classical poetry wins modern sympathy and interest as completely as it won that of the Greeks. But he has never been confined to any one form of poetical translation. His lyrics first win his readers, and it is after they have become enthusiastic about these poems that they go afield on excursions for discovery among his tragedies, translations, and his other longer poems.

Of these, the most important is "The Ring and the Book," which was published in 1868. His most ardent admirers consider this the most important poem of our time. It is the true story of a wretched intrigue which culminated in murder, at the end of the seventeenth century. It tells the story of this tragedy in many different ways, as such a story would present itself in various points of view to spectators who had various prejudices. At last the old Pope Innocent, by the simple insight of pure moral force, solves the riddles, cuts the knots, and awards substantial justice. Beneath a thousand other lessons, the poem shows the supremacy of truth above the ingenuity of semblance, and what is the range of power of the eye which is single.

The intricacy of Mr. Browning's language, sometimes his indifference always to the clumsy assistance given in

notes, make some of his poems very obscure. But careful readers have generally found out that the knot was worth untying; indeed, they have come to find a pleasure in the solution. All over the world of English literature, Browning clubs have been formed of those who are interested in his poetry, and seek to improve in this knowledge of it. The chief of these clubs meets in London, and publishes a journal of the Browning Society papers. All of these papers are devoted in one or another way to the exposition or criticism of his poetry.*

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Browning was eminently happy, and in the elegant hospitality of their house in Florence, many travelers from all nations know personally the charm of their home. They had two children. A daughter "of English blood, of Tuscan birth," died in early life, as the readers of the poem we have cited will remember. A son is now a well-known artist in London.

* In a publication of a collection of his works, Mr. Browning gives the following account of them:

"In the present selection from my poetry, there is an attempt to escape from the embarrassment of appearing to pronounce upon what myself may consider the best of it. I adopt another principle, and, by simply stringing together certain pieces on the thread of an imaginary personality, I present them in succession, rather as the natural development of a particular experience than because I account them the most noteworthy portion of my work. Such an attempt was made in the volume of selections from the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to which, in outward uniformity at least, my own would venture to become a companion.

"A few years ago, had such an opportunity presented itself, I might have been tempted to say a word in reply to the objections my poetry was used to encounter. Time has kindly co-operated with my disinclination to write the poetry and the criticism besides. The readers, I am at last privileged to expect, meet me fully half-way, and if, from the fitting stand-point, they must still 'censure me in their wisdom,' they have previously 'awakened their senses that they may the better judge.' Nor do I apprehend any more charges of being willfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, or perversely harsh. Having hitherto done my utmost in the art, to which my life is a devotion, I can not engage to increase the effort; but I conceive that there may be helpful light, as well as reassuring warmth, in the attention and sympathy I gratefully acknowledge. R. B.

"London, May 14, 1872."

In 1851, Mrs. Browning published "Casi Guidi (kä'sē gē'dē) Windows," which reflects the interest she and her husband both took in the Italian efforts for freedom and unity, of the years 1848 and 1849. In the year 1856, "Aurora Leigh" (lē) appeared, and the "Poems before Congress," in 1860.

"Those who have known Casa Guidi, as it was," says a recent writer, "can never forget the square anteroom, with its great picture and piano-forte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour,—the little dining-room, covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning—the long room, filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat; and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room, where *she* always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old stone iron-gray church of Santa Felice (săn'tä fā lē'chē). There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and old pictures of saints, that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large book-cases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving, selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's (dăn' tēz) grave profile, a cast of Keats' brow and face, taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon (Mrs. Browning's good friend and relative), little paintings by the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. A quaint mirror, easy chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings

that always add an indescribable charm, were all massed in this room. But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A small table, strewed with writing materials, books, and newspapers, was always at her side."*

* Mr. Browning was for some years the president of the Shakespeare Society. But it was well understood that he took the office in answer to eager solicitation on the part of some of the members, and that he had never much occupied himself about its affairs. In fact, the society has been directed by gentlemen well known among literary men as specially interested in the criticism of Shakespeare. Unfortunately, there broke out a bitter feud between two prominent members. They brought their griefs before the public, and some of their published letters were acrimonious and very disagreeable. Naturally, the society suffered while this war went on. Other prominent members withdrew, unwilling to seem connected with the indecencies of such a contest. Other members, who did not wish to do this, went to their president, Mr. Browning, to ask him to bring them out of their troubles. "No," he said, "I am only the figure-head. You will have to go to the captain."

When the University of Oxford made Browning a Doctor of Laws, the public orator thus referrred to him, in elegant Latin:

"With how much subtlety does he penetrate the hearts of men, explore the deepest recesses of their thought, and watch the various movements of their life! He has, as you all know, not only interpreted Æschylus to us, than whom no one is more lofty, and also Euripides, than whom no one is more human, so that, though one is ignorant of Greek, Alcestis (*ăl sĕs′ tĭs*) touches him with pity, and Hercules with fear. So much for the tragedy of the ancients. He has also, in a sort of lyric style, handled later tragic subjects, as one who worships at once two muses,—Melpomene (*mĕl pŏm′ ē nē*), and Euterpe (*ū tĕr′ pē*). Who has sung the marvels of music more nobly than he? He has painted the life of the faultless Florentine painter as if with a hundred of the brightest colors from the twilight of the West. How often has he called up Italy before us of the West, while we were sitting at our firesides! Among the reeds of our Western homes,—as I happened to be thinking of his idyls,—I seemed to hear a great voice crying out, 'Great Pan is *not* dead.' Πὰν ὁ μέγας οὐ τέθνηκεν. Pan still lives, united with the memory of Marathon, and the immortal speed of Pheidippedes" (*fī dĭp′ pĭ dēz*).

INVENTORS.

Edison. Fulton. Watt.
Bessemer. The Montgolfiers. Arkwright.
Bell. Stephenson. Whitney.

ARKWRIGHT.

1732-1792.

TO any persons interested in mechanics or mechanical pursuits, the lives of inventors are of very great interest. To read the life of any inventor is to follow out in detail the suggestions and ideas which pass through the mind of the inventor, to note the different improvements, the little artifices by which he overcomes difficulty after difficulty, and perhaps to see how, sometimes, a great idea breaks suddenly upon him, and some great revolution in civilization is effected.

It is the history of the invention that is here of interest rather than of the inventor. Nor is it, perhaps, of so much consequence here that we select the men who first hit upon any great invention. It is more interesting by far, to follow out the proceedings of the man, who, though he may not have conceived the original idea, was able, by improvement after improvement, to carry on the crude invention to successful application. Indeed, it is difficult to say, in many cases, who was the original inventor of one or another of the great appliances which are so familiar to us to-day.

James Watt is usually accepted as the inventor of the steam-engine, though there were steam-engines before Watt; Robert Fulton is considered the inventor of the steam-boat, and George Stephenson of the locomotive-engine, though neither of them was the sole originator of all the ideas which he brought to successful fruition.

In like manner, we usually think of Sir Richard Arkwright as the originator of the inventions which gave such an enormous impulse to the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, although it seems clear enough now, that Wyatt, Paul, and Highs had all conceived the idea of spinning by rollers; that Highs or Hargreaves (här′grēvz) invented the spinning-jenny, and that to Crompton we owe the mule.

It is easy enough to bring up claimants for the honor of invention, after the rich harvest to be reaped has been made apparent. In the case under consideration, ideas may have occurred to others; but it was Arkwright who was to make them practicable, who was to bring them to such forms as to practically create the factory system of cotton and wool spinning in Great Britain.

The middle of the eighteenth century was a time of great activity in the manufacture of cotton. At that time, were those inventions made which changed the system from manufacture by hand, to the factory system. In the earlier part of the century, cotton and wool were spun by hand in the cottages all over England. They were woven by hand on warps of linen thread imported from the Continent.

We may gain, perhaps in a few lines, such a view of the method of manufacture, as will enable us to see the nature of the improvements effected by Arkwright and his contemporaries. The spinning was done by the women, mainly. A piece of cotton or wool, having been carded by large hand-combs, was twisted on the distaff, and pulled out by hand and twisted into yarn. This was given to the weaver, the man of the house, who, having purchased sufficient warp and arranged it on pegs on

the side of his house, proceeded to weave by hand, by throwing the shuttle from side to side between the threads of the warp, exactly as it is now done by machinery. He stood in front of the warp, and threw the shuttle in with one hand, caught it with the other, and threw it back. If the piece were broader than thirty-six inches, two men had to take hold and pass the shuttle between them.

There were many inventions and contrivances to render this operation more easy, before Arkwright. Mr. John Kay and his son Robert invented various means by which the shuttle was more easily thrown, and by which various colors might be introduced. What was known as the warping-mill was also introduced. And in 1738, a patent was taken out by one Lewis Paul, for the invention by John Wyatt, of a machine for spinning by rollers, on precisely the same principle as that used by Arkwright, in the machine for which he took out a patent in 1767. But this earlier machine was most imperfect in detail, and never came into general use. Its existence, even, was doubted until the original specification for the patent was discovered.

Sir Richard Arkwright was one of the many poor boys who have made their own fame and fortune. He was born at Preston, December 23, 1732, in a very humble station of life. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and therefore received but scant education. He was apprenticed to a barber in his youth, and, at the age of twenty-eight, we find him settled in Bolton as a hair-dresser. That business was somewhat more important at that time than it is now, owing to the magnificent wigs worn by everybody with any pretense to fashion. And Arkwright, who had got hold of some

means of dyeing hair, was able to turn it to some account.

He married in 1761, but he does not seem to have been an easy man to live with, and he and his wife were separated in the course of some years. In character,* Arkwright seems to have preserved much of the surroundings of his early life. He was rude and coarse in nature, and unprepossessing in manner. He had, however, much keenness and energy, and much inventive genius—greater, perhaps, in the line of improvement and arrangement, than of originality.

Exactly how Arkwright's attention was turned to the spinning and weaving of cotton and wool, we can not say.† But about the year 1767, he appears to have been

* The most marked traits in the character of Arkwright were his wonderful ardor, energy, and perseverance. He commonly labored in his multifarious concerns from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night; and when considerably more than fifty years of age,—feeling that the defects of his education placed him under great difficulty and inconvenience in conducting his correspondence, and in the general management of his business,—he encroached upon his sleep, in order to gain an hour each day to learn English grammar, and another hour to improve his writing and orthography. He was impatient of whatever interfered with his favorite pursuits; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife not many years after their marriage, because she, convinced that he would starve his family by scheming, when he should have been shaving (he was then a barber), broke some of his experimental models of machinery. Arkwright was a severe economist of time; and, that he might not waste a moment, he generally traveled with four horses, and at a very rapid speed. His concerns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland were so extensive and numerous, as to show at once his astonishing power of transacting business and his all-grasping spirit. In many of these, he had partners; but he generally managed in such a way, that, whoever lost, he himself was a gainer So unbounded was his confidence in the success of his machinery, and in the national wealth to be produced by it, that he would make light of discussions on taxation, and say that he would pay the national debt! His speculative schemes were vast and daring; he contemplated entering into the most extensive mercantile transactions, and buying up all the cotton in the world, in order to make an enormous profit by the monopoly; and from the extravagance of some of these designs, his judicious friends were of opinion, that if he had lived to put them in practice, he might have overset the whole fabric of his prosperity.

† "It is unfortunate that very little is known of the steps by which he was led to those inventions that have immortalized his name. His residence in a

interested in speculating as to some mechanical means of lightening the labor of these operations. He obtained the assistance of the before-mentioned John Kay, a clock-maker of Warrington, being himself no practical mechanic, though, like most men of a mechanical turn of mind, he was by no means unhandy at turning out one small thing or another. With the help of Kay, Arkwright constructed a machine for spinning a hard thread suitable for warps. The principle was simple.* It consisted of rollers revolving at different rates, between

district where a considerable manufacture of linen goods, and of cotton and linen mixed, was carried on, must have given him ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the various processes that were in use in the cotton manufacture, and of the attempts that were then making to improve them. His attention was thus naturally drawn to this peculiar department; and, while he saw reason to conclude that it was likely to prove the most advantageous in which he could engage, he had the sagacity and good fortune to invent and improve those extraordinary machines by which, unlike most inventors, he amassed vast wealth, at the same time that he added prodigiously to the demand for labor, and to the riches and comfort of the civilized world."—*Encyclopedia Brittanica.*

* The reader, to whom these remarks do not seem sufficiently clear and self-explanatory, will be glad to read the description of Arkwright's inventions in Erasmus Darwin's "Botanic Garden."

——"Where Derwent guides his dusky floods
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of woods,
The nymph *Gossypia* (*gŏs sĭp' ĭ d*) treads the velvet sod,
And warms with rosy smiles the wat'ry god;
His pond'rous oars to slender spindles turns,
And pours o'er many wheels his foaming urns;
With playful charms her hoary lover wins,
And wields his trident while the monarch spins.
First with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull
From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
With wiry teeth, revolving cards release
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravel'd fleece;
Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,
Combs the wide card and forms th' eternal line;
Slow with soft lips the whirling can acquires
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires:
With quicken'd space successive rollers move,
And these retain, and those extend, the rove:
Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow,
While slowly circumvolves the laboring wheel below."

which the cotton was made to pass. The cylinders which revolved the slower, held the thread; while the next pair, revolving faster, drew it out and twisted it.

It is said that Arkwright fell on the idea of this invention from observing a rod of iron lengthened in a rolling-mill. Kay asserted, about twenty years afterward, that Arkwright stole the whole invention bodily from Highs. The case is one of great obscurity. Neither side seems to have made good their position, and, as we know, the principle had been already hit upon by Wyatt.

Arkwright, however, pressed his advantage with his great business ability. He succeeded in associating with himself Messrs. Strutt and Need, gentlemen interested in the cotton manufacture, who supplied him with means. He was thus enabled to go on with his work, and, in 1769, he took out a patent for his invention. Undoubtedly, the credit of perfecting the machine belongs to Arkwright. There may be doubt as to whether he conceived the main idea. With his partners, he erected a mill at Nottingham, and proceeded with the manufacture of warp. The machinery was at first driven by horses, but as this proved expensive, they set up another mill at Cromford, which went by water, wherein the machinery was much enlarged and increased.

We can not go into detail in regard to all the other machines for cotton manufacture which were invented and improved at this time. In many of them, Arkwright did a part, generally in the direction of combining, improving, and arranging the work of other men. The spinning-jenny was invented by Hargreaves, and this formed a useful complement to Arkwright's machine, for the one was better for twisting the warp, and the

other for the woof. The machine for carding by cylinders was also invented,—re-invented, as we may say. It had been before conceived of by Paul, the partner of Wyatt. We must also note the drawing-frame.

In all these inventions, Arkwright had his hand. We may remark that he claimed to be the sole and original inventor of each and all of them. But though we can not go so far as to allow this, it is indubitable that to Arkwright is owing a large amount of their efficiency and their general use.

Curious as it may seem, these machines for the improvement of cotton-spinning were looked upon with the most bitter hatred by the cotton-spinners of the North of England.* Formerly, all the spinning and weaving had been done by individuals in their own cottages. This new machinery necessitated the erection of factories, and the employment of large capital and much labor. The fiercest assaults were made on the new system. Armed mobs in Lancashire and other counties scoured the country for spinning-jennies, and destroyed them. The mills erected by Arkwright, and by such as had adventured to buy the right to use his machines, were attacked and demolished. The people could not see that this in-

* What is still more curious than the general opposition of the poorer classes, the hand spinners and weavers, was the vigorous antipathy exhibited by the manufacturers to Hargreaves' jenny and to Arkwright's machines. One would naturally suppose that the capitalists would have imagined that the introduction of machinery, which converted the cotton business from a small business into an immense industry, would have been decidedly to their own advantage. Such was not, however, the case. The manufacturers bitterly opposed the introduction of Arkwright's machines. They refused to purchase his yarns; they agitated in Parliament for the extra taxation of the calicoes made by his partners, Messrs. Strutt and Need. Nor were they content with this, but used more open violence. On one occasion, a large manufactory of Arkwright's in Lancashire was attacked and utterly destroyed, though there were plenty of police and military at hand. The civil magistrates utterly refused to trouble themselves about the matter, or to interfere in any way.

troduction of machinery was a benefit. They took it for their worst enemy.

Nevertheless, Arkwright prospered. He sold to many the right to manufacture under his patent, and accumulated a fortune for himself and his partners. He also pressed his business himself, and, having great energy and business power, his mills and manufactories were most successful. He was, however, not so utterly fortunate as to his patent as he would have liked. His first patent, taken out in 1767, was largely infringed. His great success had excited much jealousy, and there was also a lurking feeling that Arkwright was not the originator of the inventions he claimed. In 1781, he brought in several actions to vindicate his patent. Only one came to trial as a test case. This was in regard to Arkwright's second patent for the spinning, roving, and drawing machines. It resulted unfavorably to Arkwright, and the patent was set aside,—not, we must note, on account of its non-originality, but because of wanton obscurity in the specification.

Arkwright, conceiving himself unjustly treated, brought out a statement of his case for Parliament, but no legislation ensued. He brought the case to trial again in 1785, and the former proceedings were reaffirmed. His patents were therefore nullified, and his inventions were thrown open.*

* It was not till this last trial that any attempt was made by Arkwright's enemies to show that he was not really the inventor of the machines he had patented. Then one Highs was introduced, who testified that, seventeen years before, he had invented a machine for the spinning by rollers, and that he had employed a watch-maker named Kay to make a model for him. Kay then testified that he had shown the model to Arkwright, who had subsequently made his inventions. This testimony must be received with great suspicion, and it must be remarked that the verdict was not given on the question of the invention, but on the matter of the defective specification. To tell the truth, "the improbability

In spite of this set-back, Arkwright continued to flourish. His business ability was quite sufficient to enable him to compete easily with any one, and, although he drew no more money from his patents, his manufactories brought him in an ample fortune. The town of Cromford, where his mills were situated, grew and flourished greatly, and Arkwright himself became most prosperous. In 1786, he was made High Sheriff of the county, and, having been selected to present a congratulatory address to the king, George III., on the occasion of his escape from assassination, he received the honor of knighthood. There have been few men upon whom the honor could have been more fittingly bestowed; and few men toward whose efforts the attention of the world has been so rightly directed. He died at Cromford, in his own house, August 3, 1792.* Although Arkwright

of the story told by Highs and Kay, seems glaring and obvious." Highs asserted that, almost twenty years before, he had made this invention,—an invention of which he must have known the value, for he was well acquainted with the general business of cotton-spinning, and had relations with various manufacturers. He must have known of the efforts that were being made to set aside Arkwright's patents; he must have heard of the two trials in 1781 and 1785. Had he really been the inventor, and had Arkwright really stolen his ideas from him, it is improbable that he would have remained silent for sixteen years, more especially as there were many enemies of Arkwright who would have been only too willing to take up any thing which might serve to injure him. And had Arkwright been in the alleged position, had he been practically in Highs' and Kay's power, it seems improbable that he would have behaved toward them as he did, treating them with utter indifference. It seems most probable that the story was manufactured for the third trial. It should be said, however, that there are not wanting those who believe the contrary. It should be said also that none of Akrwright's intimates ever had any doubts as to the justice of his claims. Some of them, indeed, could speak to the circumstances from their own personal knowledge; and their testimony was uniform and consistent.

* Arkwright never enjoyed the best of health, although always reported to be a man of great strength. There are tales of his muscular prowess in elections at Preston, where he is said to have played the man. His later life, however, though not of such a nature as to require bodily strength, must have been very wearing indeed, and, in addition to his work, he was always, from his earlier years, afflicted with a grievous asthmatic affection. His energy and his dogged persever-

can not claim a place among the greatest mechanical minds of the world, his name must be ever memorable as the founder of the enormous industry of cotton manufacture by which England has grown so rich. The factory system has given enormous riches to the country and to individuals. It has done much toward giving England the foremost position as a manufacturing power. It has been the cause of the sudden growth of great cities. And of this system, Arkwright was the undisputed creator.

ance seem to have been the qualities to which he owed his advancement in this world. He could not bear to remain still; to his mind, each advance only placed him in a position to advance again. And the result of his untiring energy was not only a fortune to himself, but a practical increase of wealth to the whole world. His inventions have conferred infinitely more benefit on his native country than she could have derived from the absolute dominion of Mexico or Peru: they have been universally productive of wealth and enjoyment.

WATT.

1736-1819.

THERE were steam-engines in this world before James Watt,—or rather engines in which, through the agency of steam, atmospheric pressure was made to do the work which the steam subsequently was persuaded to perform itself. In many parts of England, Newcomen (nū kŏm′ĕn) steam-engines were used to pump out the colliery pits. This engine invented by Newcomen was the one on which Watt's first experiments were made. To us, to-day, it seems but simple. There was a boiler in which steam was generated. Beside the boiler was a cylinder in which a piston worked, the rod of which was connected with a lever which, in turn, connected with the pump. As the piston in the cylinder rose and fell, the pump worked. The motion of the piston was obtained in this way. When the piston was raised and the cylinder empty, steam was admitted from the boiler. This steam was then condensed by the injection of cold water, which cooled the whole thing, and the steam, turning to water, ran out at the bottom, leaving a vacuum. The piston was then forced down by the pressure of the atmosphere, and raised again by the injection of more steam and by the weight of the pump-gear. Such was the steam-engine as it came into the hands of Watt, at that time, an instrument-maker of Glasgow (glăs′gō), knowing little of the steam-engine

beyond such elementary ideas as he could gather from the behavior of his aunt's tea-kettle.*

James Watt was born on the 19th of January, 1736, at Greenock (grĕn′ŏk), on the Clyde, Scotland, the son of a shipwright noted in his day, and the grandson of a very ingenious and clever teacher of navigation. As a boy, he was not strong, and was not pressed to follow the usual educational pursuits of his contemporaries. But he took delight in mechanics and in natural philosophy,† and made more rapid progress in his own workshop than in regular "book-learning." His father had been well-to-do in his trade; but, when James was about seventeen or eighteen, he became unfortunate. So Watt,

* Once, it is said, he was reproved by Mrs. Muirhead, his aunt, for indolence at the tea-table. "James Watt," said the worthy lady, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are; take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into." By many it is held that James Watt, then at the age of about six, was then and there discovering the wonders of the power of steam. But it may be possible that this goes too far. We have an indistinct recollection of the same story being told to account for the beginning of Papin's (*pǡ păngz′*) studies, in regard to steam, about a century before. We fancy that not a few boys, beside James Watt, have watched the steam rise from a tea-kettle when they had something better to do which they were not very fond of. "This is more probably an afterthought," remarks Mr. Smiles, of the supposition, "borrowed from his subsequent discoveries. The probability is, that little James was quite as idle as he seemed."

† Watt, like many other boys who have turned out well, was, while a boy, a very great reader. He was an indiscriminate reader in his youth, and seemed hardly to care what he read about. "I have never yet," he remarked, "read a book without gaining information, instruction, or amusement." At Glasgow, he had full chance to indulge himself; for the College library was accessible to him, and his friends (the professors) were glad to lend him books. Books of every sort were to his taste. He read long and tedious works when he thought he could learn something from them; but he also delighted in novels. Earlier in his life, he had read whatever came in his way, although he was more interested in natural philosophy than in any other subject, and also in matters of surgery and medicine. But he "was not, however, a mere book-worm." He delighted to wander about the country on foot, and thus he studied botany in the fields, and afterward geology. He was fond of fishing also, and loved to talk with whomever he met in his excursions, being fond of old folk lore and tradition.

forced to look to himself for his support, established himself in Glasgow* as a maker of mathematical instruments, having served a sort of apprenticeship in London. At Glasgow, he became intimate with many in the University, whose tastes for mechanics and natural philosophy coincided with his. He was untiring in the pursuit of knowledge, willing to learn from anybody, and also to teach any one whatever he knew himself. It is said he learned German and Italian, in order to read certain books in those languages on his favorite studies. It was in 1759 that his attention was turned to the steam-engine.

Watt, at this time, was, as he remarks himself, very ignorant of the principles of the steam-engine; but he set to work, at the suggestion of his friend John Robison, to make experiments in the matter. There was in the possession of the University of Glasgow a model of the Newcomen steam-engine (which had been but lately introduced into Scotland), and this was out of order. At Watt's suggestion, it was sent for to London, where it was in the shop of a repairer, and given to him to see what might be done with it. It was of the same kind as those then used in the collieries. With the descrip-

* Watt experienced some difficulty in settling himself at Glasgow, for the "corporation of hammermen" refused to receive him among them, on account of his having served no regular apprenticeship. He was, therefore, unable to open a shop for himself in the city, Nor was he even allowed to open a workshop in which to make experiments. The custom of the times was such that those who pursued the various trades, constituting "guilds," as the name was, had the right to say who should and who should not practice such and such a trade in their city. But the Professors of the University of Glasgow, who had jurisdiction within the College-grounds, gave to Watt the opportunity which the hammermen denied. He was allowed a workshop, and also a place for the sale of his mathematical instruments. But his business went slowly, and luckily, as it turned out; for he was thereby compelled to turn his hand to other odd jobs which he could pick up, and thus drifted upon his great invention.

tion already given in mind, it will not be difficult to follow Watt's operations, and to see the great improvement which he made.

The cylinder in which the piston worked, had to be heated and cooled with each stroke, as the steam was admitted and condensed. Watt correctly thought that an immense quantity of fuel and power was wasted by this continual heating and reheating. He tried numberless experiments to obviate the difficulty, which was a serious one. It was necessary that the cylinder should be always as hot as the steam which entered it, namely, it must be above 212°. But in order that the steam might be condensed it was necessary that the temperature should be reduced to 100°. Not to waste space, Watt's great invention,—a very simple one when you know all about it,—was to keep the cylinder hot and to have a separate vessel in which the steam should be condensed. "Have you seen Jamie Watt?" asked a friend of Robison. "He'll be in fine spirits now with his engine. * * * Gad, the separate condenser's the thing: keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder."

The invention once made, the next difficulty was to perfect it, and here Watt had no easy time. He hired an old cellar in which to prosecute his operations, and went ahead much hampered by lack of money and lack of proper materials. The Glasgow mechanics could not do work good enough for him, and his first experiments were only partially successful. But he was satisfied that he had hit on the right principle, and worked away in larger quarters, where he attempted to set up an engine with the aid of an assistant. But his experiments were not wholly successful, and he was in great need of suf-

ficient funds to carry on his work, for he was a poor man himself. It may be remarked here, that he had already married and had one or two young children.

So early as this, then, had Watt arrived at the principle of his invention, though he had not reached the end of his difficulties. He had, in fact, but just come to the beginning of them. He was satisfied that he had the right principle in his mind. But he had no money for further experiments; in fact, he could hardly keep his head above water. But his whole thoughts were with his engine. He could nowhere find skilled mechanics who could make the necessary parts of the proper strength, exactness, and niceness. Indeed, there were not many such workmen in all Great Britain; and had there been, Watt could hardly have hired them. In 1765, his friend, Dr. Black, who had been continually interested in him, and had lent him sums of money now and then to continue his experiments, introduced him to Dr. Roebuck (rō′ bŭk), an enterprising man of business concerns, and of some capital. Roebuck was interested in the young man and his invention. A partnership was made, but even this did not solve all difficulties; for Roebuck himself fell into pecuniary embarrassments, and matters seemed no further advanced than before. On his birthday, 1770, Watt exclaimed: "To-day I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I can not help it." In spite, however, of repeated discouragements, he could not help keeping his mind on his engine.

His other affairs did not succeed much better than did his invention. He was forced to undertake many and various occupations with a view of making enough

money to support his family. He occupied himself much with surveying and bridge-building. While absent on one of his expeditions, his wife fell ill, and he reached home only to find that she had died. He felt this to be the worst blow which had befallen him. He felt himself to be at the most unfortunate point of his life. This was in 1773.

In 1774, Watt formed a connection which, although it did not entirely do away with all his trouble and worry, was ultimately the means of raising him from his miserably uncomfortable position to ease and, indeed, wealth, and which brought his engine to completion and put it into general use all over the country. This was his partnership with Matthew Boulton (bōl′ tŏn). Matthew Boulton was a manufacturer of Birmingham,—a man of large mind and broad business ideas. He had fallen heir, in 1759, to his father's business, that of maker of shoe-buckles and buttons, and other articles of steel and silverware. This business was by the younger man largely extended. At Soho, near Birmingham, Boulton had built himself a manufactory, where he collected an establishment of the most excellent workmen in England. His aim from the first had been to reach the highest excellence. He extended his business in every way that came naturally, and at this time had acquired a reputation for the best of workmanship and for great business ability. He describes his establishment as "the largest hardware manufactory in the world."

Boulton became interested in Watt, through the necessity of finding some substitute for water-power at his establishment at Soho. But, though his attention was turned to Watt and his improvement on the Newcomen engine, it was not for a long time that he saw his way

clear to join with Watt in the enterprise. But, finally, he decided, and henceforth Watt was backed by business ability and money.

Throughout Watt's life, the overcoming of one difficulty seemed only the opening up of many more. When he hit upon his idea of the separate condenser, he had only begun upon a series of troubles. When he had at last found money and assistance in his partnership with Boulton, he at once encountered difficulties of a different but no less distressing nature. At first, however, success seemed at hand. An engine was erected at Soho, and, thanks to the skillful workmanship which was then at Watt's disposal, it worked most successfully.

There was one difficulty in the way of further work. Watt had patented his invention six years before, and only eight years more remained. Could the capitalists of England be persuaded of the necessity of the steam-engine so shortly as to allow its inventors to remunerate themselves for their time and expense before their patent should expire? But this difficulty was obviated by the passage through Parliament of a bill whereby the term of the patent was extended for twenty-five years. On this, the partnership between Boulton and Watt was consummated. It had not, up to this time, been fully arranged, though Boulton had possessed himself of the share formerly owned by Dr. Roebuck, who had failed. Orders had already been received for engines, and the manufacture had begun.*

Engines were ordered for various purposes, but the chief use to which the new invention was at first put

* About this time Watt married again. He spent some time at Glasgow in endeavoring to soften the heart of his proposed father-in-law. The partnership with Boulton seems to have done the business.

was to the pumping out the Cornish mines,* which were at this time so flooded with water as to be in many cases wholly useless. The Newcomen engine was used throughout Cornwall for a pumping engine; but its inferior power, and the extreme expense in fuel, rendered it practically useless in many cases. The miners now turned their attention to Watt's engine,† and, by the end of 1776, orders for several engines had been received at Soho. Watt himself went down to Cornwall to superintend operations, and the mining country was for some years the scene of his principal proceedings.‡ He was beset with many difficulties. In the first place, even with the skilled workmen of Boulton's establishment, it was in

* Boulton, later in life, wrote as follows in regard to the state of the Cornish mines: "The copper and tin mines of Cornwall are now sunk to so great a depth, that had not Mr. Watt and myself nearly expended our fortunes and hazarded our ruin by neglecting our regular business, and by a long series of expensive experiments in bringing our engine to its present degree of perfection, those mines must inevitably have stopped working, and Cornwall at this time would not have existed as a mining country. The very article of extra coals for common engines would have amounted to more than the entire profits of their working." Watt also speaks of the condition of the mines. "The Tingtang people," he writes, "are now fairly put out by water, and the works are quite at a stand. Poldice has grown worse than Wheal (*hwĕl*) Virgin was; they have sunk £400 a month for some months past, and £700 the last month." Tingtang, Wheal Virgin, and Poldice were the names of mines.

† Indeed, before the partnership, inquiries had come to Boulton from Cornwall in regard to the new Scotch invention.

‡ Watt had a hard time of it in Cornwall, what with riding and walking from mine to mine, listening to complaints of delay in the arrival of the engines from Soho, and detecting and remedying the blunders and bad workmanship of his mechanics. Added to which, everybody was low-spirited and almost in despair at the bad times,—ores falling in price, mines filled with water, enginemen standing idle, and adventurers bemoaning their losses. He was much troubled at first by the prejudice of the people, especially the workingmen, in favor of the old Newcomen engines, which had been used throughout Cornwall to pump out the mines, but which were now powerless to effect what the Watt engines were found able to accomplish. And he "liked the people no better than their engines." He was annoyed and disturbed by rumors about himself and his partner, and by all manner of petty annoyances, which he could not bear with the equanimity and calmness of Boulton, who had much greater knowledge of mankind.

some cases not possible to attain the perfection of manufacture desired. Then the Cornish men were a hard set to deal with, and Watt was no great hand in the manipulation of human nature, though he understood physical nature very well. The work, too, was harassing, and Watt was in weak health. "I fancy," he said, "that I must be cut in pieces, and a portion sent to every tribe in Israel," so many were the places where his personal attention was necessary. Then financial embarrassments crowded upon the firm. Boulton, of a pushing business nature, lost no opportunity to extend his connections; the new extensions required additional capital; the engine business, although it promised much, brought in less than nothing.

But success came at last.* After the partnership had existed ten years or more, it began to be profitable. Orders came to the firm in large numbers, and Watt was at last possessed of what had as yet been an always unattainable goal to him,—a balance at his bankers'. Boulton, even now, was not wholly on his legs; but that was not the fault of the engine business, which at this time began to be immensely profitable. The years of trial and hardship, of experiment and failure, had passed away. The constant inventive genius of Watt, aided by the unfailing confidence and great ability of Boulton, had

* "The steam-engine had now become firmly established as a working power. Beginning as a water-pumper for miners, it had gradually been applied to drive corn and cotton mills, to roll and hammer iron, to coin money, to work machinery, and to perform the various labor in which the power of men and horses, of wind and water, had before been employed. The numerous orders for new engines which came in at Soho kept the works increasingly busy. Many skilled workmen had by this time been trained into expertness and dexterity; and, being kept to their special departments of work,—fathers training their sons to work with them at the same benches,—a degree of accuracy and finish was reached which contributed to establish and maintain the prestige of the manufactory."—*Smiles.*

rendered the steam-engine an effective agent. It was applied at first to the pumping of water. But before Watt's death, it had been applied to many other objects, even to locomotion on land and water, although ultimate success in these latter directions was reserved for Stephenson and Fulton.

Watt lived for thirty years after prosperity came to him, a busy and happy life. While it was necessary, he himself, as did his partner Boulton, took personal oversight of the whole business; but as he grew older, others came to the front. James Watt, the younger, and Matthew Boulton, the younger, in 1795, became members of the firm; and the infusion of young blood gave a well-timed stimulus to the business.*

Watt's last † years were clouded only by the removal by

* A great part of the business intrusted to the younger members of the firm, consisted in looking after infringements of the patent, which were very numerous, and which, of course, had to be prosecuted if the patent were to be worth any thing at all. The patent had now only five or six years to run, and, of course, when it expired no more royalties would be paid to Boulton and Watt, although their superior skill in manufacture would, of course, give them the lead over all competitors. The infringements were of two sorts. First, there were infringements proper, where engines of the Watt model had been set up and worked without payment of the necessary royalty. Then there were cases when, Boulton and Watt having manufactured the engines, the owners refused point-blank to pay the royalty agreed upon. Young Boulton went down into Cornwall, where the mine-owners were repudiating their agreements, and was most successful. And test cases were resolutely carried through the courts, by which the validity of the patent was reaffirmed.

† "Late in his life, Watt enjoyed a visit to his old home, Glasgow. Here he took pleasure in revisiting his old haunts, dined with the college professors, and noted with lively interest the industrial progress of the place. * * * The old city of the tobacco lords had become a great center of manufacturing industry; it was rich, busy, and prosperous; and the main source of its prosperity was the steam-engine. A long time had passed since Watt had first taken in hand the repair of the little Newcomen engine in Glasgow College, and afterward labored in the throes of his invention in the back court in King street. There were no skilled mechanics in Glasgow then, and the death of the 'old white iron man' who helped him, had been one of his sorest vexations. Things were entirely changed now. Glasgow had already become famous for its engine work, and its factories contained among the most skilled mechanics in the kingdom. * * *

death of many of his friends. He himself lived to the age of eighty-three. Boulton died in the year 1809,* and other friends of Watt's preceded or followed his partner to the grave. He passed his time quietly and happily, pursuing his studies in those branches which had ever awakened in him the keenest interest, and attending to those concerns of business which still required his personal oversight. He died, after a short and painless illness, at his house in Heathfield, on the 19th of August, 1819. "It could hardly be called a seizure," says Smiles; "for he suffered little, and continued calm and tranquil, in the full possession of his faculties, almost to the last."† James Watt endured many trials during his

Watt delighted to visit the artisans at their work, and to see with his eyes the improvements that were going forward; and when he heard of any new and ingenious arrangement of engine-power, he would hasten to call on the mechanic who had contrived it, and make his acquaintance."—*Smiles.*

* "Matthew Boulton," says Smiles, "was a noble, manly man, and a true leader of men. Lofty-minded, intelligent, energetic, and liberal, he was one of those who constitute the life-blood of a nation, and give force and dignity to the national character. Working in conjunction with Watt, he was in no small degree instrumental in introducing and establishing the great new working power of steam, which has exercised so extraordinary an influence upon all the operations of industry."

He was something more than a mere business man, having a keen love for the arts and sciences. A lover of the fine arts, he sought to elevate in every way the artistic side of his silver and steel business. He delighted in the society of men of science, and was highly esteemed by them for his solid qualities. Besides the particular branch of natural philosophy, with which he was necessarily acquainted, he was an enthusiastic student of other branches, such as chemistry and geology.

† "Although the true inventor, like the true poet, is born,—not made,—and although Watt pursued his inventions because he found his highest pleasure in inventing, yet his greatest achievements were accomplished by unremitting application and industry. He was a keen observer and an incessant experimenter. 'Observare' was the motto he deliberately adopted; and it expresses the principle and success of his life. He was always on the watch for facts, noting and comparing them. He took nothing for granted; and accepted no conclusions save on experimental evidence. * * * 'Give me facts,' he once said to Boulton; 'I am sick of theory; give me actual facts.' Yet, indispensable though facts are, theory is scarcely less so in invention; and it was probably because Watt was a great theorist, that he was a great inventor. His invention of the separate condenser

life, but arrived at last at due honor. Learned societies were proud to have him among their members. The University of Glasgow, where he had arrived at his great invention, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Law. The Prime Minister offered him a baronetcy,—an honor which he declined. Nor has posterity been failing in that respect which it owes to all great men. Watt was buried at Handsworth, but a statue of him has been placed in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription by Lord Brougham (brōō′ăm), "which is," says Smiles, "beyond comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language; and among its other signal merits, has one which appertains rather to its subject than its author, that, lofty as is the eulogy, every word of it is true."

was itself the result of a theory, the soundness of which he proved by experiment. * * * He continued theorizing during the whole progress of his invention of the steam-engine. New facts suggested new arrangements, and the application of entirely new principles, until, in course of time, the engine of Newcomen became completely transformed."—*Smiles.*

THE MONTGOLFIERS.

1740-1810. 1745-1799.

JOSEPH MICHEL MONTGOLFIER (mē shĕl′ mōn gōl-fē ā′) was born at Annonay* (ăn nō nā′) France, about 1740; his brother, Jacques Etienne (zhäk ā tē ĕn′), a few years later. The Montgolfier family came originally from Auvergne (ō vĕrn′). On the map of France may be seen a little hill at the north-west of Ambert (ŏng bêr′) marked Cros (krō) de Montgolfier. On the slope of this hill still remain the ruins of the ancient Chateau (shá tō′) Montgolfier, abandoned by the ancestors of the inventors of aerostation during the wars of religion in France.

The family early embraced the advanced ideas of the Reformation, and ardently promoted it among the mountaineers who dwelt about them. The zeal with which they made converts to the new religion, betrayed them to the persecutors of the Huguenots (hū gĕn ōz′), and after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, they had to fly from their country, to seek refuge in the mountains of the Vivarais (vē vä rā′), where, with what remained of their fortune, they succeeded in establishing paper-mills, which, descending in the family from father to son, had a high reputation wherever known.

The father, Pierre (pē ār′) Montgolfier, succeeded to this

* Annonay is said to have been used by the Romans as a cover-magazine. During the sixteenth century it was seized, burned, and pillaged several times by Protestants and Catholics, alternately. Its position is agreeable and picturesque, on an angle formed by two small rivers, and surrounded by lofty hills.

good renown in the manufacture of paper. He was a man not only of great industry, but of scientific attainments, kind to his workmen, and beloved by all who knew him from his scrupulous loyalty in all business matters. In this pure and tranquil atmosphere, his two sons were educated with the same habits of diligence and fidelity, pursuing the scientific studies which were required to carry on successfully the industry which they inherited from their father and grandfathers. Both were fond of mathematics, and, at an early age, showed a precocious facility in mathematical problems; but their temperaments were very different, and these temperaments, at first, seemed likely to separate them forever, by launching them into opposite careers.

Joseph Montgolfier, the elder, was vivacious, active, quick in his conceptions, and still more prompt in carrying them out. He was impatient of slow but sure methods, and more apt to jump at a conclusion than to work it over by scientific calculation. In his disposition, he had a fondness for risk and adventure. At the age of thirteen, he formed the project of becoming a hermit, in a solitude on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, and ran away for this purpose from the college of Toumen (tōō mŏng′), where the rigid discipline had become insupportable to him. He had gone no farther than Languedoc (lŏng ḡĕh dŏk′) when his funds gave out; and, urged by hunger, he abandoned a scheme which had already ceased to attract him, and returned meekly to the school which he still regarded as a prison.

Life was still as intolerable as before, and his active young mind soon made another plan of escape, which he promptly put into execution. He ran away again, and went to the small town of Saint Etienne, where he hired

a cheap room, and set himself to manufacturing a kind of salts employed in the arts, to support himself. He sold his wares by offering them himself from door to door, walking over the mountain roads to do this. When in the course of a day's route, he failed to make enough to buy his dinner, he went to the river and fished for one. He actually kept this up, although so young, and by dint of patience, courage, and saving, succeeded in earning enough to buy himself a few tools, and even some books; and then saved enough money to pay his expenses,—and a good deal was needed,—for a journey to Paris, which, like all young French provincials, he longed to reach. Joseph Montgolfier did not seek the capital for its pleasures. He went to see and hear the illustrious scientific men of his day. He listened to whatever discourses he could find access to, and filled his mind with new ideas and possibilities. He would have remained in Paris, living as best he could, if his father, who had never shown any parsimony toward him, had not insisted on the return of the truant to Annonay. Here he found his younger brother, Etienne, who, in a more conventional manner, with the approbation of his parents, had already made a visit to Paris, and had now returned home.

Etienne Montgolfier, unlike his brother, had nothing of the vagabond in his disposition. His mind was clear, but he reached his deductions more slowly than Joseph, and carried them out with more deliberation. Less brilliant in conception than his brother, he had more method. Thus the two worked in harmony with each other. The enthusiastic ardor of Joseph might have wasted itself without result, but for the regulating influence of Etienne's good sense. They both recognized this; and, united not only by their fraternal affection, but by per-

ceiving that each possessed something with which to supplement the needs of the other, they worked together with such harmony, that it is difficult now to give to each the actual share of credit which belongs to him for the wonderful invention which has made their name celebrated.

While Joseph, after running away from school, was making salts and selling them, Etienne, in accordance with the wishes of his father, went to Paris to study architecture. He was diligent in his attention to the teaching of his instructor, Soufflot (sōō flō′); and it would still not be out of the question to find houses in Paris built upon plans made by him.

On his return to Annonay, at an age to begin the real business of his life, he seems to have given up architecture, and with his brother, to have devoted himself to the family paper-mills. He discovered certain methods of improving the fabrication of paper, which had hitherto been unknown in France, the Dutch alone possessing the secret.

The two brothers, now settled down in the parental home, had plenty of leisure to indulge their characteristic tastes; Joseph, by indulging all sorts of imaginative speculations on the possibilities of inventions; Etienne, by following with practical assent, or disapproval, the flights of his brother's fancy.

About this time, Priestley, the English physician, published his discoveries of different kinds of air. This work attracted the attention of the two brothers in Annonay, and caused them much reflection, in connection with their own previous line of thought. Watching the light clouds which collected about the mountain-sides, Joseph had already conceived the idea of imitating them in such

a way as to make use of his artificial cloud as a bed of ease in which to float through the air. He had even attempted to make a sort of cloud, by inclosing steam in some very light envelope of tissue-paper. But the steam growing cool, at once changed into water, and wet the paper, so that his cloud fell to the ground. As soon as the brothers read of Priestley's new airs, the practical Etienne suggested the use for their cloud of a gas which should be lighter than the surrounding air, and would, therefore, rise until it should encounter an atmosphere of its own weight.

They made several unsuccessful attempts, until, vaguely thinking of electricity and its influence upon clouds, they mixed some wool with damp straw, and set it on fire. They thus produced a thick, light smoke, with which they filled their tissue-paper clouds, and were delighted to see them rise promptly in the heavier air outside their envelopes. The Montgolfiers were, of course, mistaken in ascribing any advantage, electrical or otherwise, to the properties of the damp straw and burned wool; the ascent of their clouds was due to the expansion of the warm air inside the tissue-paper, which made it lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. This was proved a year later by de Saussure (dĕh sō sūr′), who made a paper-balloon ascend by inserting a soldering-iron at white heat, which so expanded the air within that it carried up its slight envelope.

The two brothers, greatly excited by this success, at once proceeded to put it to a practical demonstration. Etienne Montgolfier first constructed a hollow parallelopiped, only large enough to hold two cubic meters of air. This he had the joy to see ascend; a second attempt confirmed the first; the third succeeded better still; it

was larger, being made to hold twenty cubic meters of air. The force with which this ascended was so violent, that the "cloud" broke the cords by which it was held, and, after ascending a few hundred yards, fell to the ground in the neighborhood.

On the 5th of June, 1783, the Montgolfiers felt themselves sufficiently sure of their invention to claim for it the attention of the public. Upon that day, there was an assemblage of the *Etats particuliers* (ā tä′ pär tĭk ū lē êr′) of the *Vivarais*, and these worthies were invited by the inventors of the aerostatic machine to be present at an exhibition which they proposed to make in public.

The deputies and the spectators, assembled in great numbers on the public square, beheld a sort of balloon (for this word was already in existence), over a hundred feet in circumference, fastened by its lower pole to a wooden car, with a surface of sixteen feet.* The general astonishment was great when the inventors of the machine quietly announced that it was about to be filled with a gas which they could produce at will, in a perfectly simple manner; after which, the machine would

* This machine was made of cloth, lined with paper, sewed on a net-work of strings fastened to the cloth. It was spherical. Its circumference was 110 feet, and a wooden frame, sixteen feet square, held it fixed at the bottom. Its contents were about 22,000 cubic feet, and it accordingly displaced a volume of air weighing 1,980 pounds. The weight of the gas was nearly half the weight of the air; for it weighed 990 pounds, and the machine itself, with the frame, weighed 500; it was, therefore, impelled upward with the force of 490 pounds. Two men sufficed to raise it and fill it with gas; but it took eight to hold it down till the signal was given. The different pieces of the covering were fastened together with buttons and button-holes, through which the loss of gas prevented it from continuing longer in the air.

The first balloons were decorated in most elaborate fashion. One, *le Flesselles* (*flĕs sĕl′*), constructed by the Montgolfiers, was very splendid, white and gray, with bands of different colors. On the sides of the globe were medallions—one representing History, and the other Renown, and flying creatures, sounding trumpets, soared over its surface.

be seen to ascend to the sky. The statement seemed incredible, not only to the ignorant multitude, but to those more learned persons who had received some intimation of the theory of the machine.

The brothers Montgolfier then proceeded to prepare the vapor which was to produce the phenomenon. The machine lay flaccid, like a huge empty bag full of wrinkles, when suddenly it began to fill, swelling visibly, assuming a solid form of graceful shape. As it stretched itself equally on all sides, it struggled to rise like a living thing. Strong arms detained it until the signal was given, when it sprang away rapidly into the air, and in less than ten minutes had reached a considerable height. It then described a horizontal line for some distance, and beginning to lose gas, which escaped by various apertures, it slowly descended to the ground.

This first experiment was absolutely successful, and secured for the Montgolfiers the fame of a wonderful discovery.

A report of the ascension at Annonay was at once sent by the deputies of Vivarais, who had witnessed it, to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, where it excited the greatest interest and curiosity. The Academy chose from its members a committee to investigate the discovery of the Messieurs Montgolfier. This commission was composed of eight men of science, among whom was Lavoisier (lä vwä zē ā′). The inventors were sent for to come to Paris, and assured that the experiment must be repeated there, at the expense either of the Academy or of the State.

While the Academy, however, like other public corporations, moved but slowly, the enthusiasm of the public created such a pressure that a professor of the Jardin

des Plantes (zhär dăng′ dā plŏng), who had watched with intense eagerness the course of the Montgolfiers, opened a subscription, the proceeds of which should be applied to an immediate exhibition in Paris. This subscription was filled up in a very few days, and a new machine was begun by skillful instrument-makers of Paris.

The ascent was made on the 27th of August, 1783,* without any concurrence on the part of the Montgolfier brothers, while the Academy was making all the necessary preparations for them to repeat their exhibition. Etienne Montgolfier, however, was already in Paris, arranging for his own exhibition, and was present at the

* The Robert brothers constructed this machine, under the direction of M. Charles, a professor of physics. This savant (*să vŏng′*) advised the use of hydrogen gas, instead of the vapor employed by the Montgolfiers. Hydrogen had been discovered six years before by Cavendish, in England. It was then called inflammable air. Weighing fourteen times less than common air, it served the purpose better than the gas used by the Montgolfiers, which had half the specific weight of common air. Hydrogen gas, however, was but little known; and people feared to handle it on account of its great inflammability. After trying an elaborate means of filling the balloon, by a simple method, the gas, introduced through a tube, mounted into the globe, and the balloon, although very slowly, was filling, when an explosion took place, and the gas all escaped. It was only by the greatest exertion, producing inflammable air, mending the balloon and strengthening it, that it was made ready for the ascent on the day announced. It was finally accomplished, and filled in the little court belonging to the house of the Robert brothers; then, under cover of the dark, conveyed on a stretcher through the streets and across the Royal Bridge, to be placed in the Champ de Mars (*shŏng dĕh măr*). The next afternoon, at three o'clock, in the presence of an immense crowd, the balloon rose. The success was great. It rose from the earth with such rapidity that in a few minutes it had ascended nearly a thousand yards. It was then lost in a thick cloud, from which it emerged to disappear again. Ladies, elegantly dressed, regarded its flight, in spite of a heavy rain which fell, drenching their pretty costumes. When the balloon reached a high elevation, it burst by too much expansion of the gas within; and, three quarters of an hour after the start, fell to the ground at Ecouen (*ā koo ŏng′*), five leagues from the place of ascension.

Here some peasants, who had been watching the strange monster with fear and amazement, saw it fall to the ground, and, approaching it at first timidly, ended by entirely destroying it with their sticks and pickaxes. To finish, they tied it to the tail of a horse, and drove him across hedges and ditches, until nothing was left of it but tattered fragments.

rising of the first. There was during the day some controversy in the crowd between the partisans of Professor Charles and those of Montgolfier.

Each party advocated the merits of its hero and his construction, and said every thing possible to detract from the merits of the rival aerostat. Professor Charles, with the ready tact of French politeness, swept away every trace of ill-feeling by a graceful compliment. When his preparations were all made, he walked up, in sight of the vast assembly, to Montgolfier, and presented him with one of the little balloons, which had already become toys in the hands of every Parisian, saying as he did so:

"It is for you, Monsieur, to show us the road heavenward."

Montgolfier threw up the little balloon, which sped away into the air, its color,—a bright emerald,—gleaming in a ray of sunshine which broke through the gathering clouds. Bursts of hearty applause followed this little scene.

Montgolfier was busily getting ready to construct his balloon, according to the will of the Academy. He established himself in some gardens belonging to his friend Reveillon (rā vā yŏng′), a celebrated dealer in paper in the street of St. Anthony. Here, shut out from the public gaze, he could build his huge apparatus. Autumn was approaching, and with it bad weather. Frequent rains greatly interfered with sewing the breadths of the huge machine, which could be done only out-of-doors, on account of the space it took up. It was a serious piece of work to fold up the heavy covering, and the thick paper it was made of was liable to break and tear. It took twenty men to move it, using the greatest care and pre-

caution. It might have been made, doubtless, more solid, and less fragile; but, as the Academy had agreed to bear the cost of making the experiment, the frugal and conscientious inventor strove to keep down the expense as much as possible.

On the 11th of September, the weather promised fair, and the machine, entirely finished, was put in place. Every thing had now been made ready for the long-looked-for exhibition. That evening, it was put to the test in private, with perfect success.

The next day, all the Academy of Sciences were invited to be present at the exhibition made at their request. In spite of clouds and threatening weather, it was decided to risk the experiment. Fifty pounds of dry straw, lighted in bundles, upon which were then thrown ten pounds of wool in shreds, in ten minutes produced a vapor so expansive and powerful that the machine, in spite of its great weight, shook out its folds, wavered and rose, to the amazement and delight of the spectators. It left the ground and rose, restrained only by the strong ropes which held it.

Just then rain came on suddenly. The wind blew with great violence; the only safety for the balloon seemed to be to cut its anchorage and let it go. But as it was the intention of its maker to exhibit it later at Versailles (vĕr sālz′), he could not bring himself to abandon it. It was beaten and torn by the wind, and drenched by the storm, which continued for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time, the paper, detached, floated off the canvas, thus laid bare, and the latest machine, which had cost so much toil and money, was destroyed in a brief space of time.

Thus, the balloon, the evening before so successful

in its private trial, was now a wreck, and utterly useless. To make matters worse, an ascension was promised at Versailles, six days later, in presence of the king and all the court. Montgolfier, discouraged but not conquered, set to work, with the aid of some devoted friends, and in four days a new balloon was constructed, painted, and decorated.

This time, the ascent, made in the presence of crowds of spectators, was a perfect success. The inventors had anxiously wished to send up a passenger with the balloon; but as the king absolutely forbade such a risk, only a wicker cage, containing a lamb, a cock, and a duck, was attached to the balloon. These early aërial travelers appeared to suffer no inconvenience from their voyage. The cock got his wing scorched a little, but that occurred before the balloon started, during the lighting of the straw.

The possibility of balloon ascensions was now fully established. The next demand to be made upon them was that they should be so constructed as to carry passengers. One after another, bold adventurers, who sought fame in air-voyages, made the attempt in safety. The discovery thus passed from the hands of the Montgolfiers, but to them the glory of the first invention has never been denied, nor was it in their own time withheld. Poems were written to glorify their achievement, medals were struck in their honor, and their father, Pierre de Montgolfier, was ennobled by letters patent in December, 1783.*

But little pecuniary advantage came to the inventors from their brilliant exhibitions. Etienne soon left Paris

* The coat of arms conceded to the Montgolfier family, represents a winged globe, *gules*, floating over a sea of *azure*; the motto attached is: "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

and resumed the manufacture of paper. He died at Servières (sĕr vē ĕr′), 1799. Joseph, the elder, survived him. He succeeded in inventing several things; among others, the hydraulic ram, which, however, has received many improvements since his time. He filled a post in the department of Arts and Manufactures, and died in Paris, in 1810.

FULTON.

1765–1815.

ROBERT FULTON (fo͝ol′tŏn) was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster (lăngk′-ăs tĕr), Pennsylvania, in 1765, of a respectable, though not opulent, family. His father, Robert Fulton, was a native of Kilkenny (kĭl kĕn′ nĭ), Ireland. His mother was also of a respectable Irish family, named Smith, established in Pennsylvania. Robert was their third child, and oldest son. He acquired the rudiments of a common English education at school in his native town.*

His peculiar genius manifested itself at a very early age. In his childhood, all his hours of recreation were passed in the shops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil, and, at this early period of his life, his only wish for money was to buy the materials required to indulge these tastes.

By the time he was seventeen, he had earned some money by painting portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, where he lived until he was twenty-one. He then and there became acquainted with Dr. Franklin. About this time, he was advised by some gentlemen who were pleased with the genius they discovered in his paintings, to go to England, where they thought he would be kindly

* His mother died in 1799, on a small farm in Washington County, Pennsylvania, which had been purchased for her by her son Robert. This farm he owned at the time of his death, and he left it by will to one of his sisters. His patrimony was very small, and he was fond of letting this be known; desirous to be considered, as he really was, the maker of his own fortune.

received by his countryman, Benjamin West, who had then attained some celebrity in London as an artist.* Mr. West was so pleased with the promise of the young artist, and his amiable qualities, that he took him into his own house, where he remained as an inmate for many years, during which Fulton devoted himself chiefly to painting. He spent two years in Devonshire (dĕv′ ŏn shĭr), where he became known, among others, to the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Stanhope (stăn′ ŏp), both of whom were interested in science and the mechanic arts.

In 1793, Fulton was actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation; even at that early day, he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam.†

In 1804, Fulton, on leaving Paris, where he had been passing some time, sent to America a large collection of his manuscripts. The vessel in which they were, was wrecked; and, although the case containing them was recovered, most of his papers were lost, and with them the greater part of his account of his occupation at that period. Inventions for improvements in machinery occupied his mind. As a mechanist (měk′ ăn ĭst) and civil engineer, his talent for drawing was a great advantage to

* When Fulton returned to America, he brought with him a family piece representing West and his lady, done by that great artist himself, who also painted a portrait of Fulton, perhaps still in the possession of his family. These pictures were offerings of friendship, made and received as tokens of the attachment formed between the family of the distinguished painter and the young inventor at an early day. This friendship lasted until his death.

† In 1797, Fulton took lodgings at a hotel in Paris where Mr. Joel Barlow and his wife had their residence. An acquaintance began, which ripened into friendship, lasting through their lives. Soon after, Mr. Barlow removed to his own hotel, and invited Fulton to live with him. He did so for seven years, and during that time learned French, and something of Italian and German. He also studied mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective. During his residence with Mr. Barlow, he projected and painted a panorama, the first ever exhibited in Paris. As a novelty, it attracted many spectators; and he afterward sold it, realizing a good sum toward pursuing his experiments in steam.

him in the execution of his designs; but he seems not to have used his pencil again as a painter till a short time before his death, when he painted some portraits of his own family.

His occupation in France included experiments upon submarine navigation. He called his machine the plunging-boat;* but afterward, gave it the name of the "Nautilus" (nạ′ tĭ lŭs). Connected with this invention, were what he then called submarine bombs, to which have since been given the name of torpedoes. His experiments in blowing up vessels by means of torpedoes were, in practice, wholly successful; but the British ministry were little inclined to encourage the invention, considering, it may be, that such a project, if carried out, might destroy the maritime power of Great Britain. Fulton, at last, wearied with applications to government which brought no good results, returned to his native country. He embarked at Falmouth, in October, 1806, and arrived at New York, by the way of Halifax, on the 13th of December. Here he immediately engaged, for a second time, in what he calls his Torpedo War; during which, he successfully proved the efficacy of his invention, although the committee which examined it, pronounced

* On the 3d of July, 1801, he embarked, with three companions, on board his plunging-boat, in the harbor of Brest, and descended in it to the depth of five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five feet. He did not attempt to go lower, because he found that his imperfect machine would not bear the pressure of a greater depth. He remained below the surface one hour. During this time, they were in utter darkness. Afterward, he descended with candles; but, finding a great disadvantage from their consumption of vital air, he caused a small window of thick glass to be made near the bow of his boat, and he again descended with her. He found that he received from his window, which was but an inch and a half in diameter, enough light to enable him to count the minutes on his watch. This plunging-boat was as obedient to her helm under water as any boat could be on the surface.

Afterward, he contrived for it a reservoir of air, which would enable eight men to remain under water eight hours.

that the system was as yet too imperfect for the government to rely upon it as a means of defense. Fulton fully acquiesced in this decision, having, in fact, throughout all the transactions concerning it, shown unceasing command of temper and presence of mind, as well as industry and perseverance. His mind became at once engaged with other great projects, and especially that great improvement in the arts for which the world is so much indebted to him,—namely, the establishment of navigation by steam.*

Although not the inventor of the steam-boat, it is nevertheless to his knowledge of mechanics, and to his resolution and perseverance, that the triumph of the invention is due.

When Fulton was fourteen years old, he had conceived an idea which, twenty-five years later, had important consequences. He and his friends, as boys, were in the habit of using for their fishing excursions on a river in the neighborhood, a heavy old flat-boat, which was propelled by means of poles. Tired out one day by poling this heavy craft against the stream, the boy Robert bethought him of using paddle-wheels turned by a crank, and, after that, the boys never used any thing else. The idea, although not new, was original with him. In 1785, he was familiar

* In a publication of Fulton's at this time occurs the following anecdote:

"The Abbé Grégoir (*âb bā' grā gwär'*) came back to France from England, having made a tour through that country, where his amiable qualities had introduced him into the best society. On his return to Paris, I asked him how he liked England. He answered that the English are a generous, hospitable, good people, and the country would be charming had it pleased God to give them some sunshine and French cooks; but they are always enveloped in clouds, and he was starved on abominable legs of mutton, roast beef, beefsteaks, plum-puddings, cabbages, and potatoes, none of which were half cooked, and were served with sauce hardly eatable. The porter was bitter, and the port so strong he could not drink it. In fact, the good Abbe preferred France, and, being of a humane disposition, seemed to feel sorry for the many inconveniences under which the people of England are laboring."

with the operations of John Fitch in the matter of steamboats. Fifteen years afterward, Fulton saw in Scotland a boat which was really propelled by steam, for short distances, at the rate of six miles an hour. A year or two after, in France, he obtained access to the papers of John Fitch containing full details of his plan.* Thus aided by the knowledge and experience of previous inventors, and having the advantage of the improved steam-engine of James Watt, his own powers as mechanic and draughtsman enabled him to set about the task with a greater chance of success than his predecessors. Moreover, Chancellor Livingston, at that time the American Minister in France, a man of public spirit and much influence, became first the friend, then the patron, and finally the partner of Robert Fulton in his enterprise.†

* John Fitch devised, in 1787, a steam-boat, which demonstrated to every beholder that such a thing was possible. It is said that, as he was limping home from church one day, being a great sufferer from rheumatism, he saw a neighbor driving rapidly by in a chaise drawn by a powerful horse. He had frequently, before this, reflected on the tremendous power of steam, and the thought then flashed through his mind, could it not be made to propel a carriage. The idea haunted him day and night, and, to the end of his life, John Fitch thought of little else but how to carry out his scheme. He was poor, without means or influence; but by study and consultation, he succeeded, not only in his first experiment, but in making, in 1790, a steam-boat which ran on the Delaware, eight miles an hour with the tide, six against it. The invention was still very imperfect, but deserves the name of the first steam-boat power.

† Chancellor Livingston devoted much of his own time and talents to the advancement of science, and the promotion of the public good. The resources of his ample fortune were afforded with great liberality to the support and encouragement of genius in others. As early as 1798, he believed that he had discovered a mode of applying the steam-engine to propel a boat; he represented this to the Legislature of the State of New York, which, in consequence of his application, passed an act, vesting Mr. Livingston with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats "which might be propelled by the force of fire or steam," etc., etc., on condition that he should, within a twelvemonth, build such a boat, the mean of whose progress should not be less than four miles an hour. The application was regarded by the Legislature as a standing subject of ridicule during the session, and, whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge in a little levity, they would call up the steam-boat bill, to divert themselves at the expense of the project.

In 1803, their first steam-boat was built in France, upon the Seine (sān). They were on the point of making an experimental trip with it, when one morning Fulton, as he rose from bed, received a messenger, whose consternation and hurry revealed him as the bearer of bad tidings. As soon as he could speak, he exclaimed:

"Oh, sir! the boat has broken to pieces, and gone to the bottom!"

The weight of the machinery, bearing upon too weak a frame, had literally broken the boat in two during the night, and the fragments of it had been carried to the bottom. Discouraged, but not dismayed, he set about repairing the misfortune on the very same day. Without returning to his lodgings, he began to labor with his own hands to raise the boat, and worked for twenty-four hours without allowing himself any rest or taking refreshment. This imprudence is thought to have injured his constitution for the rest of his life.

The accident had injured the machinery very little, but the boat had to be built over almost entirely. She was completed in a few weeks; her length was sixty-six feet, and she was eight feet wide. Early in August, Fulton invited the French National Institute to witness a trial of the boat, and it was made in their presence, and witnessed by a great crowd of Parisians. The boat moved slowly, but amid the acclamations of the multitude, who considered success to be achieved. As Chancellor Livingston was about to return home, it was resolved that the next attempt should be made at New York, and an engine for that purpose was ordered from the manufactory of Watt and Boulton, at Birmingham.

In the month of September, 1807, the famous "Clermont," a boat which did not exceed one hundred and

sixty tons in burden, was completed.* Monday, September 10th, was the day appointed for a grand trial trip to Albany, and by noon, a vast crowd was assembled on the wharf to witness the performance of "Fulton's Folly." At one o'clock, she moved from the dock, vomiting smoke and sparks from her fires of pine wood, and casting up spray from her uncovered paddle-wheels. As her speed increased, the jeers of the incredulous were silenced, and the departing voyagers caught the sound of cheering.†

The "Clermont" on her first voyage up the Hudson to Albany, arrived at her destination without accident.

* The first Fulton boat built in America was launched from the ship-yards of Charles Brown, on the East River, New York. The engine from England was put on board of her. In August, she was completed, and was moved by her machinery from her birthplace to the Jersey shore. Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton had invited many of their friends to witness the first trial. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The boat had not been long underway when Fulton ordered her engine to be stopped, having immediately perceived that there was an error in the construction of her water-wheels. He had their diameter lessened on the spot, so that the buckets took less hold of the water, and when they were again put in motion, it was manifest that the alteration had increased the speed of the boat. This was the "Clermont," which soon after made her first public trip.

† Mr. Fulton himself was a passenger on this voyage, and, upon his return, published this account of it:

"*To the Editor of the American Citizen.*

"Sir—I arrived this afternoon, at four o'clock, in the steam-boat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts.

"I left New York on Monday, at one o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, on Tuesday,—time, twenty-four hours—distance, 110 miles. On Wednesday, I departed from the Chancellor's, at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany, at five in the afternoon,—distance, forty miles—time, eight hours. The sum is 150 miles in 32 hours,—equal to near five miles an hour.

"On Thursday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from thence at seven, and arrived in New York at four in the afternoon,—time, thirty hours—space run through, 150 miles,—equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead. No advantage could be derived from my sails; the whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam-engine.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Robert Fulton."

She excited the astonishment of the inhabitants along the shores of the river, many of whom had not even heard of an engine, much less of a boat, moved by steam. She was described by some who saw her passing in the night, as a fearful apparition, breathing flame and smoke, moving on the waters in defiance of wind and tide. Crews of other vessels, saw with astonishment the fearful novelty as it approached them, and when the noise of the machinery was heard, many ran and hid themselves, while others fell prostrate, beseeching Providence to protect them from the horrible monster belching fire and smoke.

On the eleventh of February, 1809, Fulton took out his first patent for inventions in navigation by steam. Fulton devoted the rest of his life to the improvement of the steam-boat, the development of his steam-frigate called "Fulton the First,"* and to the modification of his submarine boat, with similar enterprises of invention.

In the year 1806, he married Miss Harriet Livingston, a relative of his enterprising associate, the Chancellor. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well proportioned and well formed. He had the ease

* On the 20th of June, 1814, the keel of this novel craft was laid, and in little more than four months, on the 29th of October, she was launched from the yard of Adam and Noah Brown, her able architects.

The scene exhibited on that occasion was magnificent. It happened on a bright autumnal day. Multitudes of spectators crowded the surrounding shores, and were seen upon the neighboring hills. The river and bay were filled with vessels of war dressed in all their colors in compliment to the occasion. In the midst of these, was the enormous floating mass, whose bulk and unwieldy form seemed to render her as unfit for motion as the land-batteries which were saluting her. Several large steam-boats were seen gliding in every direction, of the burden of three and four hundred tons, with bands of music on board, and crowds of gay and joyous company.

Unhappily, before the frigate was so far completed as to afford an opportunity of trying her machinery, the mind that had conceived and combined it was gone.

and address of a gentleman, with too much good sense for affectation. A modest confidence in his own worth and talents gave him an unembarrassed deportment in company. His features were strong, of manly beauty; he had large dark eyes, and a projecting brow expressive of intelligence and thought. His temper was mild and his disposition lively. He was fond of society, which he graced by cheerful, cordial manners, and instructed or pleased by his sensible conversation. He expressed himself with energy, fluency, and correctness.

In all his domestic and social relations, he was zealous, generous, and affectionate. Most conspicuous in his character was his calm constancy, his industry, and that indefatigable patience and perseverance which enabled him to overcome all difficulties. Litigation concerning his inventions, attached by the claims of others, disturbed his later years. During a legal examination, in which Mr. Fulton was called as a witness, in the hall of Legislature in Trenton, he was much exposed to the weather, which was excessively cold, as it was in January.

When he was crossing the Hudson to return to his home and family, the river was full of ice, which occasioned his being several hours on the water in a very severe day. His constitution was ill-fitted to resist such exposure; and upon his return, he found himself much indisposed. Nevertheless, after remaining in the house for but a few days, he went to give his attention to the work upon his steam-frigate, the building of which was causing him great anxiety. He forgot his feeble health in the interest he took in the work, and in a bad day was exposed for a long time to the weather on her decks; the effects of this imprudence soon showed themselves. He was soon confined to his bed, his disorder increased,

and on the 24th of February, 1815, he died, at the early age of fifty.

It was not known that his illness was dangerous till a very short time before his death, which was unexpected to his friends and the community. As soon as the event was known, all means were taken to testify the public respect.

In 1816, a principal street in New York was opened to be a great thoroughfare across the city, from the Fulton ferry on the one side to a similar one on the other. This, in honor of the great inventor, was called Fulton street. His remains lie in Trinity Church-yard, in the city of New York.

WHITNEY.

1765–1825.

ELI WHITNEY was born at Westborough, in Massachusetts, on the 8th of December, 1765. The town was at that time a small agricultural village, and Whitney's father was a farmer of moderate means, but apparently, like most of his neighbors, a man of good habits of economy and frugality, and of the ability to do good hard work for a living. Whitney's youth was passed in the same way that many others have been passed before and since. He did chores, worked on the farm, and learned what he could at the district school. But, early in life, he showed remarkable aptitude for machinery and the use of tools. They tell a story of him, concerning his father's watch, which will bear repeating. Whitney had often desired to examine the mechanism of the watch, but his father had never allowed him to do so. One Sunday, he happened to notice that his father was going to church, leaving his watch at home. Eli at once pretended to be unwell, so that he was excused from going to church himself; and, when the whole family were out of the house, he at once proceeded to examine the watch, and, indeed, took it all to pieces. He was rather alarmed when he saw it in this condition; for his father, it is said, "was a stern parent." But, setting to work again, he succeeded in putting all the pieces together correctly. His father never found out what had been done, until Eli, many years after, told him about it.*

* We have from Whitney's sister (quoted in the *American Journal of Science*, xxi. 202), an account of some of his youthful precocities. "Our father," she says,

This aptitude for machinery stood him in good stead later. During the Revolutionary War, nails were in great demand, and therefore high in price. They were made chiefly by hand, and it occurred to Whitney that he could make them as well as any one else. He suggested the idea to his father, who obtained for him what tools he could. With these, he made such others as were necessary, and began the business, which he continued during the winter (when he had no farm work) for two or three years, until, on the ending of the war, the demand for nails ceased. He was able, however, to continue his business by the manufacture, as we are told, of bonnet-pins and walking-sticks.

He was very anxious at this time to obtain a liberal education. But many things stood in his way, notably the opposition of his step-mother and the lack of money. By working for some years, however, and by teaching school, he provided himself with funds, and so was enabled to enter Yale College in the year 1789, being at that time twenty-three years of age. While at college, being older than most of his associates, he devoted himself vigorously to his work, paying more attention to

"had a workshop, and sometimes made wheels of different kinds, and chairs. He had a variety of tools, and a lathe for turning chair-posts. This gave my brother an opportunity of learning the use of tools when very young. He lost no time, but, as soon as he could handle tools, he was always making something in the shop, and seemed not to like working on the farm. One time, after the death of our mother, when our father had been absent from home two or three days, on his return he inquired of the housekeeper what the boys had been doing. She told him what B. and J. had been about. 'But what has Eli been doing?' said he. She replied, he had been making a fiddle. 'Ah,' added he, despondingly, 'I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles.' He was at this time about twelve years old." His sister says that his piece of work was thoroughly finished, "like a common violin," and that it made "tolerably good music." It was examined and wondered at by all the people in the country round, and afterward Eli had the repairing of all the violins in that district,—a business which, we may conjecture, was not calculated to make him a millionaire.

mathematics than to the classics. He was, in fact, noted here for his mechanical tastes, as he had been at home.*

On graduating from college,† Whitney received an offer from a gentleman in Georgia to act as tutor to his sons. On his way to take charge of his pupils, he traveled with Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame. With her, Whitney became quite intimate, and Mrs. Greene became very much interested in the young man. This was very fortunate for Whitney; for when he reached Georgia he found that the gentleman who, as he supposed, had employed him, had now engaged somebody else in his place. By this, Whitney was left without friends or any means of assistance, except Mrs. Greene, who at once offered him her house as a home as

* On one occasion, during a recitation in physics, the tutor spoke of a certain interesting experiment, which he was unable to perform because the apparatus was out of order. It was a complicated thing, and it was necessary to send it abroad to have it repaired. But Whitney asked to be allowed to try his hand at it, and succeeded in bringing it to terms in a manner very satisfactory to the professors.

At another time, "a carpenter being at work upon one of the buildings of the gentleman with whom Mr. Whitney boarded, the latter begged permission to use his tools during the intervals of study; but the mechanic, being a man of careful habits, was unwilling to trust them with a student, and it was only after the gentleman of the house had become responsible for all damages, that he would grant the permission. But Mr. Whitney had no sooner commenced his operations, than the carpenter was surprised at his dexterity, and exclaimed: 'There was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college!'"

† "The advantages of a liberal education to a man of mechanical invention, as well as to a man of business, were very conspicuous in the case of Mr. Whitney. By this means, his powers of thought, and his materials for combination, were greatly augmented. The letters exchanged between Messrs. Miller and Whitney, both of whom were educated men, are marked by a high degree of intelligence, and are written in a style of great correctness, and sometimes even of elegance. None but men of enlarged and liberal minds could have furnished to their counsel the arguments by which they gained their first triumphs over their legal adversaries. It no doubt also contributed not a little to conciliate the respect of those States which purchased the patent right, to find in the person of the patentee, instead of some illiterate visionary projector, a gentleman of elevated mind and cultivated manners, and of a person elegant and dignified."

long as he liked to avail himself of it. He had proposed to study law while acting as private tutor. He was glad to take up his abode with Mrs. Greene, and to begin his law studies while living at her house near Savannah.

It was while staying with Mrs. Greene that Whitney first became interested in the subject of cotton, to which it does not appear that he had previously given any attention. The cultivation of cotton* was at that time by no means the universal occupation of the South that it has since become. In Georgia, it was overshadowed by rice; in other parts of the South, by tobacco or indigo. This was on account of the difficulty of finding a rapid means of cleaning the green seed cotton, or separating the cotton from the seed. The work had to be done by hand, and was a slow enough process. A pound of clean cotton was a good day's work for one woman. The production of cotton could not, of course, be carried beyond the amount which could be cleaned, and, therefore, the cultivation languished.

This state of things was brought to Whitney's attention in this manner. A number of gentlemen from various parts of Georgia,—all men of property, and interested in

* Cotton was not cultivated in America until 1770. It is said that in 1764, some cotton grown in America and sent to England was detained in the custom-house on the ground that it could not possibly have been grown in America, which, if true, would have made its importation to England in an American ship a breach of the Navigation Laws. It was not till 1770 that the Southern planters turned their attention to the cultivation upon any large scale. They enlarged the cultivation already existing, and introduced new species, notably the Sea Island cotton. But the quantities exported were small. In 1792, it reached only 138,324 pounds. This was the year of the invention of the cotton-gin. By 1800, it had increased almost one hundred and fifty fold, the exports amounting to 18,000,000 pounds, while some was manufactured in the country. In the first sixty years of the century, the production increased wonderfully, so that in 1860, the crop reached the extent of 4,824,000 bales (the average bale at this time being about 425 pounds). With the Civil War the production dropped; but subsequently revived, though (in 1876) the crop had not reached the figures of 1859-60.

the condition of agriculture in the State,—happened to be at the house of Mrs. Greene. The conversation turned on the subject of cleaning cotton, and it was the universal idea that, could something be invented whereby the cotton could be more easily cleaned, the good resulting to the State, and to the whole South, would be enormous; for much land unsuited to the cultivation of rice and other staples, might be planted in cotton. Mrs. Greene, thinking of Whitney, remarked that she had a young *protégé*, who, she had no doubt, could make any thing. She presented them to Whitney, "commending him to their notice and friendship." Whitney, however, said that he had never seen cotton or cotton seed in his life, and the conversation seems to have dropped after very little talk.

But the idea remained in Whitney's mind, and going down to Savannah, he looked about for some cotton, and returning with it to Mulberry Grove, he proceeded to study it with a view of making some apparatus which should be able to clean it cheaply, and with less labor than was demanded by the method then in use. He went to work in a room in the basement, keeping his proceedings a secret from everybody except Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller, who subsequently became his partner. He was badly off for tools, and, indeed, for almost every thing necessary for his work. But beginning at the beginning, he made such tools as he needed, and finally arrived at the invention now known as the cotton-gin. No record of his labors remains. We only know that he went to work with no knowledge of cotton or cotton seed, and with hardly any tools, and that in what seems a remarkably short space of time, he had completed the invention.

The principle of the cotton-gin is in imitation of the

actual hand-cleaning. By the old method, the fibrous part of the cotton was *clawed* off the seed, to which it sticks most tenaciously, by the fingers of the old negro mammies. Whitney substituted for the fingers, wheels mounted with wire combs, which performed precisely the same operation, cleaning off the fiber and leaving the seed. The cotton in the seed was arranged on a wire netting. Beneath this netting revolved the wheels, or rollers, upon which were mounted wire combs, the teeth of which protruding in their revolutions through the netting, pulled off the cotton fiber and left the seed. Beneath the rollers, or wheels, was a brush which brushed the cotton off into a box.

On the completion of the invention, Mrs. Greene invited to her house a large number of gentlemen interested in agriculture, and to them the machine was exhibited. "They saw with astonishment and delight," says Olmsted, "that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labor of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in many months." This seems a little exaggerated. Whitney himself estimated fifty pounds of cleaned cotton a day's work for one man. One pound had previously been held for a day's work. But at any rate the power of cleaning was enormously extended. Whitney set about securing a patent.

But, even before he had patented his invention, Whitney experienced that ill fortune, which pursued him in regard to his proceedings with the cotton-gin. The knowledge of his machine could not be kept secret; the excitement at a discovery of such importance spread through the State, and persons came from all parts of Georgia to see the machine. It was thought best not to

make the invention public, until the patent had been secured. But the public broke open the house in which the gin was kept, and carried it away. Before the patent could be obtained, there were numbers of machines, built in imitation of Whitney's, in operation throughout Georgia. This was only the beginning. From this time until his patent expired, Whitney and his partner, Mr. Miller, were engaged in a constant struggle to obtain the just reward for an invention of such value from those who were so much benefited by it.

It was this last feature which was troublesome. To our mind, the cotton-gin was an invention of such inordinate value that it was absolutely impossible that the profits should be monopolized. The gain to be made was so great and so certain, that it was absolutely impossible that those who saw their fortune in view should have stickled as to the means.* We can not relate in detail Whitney's business experiences. It would be a difficult and a disheartening task. He formed a partnership with Mr. Miller for the manufacture of cotton-gins. They planned to establish gins throughout the South, and to do the ginning themselves for a certain price. They were at

* "I have always believed," Whitney wrote to Robert Fulton, "that I should have had no difficulty in causing my rights to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and had been used only by a small portion of the community. But the use of this machine being immensely profitable to almost every planter in the cotton districts, all were interested in trespassing on the patent right, and each kept each other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation and unfounded clamors, both against the right and against the law made for its protection. Hence, there arose associations to oppose both. At one time, but few men in Georgia dared to come into court, and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge, relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, I had great difficulty in proving that the machine *had been used in Georgia*, although, at the same moment, there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion, within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court-house."

once overwhelmed with manifold difficulties. Their patent was attacked, infringed, or disregarded, their credit was strained to the utmost by the expense in setting up the plant, their machines were disparaged in every possible way, their time was taken up in any thing except in legitimately extending and following their business. The whole mass of the land-owners of the South was against them, and fought them in the markets, in the law courts, in the State Legislatures, and in the Congress of the United States.

Miller and Whitney, as the firm was styled, sold the right to use their machine to the States of North and South Carolina, and Georgia, for certain sums. In a short time, one of the States had repudiated the contract, and had entered suit against the firm to recover what had already been paid. The courts finally declared for Whitney, but not until thirteen years of his patent had elapsed. In 1812, Whitney petitioned the Congress of the United States for a renewal of his patent, but uselessly. He had spent a great amount of energy and money, and several of the best years of his life, to absolutely no purpose as far as he was himself concerned.

But Whitney could do other things in this world beside inventing cotton-gins. As early as 1798, becoming "deeply impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes founded on the cotton-gin," he began to turn his thoughts in other directions. The result of his speculations was that he entered into a contract with the United States for the manufacture of arms. He built a manufactory near the city of New Haven, invented all the machinery needed for his purpose, gave personal instruction to his workmen, and, in fact, created the

business.* He was in this more successful, as far as his own interests were concerned, than he had been with the cotton-gin. We do not find that he invented any great improvements in the manufacture of muskets, but that he manufactured them excellently was attested by all with whom he had dealings. In this occupation, Whitney passed, near New Haven, the last twenty-five years of his life. He reached a very handsome competence, married happily, and spent the remainder of his days amid "the fond and quiet scenes of domestic life, after which he had so long aspired, but from which he had been debarred by the embarrassed or unsettled state of his affairs."

He died January 8, 1825.†

* Machinery was at a low ebb in the United States at this time. The colonial policy of England had been to do the manufacturing herself, and to allow the colonies to provide the raw material. Whitney was forced to create his system. He invented labor-saving machinery that would do away, to a great extent, with skilled labor,—a dear commodity at that time. The parts of the gun were passed from workman to workman, each doing some one thing, by which means Whitney was able to teach his help very quickly just what they were to do. When the gun was set up, the pieces were, of course, interchangeable. It may be imagined that it required talents of a high order to invent, carry out, and oversee such a multitude of details. Whitney was, however, fully equal to the task.

† "In person, Mr. Whitney was considerably above the ordinary size, and of an open, manly, and agreeable countenance." The portraits of him which we have seen, represent a high forehead, on which the hair curls rather sparsely, rounded and fairly heavy eyebrows and deep-set eyes, expressive of firmness, a long and straight nose, with the nostrils well marked, and a finely-shaped mouth, with signs of will-power at the corners. The face is clean shaven, according to the general fashion of the time, except for short and close side whiskers. He wears a coat with a high rolling collar, and a white waistcoat, with snowy ruffles at his breast. The whole appearance is that of an intellectual gentleman of much resolution, will, and perseverance.

These latter qualities were in him very marked. Professor Olmsted, in writing a sketch of his life, says: "The most remarkable trait in the character of Mr. Whitney, aside from his inventive powers, was his *perseverance;* and this is the more remarkable, because it is so common to find men of great powers of mechanical invention deficient in this quality." Mr. Olmsted alludes particularly to Whitney's power of concentrating his mind upon a particular subject, and never allowing it to wander, until he had arrived at the end which he had proposed to himself He quotes the statement of an intimate friend of Whitney's, who says: "I imagine that he never yet failed of accomplishing any result of mechanical

powers and combinations which he sought for; nor ever sought for one for which he had not some occasion, in order to accomplish the business in hand. I mean that his invention *never failed*, and never *ran wild*. It accomplished, I imagine, without exception, all that he ever asked of it, and *no more*. * * * Whitney perfected all that he attempted, carried each invention to its utmost limit of usefulness, and then reposed until he had occasion for something else."

As for his general manners, we find only the best accounts of Eli Whitney. "His whole appearance was such as to inspire universal respect." His friends loved him, and remained true to him through life. His temper was usually serene, although he was at times passionate, and it does not appear to have been impaired by the fearful trials he sustained in regard to his great invention.

STEPHENSON.

1781-1848.

THE life of the first eminent railway engineer would certainly deserve a place in any collection of the biographies of famous men. George Stephenson was the first of those mighty workers, who have so changed the civilization of to-day from that of a hundred years ago. Of these annihilators of space, who have by their labors given us the means of rapid conveyance, George Stephenson stands at the head, as the inventor of the locomotive-engine.

No great invention or discovery comes like thunder out of a clear sky. The idea of evolution had busied the minds of men before Darwin. There had been dim inklings of the theory of gravitation before Newton. Watt was not the first man who saw that steam could be subdued and required to furnish so much horse-power. No one can exactly inform us who invented the electric telegraph, or the telephone either; so with the locomotive.* At Killingworth, where George Stephenson found himself engine-wright in the year 1812, there was need

* "An efficient and economical working locomotive-engine still remained to be invented, and to accomplish this object, Stephenson now applied himself. Profiting by what his predecessors had done, warned by their failures, and encouraged by their partial successes, he began his labors. There was still wanting the man who should accomplish for the locomotive, what James Watt had done for the steam-engine, and combine in a complete form the best points in the separate plans of others, embodying with them such original inventions and adaptations, as to entitle him to the merit of inventing the working locomotive, as James Watt is to be regarded as the inventor of the working condensing engine."

of some way to carry coal along the tram-way, which should not be so expensive as the cars drawn by horses. At the Kenton and Coxlodge collieries was one of Blenkinsop's engines, and Stephenson, inspecting this, at once asserted that "he could make a better engine than that to go on legs." His views came to the ears of the proprietors of the Killingworth colliery, and he was authorized to try and see what he could do. So he set to work, and finally succeeded in making a rude locomotive, somewhat on the plan of Blenkinsop's, which succeeded in dragging a pretty fair load at the rate of four miles an hour.* But this locomotive, though better than those which had already been made, was but a clumsy affair at best. It cost as much to run it as did horse-power. But at this time, when it had been thought best to discard Stephenson's first locomotive, he was clever enough to invent the steam-blast, which nearly doubled the power and efficiency of his engine.

So much about Stephenson's first invention. He had all his life been in and about collieries. He was born on the 9th of June, 1781, of poor parents, laborers in the collieries at Wylam, near Newcastle. His father was foreman of the pumping station at Wylam. George had

* This engine of Stephenson's was built by the colliery blacksmith, a good worker, though rather a new hand at locomotive building. It was built with smooth wheels, in opposition to the general opinion of the time that cogged wheels and rails must be used. It had no springs at all, and was mounted on a wooden frame, having four wheels. The boiler was eight feet long and thirty-four inches in diameter, with one flue tube passing through the middle, whereby the water was to be heated. There were two *vertical* cylinders of eight inches diameter and two foot stroke, which were let into the boiler, and worked the propelling gear with cross-heads and connecting-rods. The power was applied to the wheels by means of spur-wheels, which combined the power of the two cylinders. It was about ten months before this engine was completed, and then, as we have said, it was found that so much fuel had to be used that it cost as much as it did to employ horses for the same work. Still, it was an advance upon previous efforts in the same direction.

no education at all for some time; he performed slight duties about the colliery, and became familiar with the working of the steam-engine, so that at about fourteen, he became assistant foreman to his father. He rose from one position to another, though he and his father's family moved several times from place to place, and at the age of eighteen, had outstripped his father as a workman. At this time, he became so interested in the steam-engine that, in order to learn more about this mechanism, of which he was the overseer, he proceeded to learn to read and write, that he might further inform himself as to his charge. So, when he was about twenty-three years of age, he found himself in a fair position,—brakeman of the pumping-engine, at Killingworth colliery, near Newcastle. He had married, and had had one son, Robert Stephenson, the well-known railway engineer, who followed so closely the steps of his father.

Beginning with his first locomotive at Killingworth, Stephenson continued his improvements very slowly. A locomotive is rather an expensive thing, and Stephenson could not build very many for the sake of experiment. After his first engines, he made the improvement of the steam blast, as we have said, at just the time when it appeared that locomotive-engines had no great advantage, in economy of time or money, over horses. Some other improvements he made in the manner of gearing the driving-wheels together, and in connecting the cylinder and the wheels on the rails. The great improvement of his engines by the multitubular boiler did not come till later.

The Killingworth engines were the first made by Stephenson. In 1822, he made several for the Hetton Coal Company, which had to transport coals over a railway.

The next year, an act was passed incorporating the Stockton and Darlington Railway for passenger traffic. Stephenson was appointed the company's engineer. He had to superintend, not only the construction of the engines, but also that of the road itself. In both, he was most successful.

The most famous of Stephenson's engines was the "Rocket," built for a locomotive competition at Rainhill.* This competition was for a prize of £500 offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, which had just been completed. George Stephenson had been the engineer who had overseen the laying out of the road; and the difficulties to be overcome had been enormous. Not only were there natural obstructions; but many of the persons owning land along the line, were violent in their opposition. The surveys had frequently to be made by stealth,

* The "Rocket" was the subject of much thought on the part of father and son. It embodied all their ideas for the improvement of the locomotive. The multitubular boiler was adopted more completely than in any former engines, and the steam blast was greatly improved. Twenty-four copper tubes, each three inches in diameter, extended from one end of the boiler to the other, the heated air passing through them on its way to the chimney; and the tubes being surrounded by the water of the boiler. It will be obvious that a large extension of the heating surface was thus secured. The principal difficulty was in fitting the copper tubes to the boiler ends so as to prevent leakage. They were manufactured by a Newcastle coppersmith, and soldered to brass screws which were screwed into the boiler ends standing out in great knobs. When the tubes were thus fitted, and the boiler was filled with water, hydraulic pressure was applied; but the water squirted out at every joint, and the factory floor was soon flooded. Robert went home in despair; and in the first moment of grief, he wrote to his father that the whole thing was a failure. By return of post, came a letter from his father, telling him that despair was not to be thought of—that he must "try again," and suggesting a mode of overcoming the difficulty, which his son had already anticipated and proceeded to adopt. It was to bore clean holes in the boiler ends, fit in the smooth copper tubes as tightly as possible, solder up, and then raise the steam. This plan succeeded perfectly; the expansion of the copper completely filling up all interstices and producing a perfectly water-tight boiler, capable of standing extreme external pressure.

The mode of employing the steam blast for the purpose of increasing the draught in the chimney, was also the subject of numerous experiments.

before the Liverpool and Manchester Act* had passed Parliament. But finally, Stephenson had triumphed over all obstacles. The road was completed. Embankments, bridges, deep cuts, viaducts, such as had been considered impossibilities, had been completed. Even Chat-Moss, an enormous bog, which seemed as though it was capable of engulfing all the rest of England, had been filled up and built over. The question now in hand, or rather in the minds of the directors, was as to the nature of the motive power. Some were in favor of fixed engines such as furnish the motive power for the cable roads in many of our cities; some desired horse power; some were enthusiastic or far-seeing enough to advise the employment of the locomotive-engine. Accordingly, the prize spoken of was announced and a day for the competition was set. Certain conditions as to weight and speed were laid down. The minimum rate at which the competing engines were required to draw a stipulated weight was only ten miles an hour.

Four engines were offered in competition,—the "Novelty," made upon a new principle; the "Sanspareil," the "Rocket," built by R. Stephenson & Co., and the "Perseverance." The "Rocket," after various trials, in which the other engines either broke down or were found not to comply with the specified conditions, was the only engine which could come up to the requirements. Indeed, it far surpassed them. Ten miles an hour was all the speed

* Stephenson was examined as a witness by a Parliamentary Committee during the passing of this act. On one occasion, a member, desiring to throw ridicule upon him, asked, "Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour [the maximum speed at that time generally imagined], and that a cow were to stray upon the line, and get in the way of the engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied the witness, in his Northumbrian speech; "very awkward indeed—*for the coo.*"

that was asked. The "Rocket" made fifteen on the average, and more at times. So R. Stephenson & Co. received the prize, and the contract to supply the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

With the public opening of the railroad, George Stephenson's fame and fortune were assured. He himself drove the first engine in the procession, in the presence of a very great number of persons. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other persons of very great importance, were in the carriages. The engine succeeded beyond anticipation.*

As it had now been proved to the satisfaction of all that locomotive-engines were available as motors for passenger traffic, immense activity in railroad operations began.† Joint stock companies were every-where formed, and railways were projected in very many parts of England. This was the day of Stephenson's success. His

* The "Rocket" weighed a little over four tons, and had four wheels. It ran about thirty-five miles in two hours, drawing a weight of thirteen tons. The heavy freight-engines made to-day weigh about forty-eight tons, and sometimes have as many as ten wheels,—two truck-wheels, and eight driving-wheels. They will haul more than one thousand tons, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The passenger engines go somewhat faster. There are many records of locomotives drawing one hundred tons at a much faster rate than a mile a minute.

† It was some time before the opulent classes, who could afford to post to town in aristocratic style, became reconciled to railway traveling. The old families did not relish the idea of being conveyed in a train of passengers of all ranks and conditions, in which the shop-keeper and the peasant were carried along at the same speed as the duke and the baron,—the only difference being in price. It was another deplorable illustration of the leveling tendencies of the age. It put an end to that gradation of rank in traveling, which was one of the few things left by which the nobleman could be distinguished from the Manchester manufacturer and bagman. So, for a time, many of the old families sent forward their servants and luggage by railway, and condemned themselves to jog along the old highway in the accustomed family chariot, dragged by country post-horses. But the superior comfort of the railway shortly recommended itself even to the oldest families; posting went out of date; post-horses were with difficulty to be had along even the great high-roads; and nobles and servants, manufacturers and peasants alike, shared in the comfort, the convenience, and the dispatch of railway traveling.

services were in great demand; for he was a most successful engineer, and the greatest locomotive manufacturer in the country, and he was thus very naturally enabled to accumulate a large fortune. His early experience in the collieries stood him in good stead at this time; for, in 1832, he leased an estate in Leicestershire (lĕs′ tĕr shīr), where he was certain that coal* was to be found. "The strength of Britain lies in her coal-beds," was his idea, "and the locomotive is destined, above all other agencies, to bring it forth." He now purchased for himself a beautiful place near the town of Chesterfield, called Tapton House, and shortly afterward, in 1840, intimated his intention of retiring from the more active operations of his business. He was at this time fifty-nine years of age. He continued, however, to follow his profession, and filled many places of high importance in various railways.

In 1835, he and his son Robert were consulted by the King of the Belgians as to the creating of a railway system through Belgium, and for his services in that country, he was made a Knight of the Order of Leopold (lē′ō pōld). Subsequently, the offer of knighthood was made to him by Sir Robert Peel; but he did not desire to accept the

* Stephenson was as much interested in coal as in any thing else, and very naturally too, and had various theories on the matter whereon he loved to discourse. He had a graphic way of putting things, as may be seen by the following conversation, which is detailed: "Now, Buckland," said he, "I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well," said Dr. Buckland, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" "It is nothing else," said Stephenson; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years,—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated,—made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes."

honor. His wish was to live quietly, and he was allowed to follow out his inclination on his beautiful estate, where he pleased himself by entering upon horticultural proceedings of great extent and magnificence. He interested himself, also, in Mechanics' Institutes and kindred associations, and enjoyed in other ways the fruit of his labors in early life, while his son Robert still followed the more active prosecution of his profession.

He died, August 12, 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried in the town of Chesterfield, near his home.*

* We ought at least to mention another invention made by George Stephenson early in life, that of the "Geordy" safety-lamp. As is well known, the coal-pits of England at this time were so full of fire-damp that it was impossible for the miners to carry lamps through large parts of them on account of the danger of explosion. Although many expedients were used, it was seldom that more than one third of the available coal in a mine could be got out. The attention of Sir Humphry Davy was called to the matter; and at the request of the coal owners, he studied the subject carefully, and shortly invented his Safety-lamp. But at this very time, George Stephenson had been engaged in experiments on the same subject, and had succeeded in constructing a safety-lamp on nearly the same principle, which worked, on the whole, better than did the Davy lamp. Stephenson had no knowledge of chemistry, and the theory on which his lamp was constructed was faulty, yet the lamp itself was, on the whole, safer than the Davy lamp. Stephenson experimented many times at the risk of his own life in the foul air in the Killingworth mine, and, by constant observation and experiments, succeeded in making a most useful lamp. Sir Humphry Davy, at the same time, studied the question scientifically, and arrived shortly after at the same solution through safer principles. But this should not deprive Stephenson of the credit of his invention. The two men came to the same conclusion, at nearly the same time, and of the two lamps invented, Stephenson's is the safer, and Davy's the most scientific. To our mind, neither should stand in the way of the fame of the other.

BESSEMER.

1813-

HENRY BESSEMER (bĕs′ ĕ mĕr), the inventor of the modern process of making steel from iron, was the son of Anthony Bessemer, a French refugee who settled in England at the time of the French Revolution. Employed originally in the French Mint, well known in Paris as a man of great powers of ingenuity, and a member of the Academy of Sciences, Anthony Bessemer had been director of a public bakery in the time of Robespierre (rō′ bĕs pēr), and his life coming into danger through the unforeseeable turn of affairs at that time, he had found it best to escape to England. Here he obtained occupation in the mint, but his chief means of subsistence was, it might be said, by his wits. That is to say, Anthony Bessemer had one of those inventive minds that are constantly finding out some way to do, by means of one man, that which had before taken two to accomplish it, or of doing in a better way something that had been done before imperfectly. He made improvements in microscopes and in type-founding, and engraved himself a whole set of type, which he cast in an alloy of his own creation, so that it lasted twice as long as ordinary type-metal. Also, observing the process of jewelers, he discovered that in the solutions, wherein they were accustomed to wash their gold articles, small quantities of gold were carried away. So, on purchasing large quantities of this liquor, and applying to it a secret process of his own, he

forced it to give up the gold which it had stolen from the jewelers. And, in other ingenious ways, he made a very fair living.

Henry was the youngest son of Anthony Bessemer, born in 1813, in Charlton, Hertfordshire (härʹ fŭrd shĭr), where his father had purchased an estate. His mind closely resembled his father's in its inventive qualities, and, being encouraged by his father, who delighted to see this turn in his son, he displayed in his youth the most superior powers of mind. He made his way to London, in 1831, where he first earned his living by engraving "a large number of elegant and original designs on steel, with a diamond point, for patent medicine labels." He also did other work as designer and modeler, and found plenty of business, though on his first coming to London he had been utterly unknown to every one in the great city, and had had no knowledge himself of any one to whom to turn for assistance.

The first use of his inventive faculties, of which we find much record, was in a certain proceeding in regard to the government stamps, which were applied to all business papers, such as leases, money-bills, agreements, contracts, and so forth. It appears that the method of affixing stamps to these instruments was such that it was possible to remove them easily, and use them over again. As the stamps had been of the same pattern for a long time, it was the custom of many to use the stamps taken from old papers in preference to new ones, for the new ones cost money, and the old ones could be obtained by a very simple means, with a very little time and patience. One of the officials at the Stamp Office communicating all this to Bessemer, the young man set to work to invent a stamp which could not be so removed. After

vigorous work, extending over several months, he succeeded in producing a stamp which could not be transferred or counterfeited, according to the common manner. With this, the stamp authorities were well pleased, and offered him the position of Superintendent of Stamps in exchange for his invention, an exchange to which he was glad to agree.

He was at this time engaged to be married to a young lady, who seems to have had much penetration, though but little astuteness. For when Bessemer showed her his stamp, and explained to her that by using it stamps could not be used more than once, she remarked that if all stamps were dated it would be impossible to use an old one without fear of detection. This idea struck Bessemer as being very sensible, and he at once conceived a plan for a stamp with movable dates, such as is common nowadays. This was far simpler than his former invention, and it was of such a nature as to render it possible to dispense utterly with the position of Superintendent of Stamps. It was explained to Bessemer, when he communicated his new invention to the Stamp Office, that, as his new invention would enable the old machinery to be used, it seemed best to adopt it. It was also pointed out to him that, as the position which had been given to him was no longer necessary, he could not expect to hold it. Here the government retired from the conversation, having appropriated Bessemer's idea (which he had not patented), and left the unfortunate inventor to do what he could about the matter, which was not much. Bessemer never received any return for what had been severe work for nine months.

But, though his disappointment was great, it was not as if he could do nothing else but invent stamp-dies. He

turned his attention elsewhere, and, happening to notice that bronze powder, after manufacture, was worth more than a hundred times the cost of the raw material, he proceeded to invent a means whereby it might be manufactured at only four times the cost of the raw material; and, going into business on a fairly large scale (being assisted by a friend with capital), he made one thousand per cent. profit per year on his investment for several years. Then the profits fell to three hundred per cent., but even this rate of profit is still remunerative after a fashion. Such are some of the amusements of such universally inventive minds as Bessemer's.* There seemed to be almost no direction in which he could not invent or improve by putting his mind to it. In every subject did he seem at home when he had once applied himself vigorously to it, and the range of the inventions covered by patents taken out by him in the earlier years of his life is very great.†

* Bessemer found that this bronze powder was not made in England, and that no one knew the method of manufacture. He worked a year and a half to find out the secret, but met with no success. Resolved, however, on a last effort, he took a rest, and, on returning to his experiments, he at last discovered a means whereby it might be made at slight expense. He did not patent his method, but kept it secret. He made a small quantity himself at the expense of 4s. a pound. On offering this for sale, he received 80s. for it. He then succeeded in interesting a friend, who put £10,000 into the business, which was begun on a large scale. All was done with the greatest secrecy. The machines were made piecemeal in different parts of England, from drawings by Bessemer, and were put up by himself. They were almost entirely self-acting, so that the services of only five men were required. These men were paid very high wages on condition of absolute secrecy. The secret has been kept to this day. Three of the assistants have died, and to the other two, Bessemer made over the business in 1871 as a reward for their faithful work. The machinery has never been patented nor pirated. The profits, as stated above, were at first enormous, being calculated at one thousand per cent. Later, through competition, they fell to three hundred per cent.

† Among the many matters which occupied his attention was the manufacture of paints, oils, and varnishes; of sugar, of railway carriages, centrifugal pumps, projectiles, and ordnance. He interested himself in a plan for the ventilation of mines, which he endeavored, without success, to bring to the notice of the government. He exhibited several machines of great ingenuity at the great

In 1853, the prospects of war in Europe turned many minds of an experimentive cast to the subject of improvement in projectiles. Among the rest, Bessemer interested himself in experiments in projectiles, and also in guns. He submitted some of his plans to the government officials at Woolwich (wo͝ol′ĭtch), but found no encouragement at all. But a little while afterward, being at Paris,* Bessemer was presented to Louis Napoleon, and in the conversation, mentioned his plan in regard to elongated projectiles. The emperor was much pleased at his ideas, and invited him to continue his experiments, promising that he would himself see to the necessary expense. Bessemer therefore prosecuted his experiments, and arrived at some satisfactory results. At one of the trials, however, the superintending officer remarked to

Exhibition of 1851, particularly one for the grinding and polishing of plate-glass. In this machine, the glass is held fast to a slate table in a most ingenious manner. The table has in it a series of grooves, and when the glass is laid upon it and the air extracted, the pressure of the atmosphere holds the plate firmly in position. For all these inventions, Bessemer took out patents, in which he was and is a great believer, though, at the time of his bronze manufacture, he distrusted them. He is said to have taken out one hundred and twenty patents, and to have paid £10,000 to the Patent Office.

* "Shortly after this [the rejection of his plan at Woolwich], while Sir Henry was on a visit to Paris with Lord John Hay, he attended a dinner given to General Hamlin, and other distinguished French officers, before their departure for the Crimea (*krĭ mē′ ȧ*). At that dinner, Sir Henry met Prince Napoleon, to whom he took occasion to mention his plan of firing elongated projectiles. So favorably was the prince impressed with the invention, that he asked Sir Henry to explain it to the emperor, and with this view arranged an interview. The emperor was also pleased with the account Sir Henry was able to give of his success, and invited him to continue his experiments at Vincennes (*văng sĕn′*). But other business soon recalling Sir Henry to London, he went and asked the emperor's permission to make his experiments in London, and to bring the projectiles to Paris for trial. His Majesty not only consented, but at the close of the audience, said: 'In this case you will be put to some expense; but I will have that seen to.' Sir Henry returned to London, and a few days afterward received a letter from the Duc de Bassano (*dūk dĕh bŭs sĭl′ nō*), together with an autograph note from the emperor authorizing him to draw on Baring Brothers, of London, for the cost of manufacturing projectiles, but leaving him to fill in any amount."—*Jean's "Creators of the Age of Steel."*

him, "The shots rotate properly; but if you can not get stronger metal for your guns, such heavy projectiles will be of little use." And this remark set the inventor to speculating on the subject of the proper kind of metal for use in artillery.

Bessemer, at this time, had never made any studies in metallurgy; but by applying himself to such books as there were on the subject, and by studying the processes in use in the iron and steel trade, he gained much information in regard to the matter, so that he could go to work and experiment for improvements. The process by which steel was then made in England, had not been greatly altered since the time of its invention, about a century before. It was expensive in the extreme, iron being imported at £7, and converted into steel which cost about £60. Bessemer began his experiments with a view to ascertain means of cheaply manufacturing refined iron; but as he continued, he experimented also in the manufacture of steel.

After a year and a half, in which he patented many improvements on the existing system of manufacture, a new device occurred to him. This was the introduction of atmospheric air into the fluid metal, whereby the cast iron might be made malleable. His views turned out to be correct; and he found that by blowing air through crude iron in a fluid state, he could convert it into the softest malleable iron. He sent specimens to the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich, where he now received much assistance in the way of analyzing and testing.

His experiments had been in small quantities. He feared that in extending his operations, the mechanical difficulties would be found to be insuperable. He conceived a scheme by which the air was introduced by a

series of pipes, into various pots in which the iron was poured. But this seemed too complicated. The idea occurred to him that the air might be blown through the metal from below. He began upon this theory. He constructed a vessel capable of holding a large quantity of iron, and arranged an air engine to force the air up from below. The molten iron being poured into the vessel, and the air being forced by high pressure through the holes in the bottom, a surprising combustion was the result, which, however, lasted but a short time, and left the iron in the vessel in the shape of steel. The result was a surprise to all present. The metal was undoubtedly steel of good quality. Bessemer was "astonished at his own success."*

The attention of authorities in the iron and steel trade was called to the experiment. It appeared that the introduction of oxygen throughout the fluid, brought it into contact every-where with the carbon which exists in crude iron and induced a higher heat than had been previously known in the arts. The impurities were burned out of the iron, which became semi-steel. The iron world was

* Having convinced himself of the success of his experiment, Bessemer being anxious "to get some other opinion on the process," brought it to the attention of Mr. George Rennie (*rĕn′ĭ*), an authority on the subject. Mr. Rennie was much struck with the process, and said: "This must not be hid under a bushel. The British Association meets next week at Cheltenham (*chĕlt′năm*); if you have patented your invention, draw up an account of it in a paper, and have it read in Section G." Bessemer therefore wrote an account of his process and went down to Cheltenham to read it before the association. He was breakfasting next morning in the coffee-room of the Queen's Hotel with Mr. Clay, of the Mersey (*mĕr′zĭ*) Steel Works, when a gentleman, who did not know Sir Henry, said: "Clay, I want you to go with me this morning. There is a fellow who has come down from London to read a paper on making steel from cast iron without fuel! Ha! ha! ha!" Mr. Clay consented to go, and in an hour or so the three were at the place of meeting. The paper excited the greatest interest in the Mechanical Section, in which it was read, and the unbeliever of the morning was one of the first to express himself as greatly impressed. He went on to offer Bessemer the resources of his own iron-making establishment for experimenting.

taken by surprise. Here was a method of getting steel at a price not much greater than that of crude iron. Many iron-masters at once adopted the process and paid the royalty required.

This was the essence of Bessemer's invention. But it was by no means complete. The iron-masters who tried the process, generally failed to produce steel that was worth any thing. It appeared to the world that Bessemer had made no more than a brilliant failure. He himself, however, could not understand the reasons therefor, and turned again to his experiments. It appeared that the semi-steel produced was useless on account of the presence of phosphorus. But how had the first experiments succeeded? Why was not the steel first made impure? On inspection, it turned out that the crude iron used in the first experiments had been a particular kind of iron, which was known to be almost absolutely free from phosphorus. On trying the experiment with other sorts of iron, the phosphorus had remained, and the result had been worthless. Bessemer devoted himself to a consideration of the means whereby the phosphorus might be removed. But while he was trying to devise a process by which the iron should be puddled* in the crucible, he fell upon a lot of Swedish iron which he found to be free of phosphorus. With this, he abandoned his efforts to dephosphorize common iron. "The Sheffield manufacturers were then selling steel at £60 a ton, and he thought that as he could buy Swedish pig-iron at £7 a ton, and by blowing it a few minutes in the converter, could make it into what was being sold at such a high price, the problem was solved."

* *Puddling* is the name given to the process whereby the iron, under great heat, is stirred about (or *puddled*), so that the impurities are removed.

Bessemer had now succeeded in making pure malleable iron. But steel requires a little carbon in it to harden it. This Bessemer managed by introducing manganese, a kind of iron very pure, and containing a comparatively large percentage of carbon. The use of manganese in making steel was no new idea, but had been repeatedly tried before, and often with success. "The Bessemer process was now perfect. Nearly four years had elapsed since its conception and first application, and, in addition to the necessary labor and anxiety he had experienced, no less than £20,000 had been expended in making experiments that were necessary to complete its general use. It only remained to bring the process into general use, and this was the work that next engaged his attention."*

Such was Bessemer's great invention,—an invention which, by bringing down the cost of producing steel to

* Bessemer had been led to discover his process of steel-making with the desire of attaining some metal for ordnance better than that then used. Accordingly, on finishing his experiments, and arriving at a successful result, he endeavored to introduce his metal at the Woolwich Arsenal, where the ordnance experiments of the British Government are carried on. His views were received with sympathy by the head of the establishment; but on a change of officials, Bessemer found himself neglected. He was told that the government did not consider his steel proper material for ordnance, and not for twenty years or more did the English Government make their guns of steel, though other European nations eagerly availed themselves of the cheapness of the Bessemer process.

In other directions, however, the Bessemer steel was rapidly introduced. First in the making of rails for railroads, which had formerly been manufactured of iron. Here it was found that the steel rails lasted twenty-three times as long as the iron ones, while their cost was not much greater. The next use to which the new product was put, was the making of boiler plates. In both of these directions there was great opposition to the use of Bessemer steel; but the very superior excellence of the material was in time an adequate answer to every objection. Next to these, perhaps, comes the use of steel in ship-building, where it had formerly been necessary to use iron on account of the great expense; but here, again, the old-liners were with difficulty persuaded to give up their old material, and use a newer and better one.

Besides experimenting in ordnance, Bessemer turned shells and other projectiles from his steel, having invented a machine by which the turning was done with very great nicety.

about one eighth of its previous expense, has made a revolution in the industrial arts. Unlike many other inventors, whose works have been of immense profit to the human race, Bessemer has himself profited by the wealth which he practically created. He has accumulated an immense fortune as a result of his invention, and holds undoubtedly the highest place in that department of science in which he has been such a zealous worker. Medals and orders have been offered him, and honors have been showered upon him on all sides; for his process of making steel is in use all over the civilized world. In England, besides receiving the results of his labors in the shape of over a million sterling, he received the honor of knighthood in 1879.*

* Among the many experiments of Bessemer, one which was looked to with very great interest by very many persons, was the Bessemer Channel Steamer. Bessemer had invented a method of turning with a lathe, by means of hydraulic power. An extension of this principle led him to construct an apparatus, by which the large converters used in his steel process could be moved and controlled with the utmost ease and exactness. He proceeded to apply the idea to the reduction of sea-sickness in the Channel steamers. He contrived a movable swinging saloon, which was to be so swung by a hand lever, that whatever might be the position of the vessel in which it was placed, the floor of the saloon might be always horizontal. A man at the lever was enabled, by means of a spirit-level, to detect the slightest variation, and correct it by means of an easy motion. It was thought that by these means, steamers might cross the Channel with saloons which should be as steady as though they were on land. A company was formed, and a vessel was built. It was a double-hulled boat, and upon the two hulls was placed the Bessemer swinging saloon. But the experiment was not very successful. "The weather was fine, and the working of the saloon was little needed; but the impression gained ground, that however nicely the swinging saloon could work, it would not have the desired effect of averting that dreaded malady, which is as inexplicable in its nature as in the choice of its victims." The vessel proved slow, owing, as we understand, to certain details in the double hull, of which the true principle had not at that time been clearly understood. The vessel, also, met with accidents in the harbor of Calais (*kă lā'*), and the venture was abandoned at a considerable loss.

Bessemer also devoted himself to studies in regard to the manufacture of telescopes. He succeeded in devising means for the easy polishing and true cutting of specula of great size, and made other notable advances upon the knowledge on the subject. He constructed on his own estate a large telescope, made and worked by the most ingenious machinery.

EDISON.

1847-

WATT is celebrated for having invented the steam-engine, and Stephenson for having perfected the locomotive. Fulton always reminds us of the steam-boat; and Whitney, of the cotton-gin. Each one is famous for a single invention. Watt spent the greater part of his life in perfecting his ideas, and Stephenson devoted himself to improvements in the locomotive. The same is true of Fulton and Whitney. Here, however, we have a man who has invented, not one thing, but many, and among those many are some few of infinite importance. The telephone and the electric light are two of the most favorite symbols of our nineteenth century progress. The system of quadruplex telegraphy, although a modest invention, is a great one. And it is possible that the phonograph and the megaphone may, at some time, be brought into more practical use. And all these are independent inventions of Edison.

Thomas Alva Edison is the full name of the man possessing, in so wonderful a degree, the American faculty of invention. He was born February 11, 1847, at Milan, a small canal-village in Erie County, Ohio. But the family shortly moved to Port Huron, Michigan; and here Edison passed the first twelve years of his life, after which he betook himself to a locomotive existence; that is, he became a train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railway.

During this early period of his life, we have not much

to chronicle. We have seen no record of such marvelous youthful precocities as we have enumerated in our sketches of other great men. The only very noticeable feature seems to be his remarkable love of reading,—a taste which, we understand, remains undiminished to-day. But probably, nowadays, Edison has not much time to devote to miscellaneous reading. In his boyhood, however, he used to read every thing on which he could lay hands.* Otherwise, he had not much "book-learning"; in fact, we believe that he never went to school regularly for more than a couple of months in his life. But he has undoubtedly picked up an immense amount of information in some other way.

One may well wonder how the train-boys who pass through the cars, employ such spare time as they possess. They must have a certain amount of leisure. Edison employed his in a way at once singular and improving.

* Other boys beside Edison have been omnivorous readers. There are few groups of boys where there is not one or more of those industrious book-devourers, who prefer to read rather than to play, and who would read all the time if they were allowed. We all of us know many such. And of the whole number of eager and devoted boy-readers, the proportion who become really great is probably very small. But it is not so much the love of reading that is characteristic of Edison. It seems to be the reason which lay at the bottom of it,—the unceasing "curiosity about the world we inhabit," and in regard to matters of fact every-where. He seemed to have a perpetual hungering to know what had happened, and then to know why it had happened. So in his experiments through all his life, Mr. Edison has worked away to see what will happen under every variety of special circumstance which he can think of as useful; and, having seen what will happen, he proceeds to find out why. No fact in his experiments, which is unexplainable to him, is allowed to pass. He must understand every thing. So he often turns aside from an investigation and pursues as far as he is able, some little point which he does not clearly comprehend.

In regard to his reading, we note the following in *Scribner's Monthly*, xviii., 298: "The rapidity with which Mr. Edison peruses a book is remarkable. He seems to comprehend the contents of a page at a glance. Question him months afterward on any particular portion of a book read by him, and he will readily give all the salient features of the passages referred to." He indulges in the habit of many readers of annotating his books, correcting, marking, comparing, and collating.

In an old baggage car, where he found space, he arranged a chemical laboratory and a printing establishment. In the latter, he printed a newspaper, the *Grand Trunk Herald*. In the former, he did such things as are done in laboratories, finally ending in a fire (how caused we can not say), which was promptly extinguished by the conductor, who subsequently turned the laboratory inside out—in other words, threw all the apparatus out of the window. These proceedings are but typical of Edison's youth. Like most boys, he wanted to do the same things that men did; but, unlike most boys, he was also laying by a foundation of good solid information at the same time.

Being a wide-awake fellow, with a remarkable capacity for finding out just what there was of interest in this world which he did not comprehend, and of an ability in no long time to comprehend it, Edison was not on the train long before he knew a good deal about telegraphy. He constructed a telegraph line at his home at Port Huron, and from that day to this has gone on finding out more and more that may be done by means of a wire connecting two distant points.

Edison was twenty-one years of age when he first went to live in Boston.* He was then an educated telegraph

* "Edison's history for a number of these first years is chiefly a record of desultory wanderings from place to place, with the view of seeing the world, of securing better wages, and often, if the truth must be told, under the stimulus of abrupt dismissals from his positions for blunders or unpardonable negligences. At Stratford, Canada, being required to report the word 'six' to the manager every half hour, to show that he was awake and on duty, he rigged a wheel to do it for him. At Indianapolis, he kept press reports waiting, while he experimented with new methods for receiving them. At Memphis, in 1864, he was first working out his idea of duplex transmission. The office changed, and he had created no better impression than that he was thought a good man to get rid of in the readjustment. At Louisville, in procuring some sulphuric acid at night for his own purposes, he tipped over a carboy of it, to the ruin of the

operator. He had been about the country a good deal, learning something every-where, reading a good deal, inventing one thing or another,—sometimes a scheme in telegraphy, sometimes a labor-saving machine (to save himself labor). He did not stay long in Boston. While there, he had successes and failures. Some small inventions of his were successful. But what had greatly interested him for some time, the idea of duplex telegraphy, still eluded him. He was not successful in an important trial of his duplex system, and was soon again adrift.

He came to New York from Boston. Here he met better fortune. He made a clever invention of a machine to print the stock quotations, which was at once adopted, and which brought him in some money. What was worth more to him, he was retained by the Western Union Telegraph Company to give them the first bid on his telegraphic inventions. Under this stimulus, he went to work again on his idea of the duplex system of telegraphy. He was sure that he could manage to send two messages by one telegraph wire at one time. The idea was ridiculed as absurd. But he persevered, and in a few years only, had invented not only the duplex, but the quadruplex, so that four messages, instead of one, might be sent at one time on the same wire.

But before this had finally been accomplished, Edison had arrived at circumstances of stability. Being made superintendent of the Gold Indicator Company, he established at Newark, N. J., a manufactory for making his

appurtenances of a handsome banking establishment below. At Cincinnati, he abandoned the office on every pretext, to hasten to the Mechanics' Library, to pass his days in reading."—*W. H. Bishop, in Scribner's Monthly*, xvii., 92.

But most of these slips seem to have been caused by the superabundance of inventive power, and desire to learn and experiment.

machines. While at Newark, he married Miss Mary Stillwell, a lady of that town.

But Edison did not like manufacturing. He wanted to invent.* Accordingly, he changed his place of abode from Newark to Menlo Park, in New Jersey,—about twenty-five miles from New York City.†

Here have been made the greater number of his famous inventions, the carbon telephone, the phonograph, the tasimeter, the microphone, the aërophone, the megaphone, the phonometer, the electric pen, and very many more, besides his method of electric lighting. To describe all of these inventions would be impossible in our limited space.

* As an example of how completely does the passion for inventing possess Mr. Edison, take the following:

"It may be asked how he amuses himself? He invents. What is his object in life? To what is he looking forward when he shall have accumulated an enormous fortune? Simply and always, to invent. If he worked hard while in obscurity, his exertions, now that every thing is at hand to make the labor efficacious, is redoubled. It is not luxury that tempts him. He does not indulge in it. Nor is it public approbation, to which he is good-humoredly indifferent. He is a burning spark of inventiveness, and that only. He has called his children, one Dot, the other Dash, after the symbols of the telegraphic alphabet. He wishes to produce something at least as good as the phonograph every year."—*Scribner's.*

† The greater part of Mr. Edison's inventions have been arrived at in his old laboratory, at Menlo Park, N. J. It is in a two-story building of wood, painted white. It is now used only for chemical experiments, the heavier machinery having been transferred to a new building. "On its second floor the choicest work of the inventor is performed. Here, every day and night, surrounded by hundreds of vials of chemicals and scores of curious scientific instruments, he may be seen in his suit of blue flannel, chameleon-like with spots of acid, advising, consulting, and directing" his assistants. Here he has his "steam baths, retorts, vacuum pumps, hydraulic presses, smelting furnaces, and the various other necessary appliances." * * * "The inventor's private office is in charge of his private secretary, who looks after the business affairs of the establishment and attends to the large correspondence. The letters received frequently number as many as one hundred and fifty a day. They come from all quarters of the globe, and are in nearly every language." Mr. Edison also keeps record, of course, of all the experiments that have been carried on by him or under his supervision,—all carefully indexed and arranged, so that they can be turned to at any moment.

The telephone and the electric light are familiar in their working to every reader; the phonograph is less generally known; but although we can not well go into explanations of the principles of each of these inventions, it may not be improper to say a few words in regard to the telephone and the phonograph.

Edison's telephone makes use of his discovery that, "when properly prepared, carbon changes its resistance with pressure, and that the ratios of these changes, moreover, correspond exactly with the pressure." In his telephone, therefore, a disk of carbon is placed against the diaphragm into which the voice is directed. This carbon is a portion of the electric circuit. On the vibration of the diaphragm at the sound-waves of the voice, the resistance of the disk varies in proportion as it is pressed by the diaphragm, and the strength of the electric current varies as well, whereby the electric current possesses all the characteristics of the vocal waves which it transmits to the diaphragm at the other end of the wire, and, in this manner, causes the latter to vibrate and reproduce sound-waves or audible speech.

In the phonograph, a diaphragm is arranged so that when it vibrates at the sound-waves, it causes a steel pencil to trace lines on tin-foil which is wrapped around a roller; these lines so traced have been called "visible speech." If the process is reversed, the stylus is made (by a mechanical device) to pass over the lines formerly traced, rising and falling as the lines are shallow or deep; and, as the stylus thus moves, it transmits its motion to the diaphragm; the diaphragm then transmits to the air these vibrations, which reach the ear in the form of sound-waves.

Such are Edison's two most famous inventions. They took the country by storm. In the year 1877, they became household words in an instant. The instruments were exhibited all over the country to admiring crowds; the public press was full of allusions and details.*

It is somewhat curious now, at the expiration of only a dozen years, to note the manner of the fulfillment of the prophecies made in regard to these two instruments. Those made in regard to the phonograph were the most extensive. They soared far above the utilitarian expectations entertained in regard to the telephone, and reveled

* At the time of the invention and exhibition of the telephone and phonograph, much was written about Mr. Edison, who went by the name, as we recollect, of "The Wizard of Menlo Park." The public was amused by all manner of details in regard to the remarkable inventor, some true and some false. The periodical and daily press of the time is full of scraps and notes about Edison, but it seems probable that much that was written was utterly without authority. Mr. Fox, in the first of several articles in *Scribner's* for 1879, remarks: "But the material soon ran short, and then, under the plea that necessity is the mother of invention, industrious *littérateurs* (*lē tā rā tûr'*) began the work of drawing upon their imaginations. The hero of their labors assumed all sorts of forms. Now he was a scientific hermit shut up in a cavern in a small New Jersey village, holding little or no intercourse with the outside world, working like an alchemist of old in the dead of night, with musty books and curious chemicals, and having for his immediate companions persons as weird and mysterious as himself; again, he was a rollicking, careless person, highly gifted in matters scientific, but deplorably ignorant in every thing else, a sort of scientific Blind Tom. Especially was he accredited with the most revolutionary ideas concerning nature. One Western journal represented him as predicting a complete overthrow of nearly all the established laws of nature; water was no longer to seek its level; the earth was speedily to assume new and startling functions in the universe; every thing that had been learned concerning the character of the atmosphere was based on error; the sun itself was to be drawn upon in ways that are dark, and to be made subsidiary to innumerable tricks that are vain; in short, all nature was to be upset."

Of course all this was ridiculous. Edison is a scientific man, and works as a scientific man. If he prefers to work at night, that does not make him a wizard; if he is of a jovial nature, that does not prove that his scientific knowledge is intuitive and not based upon what he has learned. The time of all these extravagances has gone by, and Edison's scientific labors and methods are understood by all scientists in so far as it is proper. It may be remarked, however, that the mingling of fact and fancy in regard to Edison, in the writings of the period of his great discoveries, renders it almost impossible to be sure of presenting a correct sketch to our readers.

in a region of pure speculation. Letters were to be written by phonograph; it was to take the place of the stenographic reporter. There were to be public galleries, where "the utterances of great speakers and singers" were to be kept for centuries. Christine Nilsson or Miss Cary were to sing to the phonograph, and thus furnish the organ-grinders with music far more beautiful than that now used by them. Dramas should be produced, in which all the parts were to be well spoken. And, as a climax, "Madame Tussaud's (tūs sōz′) figures will hereafter talk, as well as look like their great prototypes."

Whatever may be the outcome of the future, it need hardly be said that as yet the phonograph has failed to make itself useful in any broad sense, and it would not be surprising if there were numbers of people in this country, not to say abroad, who had never heard of such an invention.

But the telephone seems to have outstripped even the expectations formed for it, extensive though these were. "Already many thousands of them are in practical use in this country and abroad," says a periodical of the year 1878. There were 54,000 in use in this country alone in the year 1879, and probably, though it is hard to find statistics, the number has enormously increased. There are few towns of any size in the country which have not their telephone exchange, with a large number of instruments. "It is employed," my authority continues, "as a means of communication between the counting-room and the factory, the merchant's residence and his office, the publishing office and the printing-office, and, in short, wherever oral communication is desired between persons separated by any distance beyond the reach of the human voice." The last clause sums up the uses of the telephone

to-day; but, by the examples cited, we may see that, at the time of the invention, there was hardly a just appreciation of the mighty convenience which the telephone was to become.

But the fortunes of the telephone do not belong so properly to the life of Edison as to that of Bell. Both invented independently; but Bell preceded Edison by a little, and the name of the Bell Telephone Company shows that, as far as law can give it, Bell may be held to be the inventor of the instrument.

The only remaining invention of Edison's which we have space to note,—and we can do no more than note it,—is the electric light. For years, inventors have been at work upon systems of electric lighting, and many inventions have been made, some of which have succeeded, while others have failed. Edison's light, like most of his inventions, is on a principle entirely his own. It has the advantage, it is asserted, of being as useful as the other systems of electric lighting, while it is at the same time far cheaper.

Edison has not been so prominently before the country during the last few years as at the time of the invention of the telephone and the phonograph. We understand that he is still at work upon one thing or another, and undoubtedly a few years will render necessary a considerable addition to this sketch.*

* Of Edison's appearance, we have the following by Mr. Bishop, in the year 1878:

"Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of his appearance. * * * It is a figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary ready-made order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or, more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night

printer. His features are large; the brow well shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray, the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying teeth which are also not altogether regular. When he comes up, his attention comes back slowly, as if it had been a long way off. But it comes back fully and cordially, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big, careless school-boy released from his tasks."

BELL.

1847-

"IT is a singular fact, that probably not an electrical invention of major importance has ever been made, but that the honor of its origin has been claimed by more than one person. There was a dispute over the Leyden jar, and a long and acrimonious controversy about the galvanic battery. Franklin's discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity is still claimed for French philosophers; the title of 'The Father of the Telegraph' is given to Wheatstone (hwēt'stŭn) in England, and to Morse in the United States, although to neither of these inventors, but to Joseph Henry, the lasting gratitude of the world belongs." So far, Dr. Park Benjamin, in his interesting book on the "Age of Electricity." He might have remarked that few inventions of major importance of any sort have been claimed by one genius alone.

Our readers will recollect that the invention of the spinning-jenny was assigned to Highs and Kay, as well as to Arkwright; that steam-engines were made by Newcomen before Watt; that the application of steam to navigation is claimed for Fitch as well as for Fulton. But, as Mr. Benjamin remarks, it is in the study of electricity that there are the largest number of conflicting claims. He cites many claimants to the respective honors of the invention of the electro-motor, of the electric railway, of the induction coil. And he concludes

by calling to mind the names of Rees, Drawbaugh,* (drą′bą̈), Gray, Bell, and Dolbear (dōl′bēr), each of whom is thought by many to have been the first to invent the telephone. We can not take it upon ourselves to decide who was the first to do the inventing. It would take pages on pages to argue the point. But we do not think we are far wrong in presenting to our readers a sketch of the life of Alexander Graham Bell. Mr. Bell is certainly an inventor, and a great one. His name is indissolubly connected with our thoughts of the telephone. He certainly is an independent inventor of the telephone, though there may be ground for dispute as to whether he be the first inventor.

Of Mr. Bell's life, few facts are readily obtainable, even for a short sketch. He was born at Edinburgh (ĕd′ĭn bŭr rŭh), in Scotland, on the 1st of March, in the year 1847. He was the second son. His father, Alexander Melvill Bell, and his grandfather, Alexander Bell,

* "Of the various claimants to the invention of the telephone, none has presented a more remarkable history than Daniel Drawbaugh. Mr. Drawbaugh is one of the universal geniuses capable of turning his hand to any mechanical work, and doing it well. He has always resided in an out-of-the-way little hamlet called Eberly's Mills, near Harrisburg, Penn. As an electrician, he is self-taught. Between the years 1867 and 1876, he claims to have invented and actually used every type of telephone now known. He began with a transmitter made out of a jelly tumbler, in which he used powdered carbon to vary the resistance correspondingly to the motion of the diaphragm vibrated by the voice; and a receiver contrived from a mustard-can; but in other respects nearly identical with the first telephones made by Professor Bell. From these devices, as starting-points, onward, he has constructed a series of telephones, more and more specialized in construction, until, finally, the instruments which he claims to have had at the time when Professor Bell made his earlier experiments, approach closely in efficiency to the best forms of the present day. Mr. Drawbaugh has produced a large number of his telephones, and many witnesses to prove that he had them at the times he fixes. His claims are, at this writing (1886), before the courts for adjudication. If they are ultimately sustained, there can be no question but that Mr. Drawbaugh's position as an electrical discoverer will be wholly unrivaled. Within the last four years, he has invented over forty new telephones."—*Benjamin:* "*Age of Electricity.*"

had both spent their lives in the service of the deaf and dumb. Alexander Bell was well known in his day as the author of a method for the removal of impediments of speech. His son, the father of the inventor of the telephone, was the inventor of visible speech, as it is called,—of that method of sign language which has been so successfully used in the teaching of the deaf and dumb how to express themselves.

Alexander Graham Bell received his education in the High School of his native town. He subsequently studied in Germany, and there received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He trained himself especially to follow what had come to be the family profession, and gave careful attention to every thing concerning the teaching of deaf mutes. Some few years after his German studies,—in 1872,—he removed to the United States, and took up his residence in Boston, where he became Professor of Vocal Physiology in the Boston University. He became well and widely known through his labors in behalf of the deaf and dumb. Under his teaching, the deaf were taught to read speech on the lips of the speaker with as much ease as one ordinarily apprehends it with the ear. And even the dumb were taught to enunciate words in such a manner as to render themselves generally comprehensible. To say a person is deaf and dumb when he can both understand speaking and speak himself, appears, perhaps, ridiculous, but this is what Mr. Bell effected with the deaf mutes. I have myself conversed with a deaf mute who had been under Mr. Bell's charge, and for some time I never knew that I was talking to one who had not the ordinary powers of hearing and speaking.

But it is not in this direction that Mr. Bell has

acquired his greatest prominence. It is by his invention of the telephone, an invention to which he was led by his studies in every thing which had any connection with hearing or speaking, whether natural or artificial.

It was in the year 1870 that Mr. Bell began the study of the transmission of musical tones by telegraph. He was led to these studies in endeavoring to render more perfect his system of teaching deaf mutes. As we have already said, Mr. Bell had succeeded in teaching deaf mutes to speak with comparative clearness. As a substitute for hearing, he had been accustomed to give them the knowledge of reading language by the eye from the lips. He experimented much in trying to discover some means to make the vibrations in the air produced by sound appear to the eye. By means of the phonautograph he could obtain a tracing upon blackened paper by a pencil attached to a vibratory body. He also succeeded in obtaining "enlarged tracings of the vibrations of the air, produced by the vowel sounds, upon a plane surface of smoked glass." On this, an analogy struck him between the manner in which his pencil was vibrated by the membrane of the phonautograph and the manner in which certain small bones in the human ear were acted upon by the tympanum or drum. He began experimenting upon an apparatus nearly resembling the human ear, but at the suggestion of Dr. Blake, an eminent aurist of Boston, he transferred his studies to a prepared specimen of the ear itself.

Here he observed vibrations in the various bones within the ear that caused him to conceive the idea of vibrating in a similar manner a piece of iron in front of an electro-magnet. He began at once to experiment in this direction; but even here he made no great progress

at once. In 1874, he conceived a scheme of transmitting the vibrations in two armatures, at different ends of a wire; but he thought, as he says, "that vibrations produced in this way would be of very slight amplitude, and that they might not prove sufficiently violent to produce audible effects that would prove practically useful, either for the purpose of the reproduction of articulate speech, or for the purpose of multiple telegraphy," in which Mr. Bell was at that time greatly interested.

But though not at once successful, Mr. Bell continued to think a great deal in regard to the matter of transmitting speech by electricity. It was the next year that he hit on his great invention. He made a discovery in regard to the vibrations of a reed placed before a receiver, which convinced him that the invention made the summer before would prove practicable if he should construct it. His experiments convinced him that his then opinion in regard to the slight amplitude of the vibrations which we have quoted was incorrect, and such it turned out was the case.

By the summer of 1876, Mr. Bell had so far succeeded in his experiments, that he exhibited a telephone at the Centennial Exhibition, and though he did not achieve a complete success, he was able to transmit certain words and phrases in such a manner as to be recognized. The next year he worked vigorously upon it, and in 1877, he succeeded in bringing it to the form in which it stands substantially to-day. Certain improvements have been made,* but the telephone is practically the same.

* "The ingenuity of telephone experimenters," says Dr. Benjamin, "has chiefly been directed to the production of new forms of transmitters; and some of these are remarkable as scientific curiosities. Professor Blake has transmitted speech by the earth's magnetism, by arranging a diaphragm before a rod of soft iron, the latter being held in the position of the dipping needle, and thus becoming a mag-

He had already taken out a patent. A company was soon formed, and telephonic communication became almost at once an every-day thing. The use became universal, and Mr. Bell saw himself on the way to a most successful future. One difficulty lay in the way, the same which beset Whitney. The invention was of such immense value, that the greatest part of the work of the Bell Telephone Company was to defend their patent. The struggles are still going on between the company and the claimants to the invention, of whom we have already spoken. Every case has resulted favorably to Bell, and now it only remains for the Supreme Court of the United States to pass judgment, which it will doubtless do when it finds time.

Mr. Bell lives now in Washington, D. C., where he has a handsome house on Scott Circle. As far as one can judge, however, his chief happiness does not lie in the fostering and caring for the immense fortune which he has accumulated as a result of his invention, so much as in his family, and in his scientific pursuits.* Mr. Bell

net by induction from the earth. Mr. Bell has devised a telephone in which the vibrations of the diaphragm produce a rubbing contact between pieces of glass and silk, so that, as he claims, the instrument 'may be made to transmit articulated speech by means of frictional electricity generated by the voice itself.' Another curious transmitter devised by Mr. Bell consists of a toy balloon about six inches in diameter made of thin rubber, and coated with plumbago. This is held between two fixed plates, and the current passes over the conducting envelope. The expansion and contraction of the body of confined air in the balloon is said to modify the resistance of the plumbago coating. Neither of the above instruments is of much practical utility."

* Mr. Bell is continually occupied in scientific research. The latest discovery of his which we have seen recorded is that of the photographing tones of voice, by means of the impressions made on a falling jet of water, or a flame of gas burning. "The elements concerned"—we quote from the *Electrical Review*—"are a stream of water, sunlight, and a glass plate. What the invention does, according to the published descriptions, is to record conversation by photographing the waves of sound, and from this photograph to reproduce corresponding waves,—that is, the conversation that has been printed on the glass plate. The phonograph, to be sure, attempted this, but it depended on mechanical means that were not prompt and delicate enough to secure a satisfactory process. * * * In this new apparatus,

married, some time ago, Miss Hubbard, the daughter of Professor Gardiner Hubbard, of Harvard. To Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Bell owes in great part the business successes of the Bell Telephone Company. Mr. Hubbard, it is said, is quite "as practical as Bell is theoretical." Whether or no this be a fact, it is certain that the affairs of the Bell Telephone Company have been excellently well managed, and that an immense amount of money has accrued to the inventor of the telephone and to his friends. Many of the inventors whose lives we have sketched here, had cause to complain of the return which they have received for their inventions. But Bell, the last of them, has nothing to complain of in that direction.

assuming that it really does all that is described, the waves are not reproduced as in the telephone, but their effect upon a jet of water, long known to be sensitive to such impulses, is caught by instantaneous photography, and permanently recorded on a glass plate in the form of minute irregularities of surface. By suitable apparatus, these elevations and depressions, which correspond to pulsations of the air, are retranslated into air waves, and the voice is heard again. * * * Professor Bell considers this discovery quite as important as that of the telephone." But a year has passed and we have heard nothing more of the new discovery, and must fear that, like the phonograph, it promised more than it could perform.

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